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# LOVELIEST, RAREST, *Dearest* FURS . . .



*THE PRECIOUS CHINCHILLA, whose fur is the loveliest and dearest of all. Beside it, mink and Russian sables look cheap.*



*A BEAUTIFUL silver fox cape. Silver fox is one of the world's most popular furs.*

## *Chinchilla, Sables, and Mink Are the Tops—But What Would We Do Without Rabbit?*

**Once upon a time only princesses could afford to wrap themselves snugly in lovely, warm furs.**

***Now, a fur of some description is within the financial reach of every woman. For this, two factors are largely responsible.***

SOME of the native fur animals of the Arctic were bred in captivity, the consequent increased and regulated fur production helping considerably to meet the modern demand for furs at reasonable prices.

Then the rabbit earned a place in the great fur trade. Although a pest in Australia, the animal is largely cultivated and protected in other lands for its fur.

Rabbit is the fur most widely used by furriers. About 200,000,000 rabbit skins are used annually. On a quantity basis it is an easy winner.

Silver fox is the next most widely used fur.

The most expensive furs are chinchilla, sables, ermine, and mink.

In the next price group can be classed silver fox, Persian lamb, squirrel, seal, and marten.

**American women are noted for their taste for all the expensive, luxurious furs. The vogue in New York this season is for silver fox, Persian lamb, astrachan, and seal.**

Persian lamb is a new craze. Coats are obtainable from £25 upwards.

The quality of a fur in any one of the enumerated classes varies considerably because of blemishes, whether it is a winter or summer fur—and for other reasons.

Thus, a squirrel, for example, can vary from £20 to £120. The same price distinctions are noticeable with other furs.

Wrapping the feminine world in fur coats, collars and chokers is a huge job indeed. The demand for skins has grown at such a rate as to lead almost to the extinction of some of our beautiful fur-skinned animals.

The industry keeps trappers busy in Siberia, Iceland, Hudson Bay, the Andes, and a dozen other places.

Deft craftsmen receive the skins in London, Paris, New York, and elsewhere and design the most beautiful garments that the heart could desire. Mannequins and traders display and sell them all over the globe.

**It is an industry involving millions of pounds annually, and Australian women contribute a great deal to the huge sums expended.**

Yesterday's luxury for queens and princesses has become to-day's necessity for millions of women.

Working, a girl skimps, slims and saves, calculates and cogitates until she gets the pelt she desires.

Married, she uses all her persuasive eloquence to touch hubby's heart and pocket-book to buy the coney, mink or sable for which she longs.

### Dearest of All

RIGHT at the top of the great pile of costly furs that clothe the world is the rare and lovely chinchilla.

The person of average means cannot buy it . . . but neither can many in the millionaire class, because the skins are simply unprocurable in large quantities.

A beautiful, voluptuous-feeling fur, when worn it takes on an animation that is one of its chief characteristics. The rich warm white of the edge breaks into grey at each movement, revealing the luminous pearl-grey of the centre of the skin.

The price of a full-length chinchilla coat, assuming it were possible to get skins, would be somewhere in the vicinity of £15,000.

For a cape alone, you would have to part with a cheque for £3000 or thereabouts.

**It makes mink and Russian sables look cheap.**

A native of the South American Andes, the chinchilla, like our own native koala, has been hunted and trapped so much and protected so little that it is almost extinct.

Early in the century hundreds of thousands of skins were exported from Chile. By 1915, the export totalled less than 5000, and two years later the Government prohibited all export, trapping and hunting—**virtually closing the stable door after the chinchilla was gone.**

One man, after a great deal of trouble, has succeeded in establishing a chinchilla farm in California. The young animals are reared under practically natural conditions.

His experiment is being closely watched in the fur world, because of the possible future effect on chinchilla prices. If it succeeds, maybe we'll all wear chinchilla some day.

### Who Wears Richest?

AND now, where will you find the world's richest furs being worn? Take a look at London, Paris, Vienna and Monte Carlo—the furs in each spot would total a king's ransom.

But for real splendor and magnificence, go to New York, to the first night of the world-famous Metropolitan Grand Opera which attracts a glittering fur-dressed throng of women unsurpassed anywhere.

**A glance there gives the impression that America not only has all the world's gold, but all the world's magnificent and most costly furs also.**

### POINTS ABOUT FURS

**AUSTRALIAN furriers state that there is a noticeable demand here for better-class furs in new dyes, styles, and designs.**

* * *

**American women crave all the expensive furs, Parisiennes are soothed with marten, English-women with fox and sable, Australians with silver fox and dyed ermine.**

* * *

**Chief centres of world's fur supplies are Canada, which supplies fox, lynx, ermine, mink and beaver; and Russia, from which are obtained ermine, marten, coney, and sables.**

* * *

**For a squirrel coat a Melbourne woman paid £600 this season.**

* * *

**Lustre, weight, fashionable markings and freedom from moths are the things to keep in mind when purchasing a fur. Furs like ermine are very light, others vary in weight, according to the skins.**

* * *

**Women's deep-rooted instinct for furs has built the fur industry to one of the world's richest—valued at over £25,000,000 yearly.**





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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

57.18.27


## Let's Talk Of *Interesting* People



—Dickinson-Monteath.

***Kindergarten Specialist***

MISS CHRISTINE M. HEINIG, Ph.D., M.A. (Columbia), principal of the Kindergarten Training College, Kew, Victoria, has been interested in experimental education in U.S.A., and has been one of the Nursery Schools leaders there.

She was loaned by Columbia University to the United States Government to help organise emergency nursery schools under the auspices of the New Deal.

She is also acquainted with educational work for young children in England and Scandinavia.



***Gave Millions to Charity***

THIS is the man, Mr. George A. Ball, who in a plain office memorandum wrote off ten million dollars of his fortune to charity. Mr. Ball is one of the big mid-western financiers of America. His donation was made in the form of stock, and the charity in question was the George and Frances Ball Foundation, recently incorporated for religious, educational and charitable purposes.



—Broothorn.

***Deals With Diet Problems***

MRS. FRASER SMITH established the Dietary Department at St. Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne, and organised the training school for dietitians in that State.

Formerly a teacher in the Victorian Education Department, Mrs. Fraser Smith studied dietetics overseas, and gained diplomas at the Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, Columbia University, New York, and King's College for Women, London. She also inspected dietary departments at several hospitals in Germany.

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# GODDESSES *Vanquish the "Athletic* WOMAN"

## New Race of Sportsgirls at Wimbledon Championships

## BATTLE OF "SHORTS" AGAIN

*By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London*

LONDON, Sunday.

**Viewing the sportsgirls assembled from various nations for the Wimbledon tennis championship this year, the world can observe the result of modern insistence on physical fitness.**

**The disappearance of what was formerly known as the "athletic woman" is strikingly apparent. Greek goddesses of the courts are taking her place.**

***Although there have been attractive women players at Wimbledon in the past there has never been such pronounced general beauty as is the case at present—golden-skinned, well-dressed, socially accomplished and charming.***





**ATTRACTIVE STARS at Wimbledon, typical of the new race of sportsgirls. Above is Kay Stammers, while Senorita Lizana, the Chilean champion, in lower picture, shows how some modern girls attain that suppleness so much admired at Wimbledon.**

The new types of players are sensible and terrifically hard workers—game, but off the court they relax and carry evening clothes in the queenliest manner, and make charming dancing partners.

Temperament and tantrums have been replaced by level-headed sportsmanship.

Senorita Anita Lizana, the young Chilean, is ultra-feminine; Alice Marble, the American star, exuberant; Mlle. Jedrzejowska, of Poland, blue-eyed and mysterious; while Kay Stammers, the blonde English champion, is gloriously-complexioned.

The absence of Australian representatives in this parade of sports beauty at Wimbledon has provoked expressions of regret.

**THE battle of tennis clothes is no longer between skirts and shorts, but between pleated shorts and plain shorts.**

**Alice Marble and Kay Stammers will wear ultra-short, plain shorts, while Lizana's will be pleated.**

**Other players will wear shorts of such fine silk that their sun-tanned legs will gleam through the material.**

Another mode is for "shocking" pink sweaters. Among the many blues, greens and yellows, every second sweater at the Queen's Club courts, where the final rehearsals for Wimbledon are taking place, is "shocking" pink.

### Smart Dressers

**WHEN women players are really serious they invariably wear white, but Kay Stammers wears colors for less serious play. Jedrzejowska, however, dons a high-necked blue sweater, matching her enormous eyes, and perfectly proportioned though femininely muscular figure.**

Alice Marble's golden-hazel eyes almost match her blonde hair. She has beautiful teeth and a superb figure.

She expects to go into the films, and is taking a course of dramatic lessons, and indulging in contralto voice-training. She loves clothes, especially evening frocks, and likes trains of elegance.

Senorita Lizana takes the game most seriously. When elated with a good shot, she throws her racquet into the air; when she loses a game she dances where others would weep. She dresses smartly, and is a perfect ballroom dancer and a good tap dancer.

She is most popular in Scotland, where she won the championship. There she has been nicknamed "Maggie McPherson."



*CHARMING AUSTRALIAN TENNIS STARS, Nancye Wynne (left), and Joan Hartigan, snapped in Melbourne last week. They bring the Wimbledon battle over shorts to Australia, for Nancye always plays in shorts, and Joan in skirts.*

Joan. "The important factor is that the player should look as neat as possible both on and off the court.

"A slovenly-looking player has an unfortunate effect upon the spectators, who should be given some consideration.

**"Shorts are definitely the mode at the moment, and most tennis players are wearing them. But personally, I prefer a neat frock, both for appearance and comfort.**

"It is claimed that shorts give more freedom. But a well-cut frock with pleats does not restrict the movements of a player to any degree.

"The figure has to be taken into consideration before donning shorts.

**Nancye Wynne, however, does not own a tennis frock. Recently she received an invitation to give a demonstration at a Melbourne girls' school, but was not allowed to appear in shorts. Nancye refused to buy a frock for one day's use, so the school went without its demonstration.**

Nancye's own tennis "rig" is almost a uniform, and is always made of the same uncrushable linen. The blouse has a tailored V neck with revers and short sleeves; the shorts have six pleats back and front and a business-like little pocket with a buttoned flap to hold a handkerchief. She likes navy cardigans of white waist-length best, and only wears a hat to keep her hair in place.

Mrs. Hopman always wears shorts, made in one piece and beautifully cut to resemble a divided skirt. She brought two pairs from London and has them copied here. They usually have four or six pleats back and front, but no two "rigs" have the same neckline. They vary from tailored revers to Peter Pan colors.

# GREAT *Romance of Gene and* JEANNETTE

## Hollywood Stirred By Wedding

By Cable from BARRARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Correspondent in Hollywood

**At long last, Gene Raymond and Jeannette MacDonald are man and wife. Not that the period of their engagement was so long—judged by normal standards—but in Hollywood anything may happen when a marriage does not take place on the spur of the moment.**

***Hence, the ceremony in the Wilshire Methodist Episcopal Church ended a nerve-shaking and apparently interminable wait for Hollywood gossips.***

TRUE to their expressed intentions, Gene and Jeannette had a ceremony formal in every respect.

In complete bride's attire, designed by M.-G.-M.'s Adrian, Jeannette, unforgettably beautiful, went to the altar escorted by her bridesmaids, Fay Wray, Ginger Rogers, and Helen Ferguson.

Not to be outdone in the brilliance of what may be termed his supporting cast, Gene had, as ushers, Harold Lloyd and Basil Rathbone, among others.

Every detail of the formal wedding was observed, members of the film colony vieing with each other to make the function something which would show the world that unconventional Hollywood can do things properly if it so desires.

World-famous Lily Pons, Metropolitan Opera House and screen soprano, even attended to render a serenade which was nationally broadcast.

**As if to make the marriage even more of an occasion, neither bride nor groom had previously been wedded. This, in itself, is enough to make news.**

The crowd which assembled at the church was terrific. Hours before the ceremony was timed to commence, onlookers commenced to gather.



**THE HAPPY PAIR—Jeannette MacDonald and Gene Raymond.**

Arrangements had been made early with the police department, but as the throng grew thicker, making it a matter of the utmost difficulty for invited guests to approach the church, police reinforcements had to be rushed out until, finally, there were a hundred constables trying to keep order among the 15,000 excited spectators.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Raymond are known to millions as screen stars. In addition, both are familiar to Broadway pleasure-seekers by reason of their stage work. Jeannette played singing and light comedy roles before the footlights; Gene made a pre-Hollywood reputation as a versatile juvenile lead.

# *Skirts and Shorts Here*

**Time was when shorts, which are again in the spotlight at Wimbledon, were frowned on by Australian tennis authorities. All that was altered when the British women players came to Australia three years ago.**

***Dorothy Round and her companions introduced shorts here to some purpose, and to-day frocks are rarely seen in first-class tennis.***

DURING the recent Victorian hardcourt championships Nancye Wynne, who added the singles and mixed doubles to her already long list of championships, wore shorts, but Joan Hartigan remained faithful to sheer linen frocks.

Joan says she feels more comfortable in frocks, though the skirts have to be slightly longer than shorts.

"Of course, tennis attire is a matter of individual preference," says


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# "WHY I *Married* THE DUKE . . . ."



THE REV. R. A. JARDINE.

## Rev. Jardine's Own Story of His Momentous Decision

## *"Love Has Conquered All"*

**The Reverend Robert Anderson Jardine, vicar of St. Paul's, Darlington, incurred the displeasure of the heads of the Church by officiating at the marriage ceremony of the Duke of Windsor.**

***In this exclusive article obtained by The Australian Women's Weekly he explains why his convictions made him take a step which may even yet drive him into ecclesiastical exile. He has already resigned his parish and announced his intention of touring America.***



DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

### By the Reverend R. A. Jardine

IF all the Bishops in the world had ordered me to stop at home I should not have obeyed them. I would have taken the course I did.

Why?

I felt that here was a devoted couple demanding, and rightly demanding, the rites of Christian marriage, which, for some peculiar reason, the Church was withholding from them.

To my mind this reticence on the part of the Holy Church was scandalous.

It typifies an attitude dating back to medieval times which crucifies sincerity. No member of the Church of England is more sincere in his religious beliefs and convictions than the Duke of Windsor.

**As a stalwart of the Church of England, the one thing he wanted to complete his happiness was the sacred ceremony.**

**His wife, a member of the American Episcopal Church, was no less fervent.**

Both desired a religious consecration of the ceremony, hallowed by a recognition from the Faith they both profess.

It fell to my lot to make history in the annals of the Church.

☆ ☆ ☆

I KNOW it is unprecedented for a smalltown vicar like myself to leap into prominence. I have no desire for notoriety. "Some have greatness thrust upon them . . ."

Perhaps I had better tell the story from the beginning, but, in doing so, may I say that I fear neither Primate nor Premier?

This is an entirely personal matter between myself and the Duke of Windsor. I have received no communications from any of my superiors in the Church; but even if I had been forbidden to go to France it would have made no difference.

Weeks ago I made up my mind. Whether I was right or wrong, posterity will tell. In the meantime, I am going back to my parish; I am willing to bear any consequences of my action, which I am confident is endorsed by all broadminded people.

At the moment of writing I have heard of no question of inhibiting me for my actions. Indeed, I doubt whether the campaign now being waged against me can be carried farther.

If it is, and points of ecclesiastical law are raised, the matter will be dealt with by the Duke of Windsor's solicitors.

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NOW for the story. I will give the reason to you exactly why I went to France and officiated at the Duke's wedding.

It began at breakfast time. I opened the paper one morning and saw the headline, "No religious ceremonies for the Duke," staring at me.

I said to my wife, "I don't like this. Something ought to be done."

I had no idea who should do it, but somehow I felt that I should be involved.

**Some inner sense told me that the Duke looked to the Church for its blessing. He and his bride had negotiated troublous waters and a haven should have awaited them.**

In my garden is a tent in which I sometimes work. It is perhaps a poor substitute for a study, but I minister to a working-class district.

That morning, when I saw the newspaper headlines, I wandered round my small garden and thought . . . Then I entered my tent, pulled out a sheet of notepaper, and wrote to the Duke.

It was a simple letter. I wished them long life and happiness, and I added that if the Duke wished for a religious service after the civil service I should be only too pleased to perform it.

☆ ☆ ☆

I KNEW that in making this personal offer of service I had the rank and file of the Church behind me, and that dozens and dozens of other clergymen would be willing to throw episcopal convention to the winds for the sake of one loved and honored by millions, not only in this country but throughout the five continents.

My letter was posted. I thought no more of it. A week ago from today I was conducting the children's service, as usual, when a most unusual event stirred my congregation of juveniles.

A telegram was brought into me, and this, mark you, on a Sunday afternoon.

It was from Mr. Allen, the Duke's solicitor, asking me to ring him up without delay.

**I rang him up. He asked me whether I would go to France and carry the thing through. I agreed without hesitation, and my only confidants were my wife and my warden. Both were pledged to secrecy.**

Within forty-eight hours, everything was arranged. Until I was on my way to France not a hint of the part I was to play had leaked out. Then, suddenly, I found myself billed in a leading role of one of the most poignant dramas in history.

☆ ☆ ☆

I DID not seek publicity; it was thrust upon me.

All I had in mind was to make a charming couple happy. To give them the blessing of God denied them by the Church which preaches faith, hope and charity in the abstract.

Once again I wish to emphasise that my actions are my own responsibility, and that in any case I should have gone ahead whatever happened.

What will happen?

That is more than I can say at present. I do not know, and, frankly, I do not care. Whatever else I lack, I do not lack the courage of my convictions.

On Friday I returned to England from the quiet village where I had left the former King of England and his wonderful wife. Even there some hint of the universal approval of what I had done was evident.

The villagers gave me an enthusiastic farewell. At Calais strangers shook me by the hand, and on the Channel crossing people came to my cabin and thanked God, spontaneously, for my part in fulfilling what I had considered to be my plain Christian duty.

☆ ☆ ☆

WHEN I arrived at Dover, many telegrams were handed to me. They were all in the same strain—congratulating me on the stand I had taken.

**I don't want congratulations. What I want is the spirit of goodwill diffused more eloquently in powerful Christian circles.**

I have done my duty. My reward may be exile, but even so I may be compensated by my conviction that I have helped towards the happiness of two people who need all the happiness they can get.

And, more important, have I helped to break down the barriers of episcopal prejudice which seem likely to stultify natural feelings of human sympathy and kindliness?

I am not prepared to enter into a controversy on the Church's attitude in such a case as this. Sufficient to say that on this occasion love has conquered all.

*R. Anderson Jardine*

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"IT'S just the freshest pound of coffee we've ever opened. It's coffee packed the new scientific way, fresh coffee sealed in a vacuum with all its own natural aroma. No wonder it keeps so fresh! No wonder it is so much nicer!"

Ask for this new fresh coffee. It is ready at your grocer's in 1-lb. and ½-lb. glass jars. Useful jars, too. See the name on the jar. Bushells Blue Label Vacuum Packed Pure Coffee.

Now you're going to buy a jar. Quickly, too, to enjoy this new coffee, because it is really so much fresher and nicer.




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# PARLAY VOO, MARIE?

*Mary wasn't a success as a linguist, but she knew something of the language of love.*



"I ASK you—I implore you, to get me out of this place!" the girl said, angry tears on her lashes.

"I wish you'd get it through your head once and for all that I won't!" the man answered on a sudden burst of harshness.

Mary Leavenworth looked at him a moment in stunned amazement. Never in all the years had he used that tone to her before.

"What's the matter with this place?" the man presently asked sullenly.

"Simply that it's impossible," Mary answered briefly and coldly.

Richard Leavenworth looked at her for a few moments in silence as she came to fling herself into the chair opposite his, and, fumbling in her blouse pocket for a handkerchief, burst into tears.

"You say that about every place I put you," he observed.

"Well, but you only put me in horrible places, Dad!" Mary countered on a sob.

"That's nonsense! I've had you in three of the most expensive schools in the world."

"Take me home!" Mary suggested brilliantly. She perceived that she had made some little headway with him, and she hastened to take advantage of it.

"It's a bachelor's establishment, Mary. A girl of eighteen doesn't fit into a place like that. My guests are all men. I often have business dinners that last well into the night. You'd be alone all day."

"You could get me a companion."

"Not after Miss Ingalls!" the man said fervently, and there was a brief silence.

"Why not try it, Dad? After the holidays. Why not try it, and, if it worked, then I wouldn't have to go to that holiday camp again this year. I could stay here in New York with you."

"Next year, Mary. When you're nineteen we'll take a place down on Long Island and you can entertain for me. This year—if this French deal goes through—I may have to start off to Paris at a moment's notice."

"Oh, Dad, but you could take me with you! I've never been abroad; I've never been anywhere except in Grandma's old mausoleum of a house and in school and in camps! Think of the fun we'd have! I could practise my French, and run around the ship playing quoits and races and things, and dance and have dresses to wear at dinner——"

HE was hardly listening to her; one phrase in her eager rush of words had arrested his attention. He interrupted her with a question.

"French, now? How much French do you speak, Mary?"

"Oh, Dad, I'm practically perfect, except that a few months—or weeks, maybe, in Paris," Mary tactfully amended it, watching his face, "would polish me off!"

"How many years have you studied French?"

"About ten, I should think. Since I was quite a kid. You'd be surprised how I can gabble away in conversation class."

"I suppose," her father said, a speculative eye upon her, "You couldn't understand business phrases—interpret, as it were?"

"Oh, Father!" Mary gasped ecstatically as he paused. "Just give me a chance! Just watch me!"

"I wonder—if—you—might," he said, long pauses between the words.

"Well, but, of course! That's what a finishing-school does for you, Dad! Oh! Dad, is there any chance—d'you mean you might, really? Oh, I'd get out my phrase books and go to it like mad!" Mary babbled, in his lap now, with her arms locked about his neck.

"It would have the advantage of secrecy, at all events," her father said.

"What would?" Mary asked alertly, eager to understand.

"This French business," he answered, rubbing his head in perplexity. "De Crouvert is the man who is coming over from Paris to talk it all over; he gets here in about three weeks. Pemberton, our San Francisco man, arrives to-morrow. If I could take Pemberton with me to France, it would all be fine, but he doesn't speak French; and the point is that if any of this leaks out, Mary, we not only lose the biggest contract we've had since 'twenty-nine, but we might even get in wrong with the French Government. It's all got to be handled with the utmost delicacy. I was thinking," he went on, as Mary merely listened respectfully, eyeing him in expectant silence. "I was thinking that you might come in darned useful there," he said, rubbing his chin.

"With my French! You know you could trust me," Mary said.

"With your French, yes. That, too. But my reason for going to Paris might be explained that way. Taking my daughter over to a French school, d'you see? No business significance to the trip at all. That might work out, "Richard Leavenworth mused, thinking aloud.

"Even if this Vicomte de Crouvert went along with us nobody'd suspect anything. They're sending a man who's not identified with the business. They're as anxious as we are to keep the whole thing quiet until it's settled. He's got a sister here, married to an American named Bernheim; ostensibly he's just coming over to see her and her babies."

"Oh, Dad, what a grand time I'd have with him! I mean, translating papers and having him at the house and all that."

"Why, you don't know him yet, Mary. He's probably thirty-five; he'll think of you as a little girl."

"About thirty-five and a vicomte!" Mary exclaimed. "Oh, he's perfect! Dad, will you tell him I'm twenty-four? Just at the start, you know, so he won't think I'm a complete boob? Does he speak any English at all?"

"Not one word. I should think," Mary's father said, still reasoning with himself, "I should think that with a dictionary and a little time you might do it. No, he doesn't speak any English. Ordinarily they'd pick some clerk or agent to send over. But this matter is so important that his father, who is a silent partner in the company, wrote me expressly that he would send his son, and I could be responsible for getting a trustworthy interpreter. I've been feeling my way about to get the right man for two months; there must be such a fellow somewhere! You don't know of anyone, I suppose, who could handle it? Your professor at school, eh?"

"Old Dog Tray," Mary said firmly, "is with one exception the most repulsive human being I ever knew. The exception is her assistant, Fraulein Splotz."

"Old Dog Tray?"

"Madame Yvonne Celeste Trait, our French teacher."

"Ha! But now supposing, dear, that this Frenchman arrives here in a week or two. He visits his sister—I meet him there at dinner and he dines with me. Now, supposing you were there, fell into a perfectly natural conversation, you and I and Pemberton and the Frenchman could get away with a few questions and answers, I suppose?"

"Jean would hear it all, Dad. Would that matter?"

"The butler, eh? So he would. That's a smart thing to have thought of, Mary. We could get rid of Jean that week—give her a holiday and have old Mamie in the dining-room."

"Old Mamie's the girl for us."

"Well, we'll arrange that. Now let me see how this goes. We have our dinner talk. A day or two later de Crouvert slips down to the Wall Street office and we go over some files. That's all. That week you and I sail for Paris, and the Vicomte happens to be on board."




*Illustrated by* WYNNE W. DAVIES

*Mary was a gone girl from that instant; enraptured, dizzied.*

... BY ...

## Kathleen Norris

"Dad, if you could know how the skies are opening for me! Life is worth living. I can't believe it."

"You'll remember that this is absolutely secret, Mary?"

"Absolutely!"

"You see, the Bullock people are right on our trail. They know something's up, but they don't know how it's going to break. They're watching. An Englishman came over here a while ago to talk to me about exchange privileges in the clubs; they had him followed.

"They may know all about this Crouvert—his father's a very important man over there. What we're banking on is that they don't know his father's in this. They may be on to the whole thing. We're taking that chance. He's supposed to be visiting his sister; I know her, I met him in her house. This business of your getting to a school may work out very well. I like it, but you keep your mouth shut."

"I'LL be an absolute oyster!" Mary promised. "The—the talk at dinner would be more or less—not business; it'd be social, wouldn't it?" she asked.

"Oh, entirely social! That would be just breaking the ice. At the end I'd invite him down casually to take a look at Wall Street. It'd be the office meeting that might be hard for you. Simple enough phrases, you know, but now and then a technical word. Not a word of this, now, and, meanwhile, you can tell anyone you like that I may take you abroad."

"Try me!" Mary said confidently. She kissed him good-bye as she never had kissed him before, floated back into the dull atmosphere of school like a creature with wings.

Later she went, all sweetness and youth and good manners, into the French teacher's lair.

"Madame, it is possible that my father will take me to the city of Paris this approaching summer, and naturally I desire to improve my French, the French of me. Will you—will you—if you please will you—oh, darn it!" said Mary changing languages abruptly, and laughing. "How do I say I'd like to coach like mad from now on?"

*Please turn to Page 34*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4616819

# THE FOUR MARYS

By...

*Fanny Heaslip Lea*



*"Come in, Mimi," said Molly. "This is your cousin Raymond."*

*Illustrated by* FISCHER

## The Story So Far:

*MEG SWIFT, successful columnist on a New York paper, is the ex-wife of*

*VIVIAN SWIFT, also a writer. Their beautiful, spoilt daughter,*

*MIMI, is in love with ALAN WYTHE, husband of ELIZABETH DENT, a school friend of Mimi. Elizabeth hears of Alan's deception through a jealous aunt of Mimi.*

*BROOK AVERY, in love with Meg, persuades her to visit England, and they sail in the same ship. Meanwhile, in America, Mimi, neglected by Alan, is being more friendly with*

*JIMMY KILMARTIN, whom she has known for years.*

*NOW READ ON.*



WHEN Meg had been less than a week out of America, Raymond, Freemantle's eldest, appeared at Meg's house. Only Molly was at home at the time, and upon realisation of what was actually happening in the way of family invasion even her iron calm momentarily faltered.

Raymond was short and blond and thickset, with his mother's coloring, his father's stature. He talked in a deliberate, not-too-literate drawl, which made Molly feel uneasily that perhaps his quitting college at the end of his second year had been, after all, not such a good idea.

He had brought a letter from Judy which explained that she had not written ahead because they had both thought it would be better for him to give his grandmother a surprise. Of course, with Meg gadding in Europe, Judy knew Mother Davis had an extra room, and, of course, by the time Meg got back, Raymond would have found a job in New York and a place to live in.

Molly installed Raymond in Meg's empty room, then braced herself for the first meeting between Mimi and her cousin.

It came upon Mimi's return from a two-day stay in New York. She came back just at dinner-time of a snowbound, cheerless evening, and walked in upon Molly and Raymond in the sitting-room.

Molly was knitting. Raymond was playing the radio.

Mimi, just over the threshold, stopped and stared. "Hello granny!" She was in a dark frock and hat, with a great bunch of violets on her leopardskin coat, and there hung about her an afterglow of some rash happiness, which began to fade the instant her eyes took in the blond, flabby youth with unhealthy creases beneath slightly protruding blue eyes.

"Come in, Mimi," said Molly, not laying aside her work. "This is your Cousin Raymond, your Uncle Freemantle's son."

"How are you, Mimi?" said Raymond.

"Splendid, thanks," said Mimi. "Hope you had a good trip."

"I came up by bus," said Raymond. "Swell trip."

"I wouldn't doubt it," said Mimi. She walked over to the fireplace, stretched one smooth, long-fingered hand down toward the blaze. "Surprise, surprise, eh, granny?"

"She nearly went through the ceiling when she saw me," said Raymond.

"Such a solid old ceiling, too," said Mimi. "Where are you stopping?" she inquired of Raymond directly.

"With us, of course," said Molly promptly. "For the time being I've put him in your mother's room."

"Mother's——" began Mimi, dumbfounded. She stopped. In silence her eyes blazed.

"Oh, I'm snug as a bug in a rug," Raymond reassured her. "Feel kind of sissy with all those ruffled white curtains and so on, but the bed's comfortable enough."

"GLAD you're pleased," said Mimi, all frozen sweetness. "Have you heard from mother while I was away?" she asked Molly.

Molly said, steadily knitting, "No time for a letter yet. I've written her Raymond's here."

"That'll be a comfort to her," said Mimi. "She'll never doubt the ways of Providence again."

"Well—what did you do in New York?" asked Molly. She thought it was about time to carry the war into the enemy's country.

"Nothing much," said Mimi. Almost visibly her guard went up.

Molly said with significant calm, "Wouldn't you like to wash up before dinner?"

"Am I still in my own room?" asked Mimi, prettily uncertain. As she went furiously through the hall she heard Raymond say:

"Quite a looker, isn't she, grandma? Is her hair real?"

Of course, from the start Molly had small hope of any particular assistance from Mimi where Raymond was concerned; still, in the days directly following, she questioned Mimi anxiously as to ways and means of Raymond's finding a job. "Don't you know anyone who might give him a hand? What about your father? He knows plenty of newspaper people. Raymond has had college training."

"I doubt if he could write a decent letter," said Mimi coldly.

"For that matter, neither do you," retorted Molly with spirit. "Your spelling is atrocious."

It was the truth. Mimi admitted it unabashed. "But I'm not asking to get on a newspaper."

"What about young Kilmartin?" asked Molly, still canvassing every hope of a foothold for Freemantle's son. "Couldn't he give Raymond a chance at something, perhaps? I've never understood what he does exactly, but——"

"He draws cuckoo insects and things," said Mimi. "Maybe Raymond could pose for him. That's a thought!"

She did, although she neglected to mention it to her grandmother, ask her father if he knew of anything Raymond might do to earn a living. Swift questioned her, amusement growing, as to just what were the qualifications of Judy's first-born. At the end he laughed. "Why didn't he stay in Bay City, Mississippi, where he was appreciated?"

As for Kilmartin, whom Mimi made a point of seeing on her next trip to New York, he was no more

## A Family Invasion

optimistic than Vivian Swift of Raymond's chances.

"No training? No experience? Tell him to get back to the deep South and live on his folks. He'll only break his little heart up here."

"I'll tell him," said Mimi, "but he's already living on his folks, so why go back south for that?"

"And how have you been?" said Kilmartin. "I can't bear to see you so happy."

"I'm all right," said Mimi. "When are you going to take me buggy riding again?"

He inspected her minutely for a jeer, but she was in earnest. "Was kind of fun, wasn't it?" said Kilmartin.

He made a date to take her to dinner and to a show on a night the following week. "I know a critic who's careless with passes." When they parted he looked at her dubiously. "Won't stand me up now, will you?"

"Wednesday at half-past six," said Mimi. "I'll be waiting."

After leaving Kilmartin she met Alan in her room, and they talked for the half hour which was all he could snatch, but which was so infinitely better than nothing. He seemed a trifle jumpy. Once when the telephone rang he had caught her back when she would have answered it.

"Let it ring," he said, and she had obeyed him, half laughing.

"Probably only dad, Alan."

"Never mind, I tell you—let it ring."

That night Molly told Mimi at the dinner table that her father had been trying to get her.

About ten o'clock Swift called Mimi from New York. When she began to say she was terribly sorry to have missed him, he cut her short without a trace of his usual raillery. "That's all right. I want to see you about something. You'll have to come in again to-morrow. Be at my place about noon."

At his place . . . Mimi said, "But dad, why——"

"Because that's where I want to see you," said Swift curtly. "And be on time, Mimi. I have a luncheon engagement later on."

Mimi went back, disquieted, to the fire and her grandmother's searching glance. Her father was obviously annoyed over something; at not getting hold of her earlier, perhaps. Still it was not like him to order her about.

When she went to her father's apartment at twelve sharp next day he was in his shirt-sleeves with an eyeshade over his bloodshot, tired eyes. There was a pile of script and a typewriter on the table in the small cluttered room where he did his writing and into which he at once ushered her.

"Sit down," said Swift. "Something I want to show you." He jerked open the drawer of the table and took out a newspaper clipping.

"Somebody dead?" asked Mimi more flippantly than she felt.

Her father had not kissed her, had not even pulled her hair, his commonest form of caress. Now he was putting the clipping into her hand. "Read that—came out yesterday morning."

Mimi read. Her heart began to beat hard. "Sounds like some bright young columnist."

Swift named a columnist, neither the youngest nor the brightest but indubitably the most venomous and admittedly the best informed in town. "That all you have to say?"

"Well, dad, really—am I responsible for every nasty bit of gossip people happen to invent?" She was stalling for time. This wasn't going to be easy.

"I warned you, didn't I?" said Swift. "I told you I wouldn't stand for anything of that sort." His face began to redden.

"Anything of what sort, dad? You're being disgustingly unfair. What can it possibly have to do with me?"

"It's got this much to do with you," said Swift. With angry violence he opened a large metal cigarette box, took out a cigarette, lit it, and slammed the lid shut. Through his first thin stream of smoke he said harshly: "You're to pack whatever things you have at that room and take them back to the country with you. I've told the landlord you'll be leaving to-day."

When Mimi, trembling with an anger equal to his own and sick with humiliation, started to speak, he put up a ruthless if somewhat unsteady hand. "That's enough. I don't care to discuss it with you. You just do as I say and be pretty certain that this is the end of your little experiment. Women have no more sense of honor than tomcats! I took your word for it that you were not up to anything shady, and here——"

MIMI stood and faced him, interrupted him icily: "When it comes to tomcats—I wouldn't doubt you'd be an authority." On that she went.

Just as she got to the threshold he said in a different tone of voice altogether, "Mimi—look here!" But Mimi only closed the door behind her. When she got into the street she found she still had the newspaper clipping in her hand. It read:

"Rumors are flying that the Alan Wythes after only six months of connubial bliss are already approaching the parting of the ways. What redheaded lovely won't be too surprised to hear it?"

Mimi crumpled the paragraph in shaking fingers and dropped it beside the kerb.

On a night perhaps three or four days after Mimi's painful session with her father, Elizabeth lay in bed reading, watching from under lowered lashes Alan, at once lazy and restless in the process of undressing. He had got as far as a dressing-gown over his pyjamas, and was standing at the window smoking, staring across the street.

"Darling," said Elizabeth plaintively, "put that window up and come to bed, won't you?"

"I'm not sleepy," said Alan without turning.

Elizabeth turned a page of her paper. It was the same garrulous journal from which Swift some days before had clipped the paragraph he had given Mimi. Elizabeth read it for its gossip column. She liked puzzling out oblique references to her friends.

"Oh, Alan, listen!" she cried suddenly with a ripple of laughter. "We hear that Tommy Gaunt and a certain charming young British actress——"

"Skip it," said Alan. "There's nothing to it."

"I don't know," said Elizabeth wisely. She mentioned the writer with a kind of contemptuous reverence. "He gets his facts pretty straight as a rule."

*Please turn to Page 35*

## My Favorite Poem

**The gods talk in the breath of the wold,**
**They talk in the shaken pine,**
**And they fill the reach of the old sea-shore**
**With dialogue divine;**
**And the poet who overhears**
**One random word they say**
**Is the fated man of men,**
**Whom the ages must obey.**

**—From L. M. Montgomery's "Emily Climbs."**

**Sent in by Thelma Herbert, 11 Overend St., East Brisbane.**

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# AVALANCHE GATE

*A thrilling story of romance and adventure in the Alpine snows.*

*A Complete Short Story*



By EDWIN MULLER

Illustrated by Cowdroy



THORNE sat on a granite shelf over a sheer drop of five hundred feet. Far below him the Rhone cut its deep trench right across the map. Beyond was a chaos of rugged pinnacles and rising snowfields.

He turned again to his climb. When he looked up he saw that he wasn't alone on the mountain. Half-way up the face was a party of three, moving one at a time and making slow work of it. The climber in the middle of the rope, a woman, was in difficulties on the harder pitches.

It was just under the last pitch that he overtook them. He gave them a hail. They'd move aside now and let him pass, as the etiquette of the mountains demanded.

The last man on the rope turned round. The guide, obviously. He growled something in guttural German to those above. The leader turned sharply and looked at Thorne, but instead of standing aside he climbed up to the next pitch. The woman didn't turn her head and the party went forward, ignoring Thorne.

He found a sloping ledge and sat down to watch them. The leader was wiry and tall and carried himself with a stiff erectness. He had a face that fitted the surroundings—hard as granite, with eyes cold and blue as the glacier ice.

Then Thorne looked at the woman and was surprised to see that she was only a girl. It didn't seem reasonable somehow that a girl should be climbing with those two. Her dark little head and delicate features weren't at all the sort of thing you'd expect in a German climbing woman.

They were on a slab twenty feet high, tilted at an angle not far from the perpendicular, with no holds to speak of. The slab was split from top to bottom by a crack a few inches wide. In it the leader wedged his foot and knee, then jammed his arm in by thrusting it further back. Foot by foot he hitched his way up, left arm and leg in the crack and right leg and arm scraping for friction holds on the rough granite outside. Finally, he drew himself over the edge.

Then it was the girl's turn and Thorne's hands clenched in sympathy as she started up.

SHE managed to get half-way, fighting for every inch. The leader, poised unconcernedly above, called down instructions in the harsh staccato of a drill sergeant. Then she stuck. The arm in the crack refused to pull her higher, the other hand fluttered desperately over the rock in search of the holds that weren't there. From above came a strident crescendo of command, but her convulsive response raised her no higher. Her arm began to relax.

Thorne half started to his feet. Why didn't the fool of a leader order the guide up to give her a shoulder? Why——?

He heard an exclamation from the man above. The latter braced himself with one foot against a projecting rock and heaved powerfully on the rope. The girl came away from her holds and hung limp, her feet dangling. Hand over hand the leader brought her up and Thorne marvelled at the sheer strength of it. But more than that he felt an urgent sympathy for the girl. When she was safe the guide climbed swiftly to the top. The three disappeared from Thorne's sight.

A few minutes later he joined them on the flat table top of the summit.

The girl was sitting with her arms around her knees. The leader greeted Thorne with a civil enough "Gruss Gott" and added something else.

"I do not speak German," said Thorne.

The girl raised her head and gave him a quick look. For a moment their eyes met, then she turned away.

When Thorne came down to dinner that night he thought at first that he had the inn to himself. But soon a party appeared and took their places at a table across the room. Two were the couple he had seen on the mountain. With them was a woman of sixty-odd.

When they were settled the man looked up and recognised Thorne. He bowed rigidly and said something to the older woman. Turning her head without moving her shoulders, she stared coolly at Thorne across the empty room. The girl, too, glanced in his direction.

Thorne decided to loaf next day. After breakfast he strolled down the sloping pastures toward the lookout on the brink of the cliff.

On the pathway that led down to the surface of the Great Aletsch Glacier he saw two figures that he recognised as the German and the guide. As he watched them he heard a sound on the terrace behind him and turned to see the girl.

"Morgen," he said.

She looked at him for a moment in silence, then: "You're an American, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "My name's Thorne Ashley."

"Mine's Halla Linden. I'm American, too. I—I hope you don't mind my speaking to you. I haven't talked with anyone from home for so long."

"Then you've lived abroad since you've been married?" he asked.

"I've lived abroad for three years. But I'm not married. Not yet."

HE looked up and saw the older woman coming down the path from the inn. When she reached them she said something in German to Halla. The girl replied in a voice that had gone suddenly flat and lifeless, then introduced Thorne. "Frau von Pelsen," she added, "is the mother of my fiance."

Thorne bowed. For an awkward moment Frau von Pelsen stared at him, then bowing stiffly she spoke again to Halla and the two of them turned and walked toward the house.

As he walked quickly up the path that Halla had just taken Thorne glanced back almost furtively toward the inn. He had an odd feeling of doing something clandestine. He had seen Halla alone scarcely three times in the week and then for only a few minutes. All that he knew about her was that she used to live in America and now she was going to marry this von Pelsen.

She was sitting on a rock out of sight of the inn. When she saw him she looked startled and made a motion as if to jump up. Then she smiled and sank back, waiting for him to speak.

How lovely she was!

Suddenly he said the thing he had come here to say: "Why are you unhappy?"

She caught her breath and looked at him for a moment with frightened eyes, then turned away without replying. "I'm afraid," she whispered finally.

"Afraid of what? Of him? Why do you marry him, then?"

"Because there's nothing else to do."

"Why not?"

"I told him I'd marry him—before my father died. I thought I wanted to, then. And it made father happy to think that Kurt would be there to look after me."

"Isn't there anyone else to take care of you?" he asked.

She shook her head, then raised it, looking at him steadily. "You must think I'm a fool," she said, "to talk about my troubles like this. But it's been so awful, not having anyone to tell things to."

"Tell me," said Thorne. "I like it."

"You see," she went on after a little while, "Germany was the place I always dreamed about and wanted to see. Father—he was a German before he was naturalised—used to tell me all about it. And I wanted awfully to come and see it all.

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*Halla caught her breath sharply. "Is he dead?" she said in a low voice.*

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*Illustrated by* FISCHER

*Donaldson felt that the girl was some tantalising vision born of loneliness and despair.*

A Complete Short Story By

**Dale Collins**

*"A little child shall lead them," said the Bishop, and her advice led him among bandits and to the rescue of beauty in distress.*

# A BREAK for the BISHOP



THE freckled child stood, legs straddled, hands clasped behind her, and regarded him with a stare which held anything but awe.

"If I were a bishop," she announced, "I'd get awful tired of always bishing."

His Lordship the Bishop of Medsey reddened. "You are a very, very impertinent little girl," he said.

"Aw, rats! aren't I only telling you for your own good?" said the freckled child impatiently. She put out her tongue at him and skipped gaily away down the deck—a bony little insect like a cricket, and aged eleven.

"Well!" said the bishop, gazing after her. Nobody had spoken to him so rudely since he could remember. In fact, people simply didn't speak to bishops like that. They were addressed with respect and veneration, being not as other men. Even when he entered the smoke-room for an iced lemonade voices were lowered. Sometimes in the heat of a deck-game a man might drop a mild oath, but finding the bishop at hand would apologise immediately. He dwelt, as it were, within a charmed circle. How dared that impudent brat crash through it? Aw, rats! The bishop wagged his head and clicked tongue against palate.

Presently, however, sitting there in his steamer chair and gazing out over the rail into the tropical blue of the sky, he began to stroke his jaw. Passengers passing that big, distinguished figure with the handsome, if heavy, profile and the impressive head of hair becomingly shot with silver, wondered what weighty matters had thrown His Lordship into such a profound reverie. How could they guess that Marjorie the Menace was responsible?

YET she was. For the bishop was no fool. Any cleric in his diocese would have hastened to support that. Stern, just, and, with every cause, righteous, ruthless, and satisfied with himself, but no fool. So he meditated on the text provided by Marjorie, and as he did so the magic circle in which he dwelt seemed rather like a globe of stagnation where the bishop swam in the manner of a goldfish, smugly content, a prisoner without knowing it. The thought of the hush in the smoke-room ceased to flatter; he detested those apologies. All the same, a bishop trying suddenly to be a man would make a sorry spectacle. He had often sighed at the efforts in that direction of certain members of the junior ranks.

He rose and paced the hot deck, and the passengers stood aside. Once upon a time there had been a John Donaldson, but he had been quite swallowed up and digested by the Bishop of Medsey. He paused to remark to the wheeling gulls, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings——!" He said it wonderingly, and did not pause to realise that, though young for his high estate, he had reached the dangerous age of forty-two.

When at last he went to the smoke-room for his lemonade, he walked with a light step, for he had reached a decision. The hush fell. He frowned, but did not make the inadequate gesture of ordering a large brandy-and-soda. He had other plans.

That afternoon the ship nosed into the yellow mouth of the Yangtze and, turning into the Woosung, came to Shanghai through armadas of junks and sampans, and steamers flying the flags of all nations. The buildings on the Bund rose stately as cathedrals, and grey ships of war lay at the mooring-buoys in the stream. From the shore came a strange, shrill clamor, for behind that white facade upwards of two million people, white and yellow, fought for existence, loved and hated, were sad and gay, were born and died.

Unlike the other passengers, the bishop was in no hurry to get ashore. He went to his cabin with a bowing Chinese tailor who could turn out a whole wardrobe in a matter of hours, and he gave orders for the clothes ordinary men wear in the tropics. As a result when he left the ship he felt very cool and comfortable and different in a shantung shirt and a white duck suit, and he looked no longer a bishop, but a prosperous merchant, a fitting visitor to that humming hive.

BISHOPS stay at the Cathay. But where was the Bishop of Medsey, enjoying a well-earned world tour, to stay? Not on the Bund at Shanghai certainly. The man in white ducks told the taxi-driver to take him to a small hotel he had learnt of by discreet inquiries. There he registered as John Donaldson, England—a true and accurate entry.

The sun of late afternoon was hot. He had no unwelcome callers to greet him. Stretching in luxurious ease in the privacy of his bedroom, he heard through the green jalousies the sing-song chant of hauling coolies, the yelps of rickshaw runners, the high-pitched babel of voices and the honking of motor cars. Yes, here where East jostled West, and the Old the New, was the perfect setting for his Haroun Al-Raschid adventure. As he went to bathe he hummed a song they used to sing at Oxford.

Donaldson went down to the bar and sat on a high stool. The Bishop of Medsey had never professed to be a strict abstainer, but how much more pleasant to be John Donaldson and order a cocktail without anyone being either pleased by such broadmindedness or shocked by such debauchery.

*Please turn to Page 11*

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# MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

## FOR SKI-ING SMARTNESS

ALTHOUGH the importance of suitable equipment has long been recognised by devotees of winter sports, the outfits sketched on this page show how correctness of attire can be allied with smartness and form a vivid picture on the snow-covered Alps.



● ABOVE: A smart outfit consisting of chamois-yellow windproof cotton jacket, allied with green gabardine plus eights. The cravat is of green angora and the cord ties and tassels at waist in green and red. White gaiters with green lacing.

● TOP CENTRE: This lass wears a suit of grey loden cloth with blue fox surrounding the hood, which can be thrown back and worn collar fashion. Fur also edges the sleeves. The trousers are royal-blue waterproof twill, and she adds an embroidered Tyrolean belt.

● ABOVE: A windproofed wool jersey top in cocoa-brown, worn over darker brown Harris tweed plus fours. Wool cravat, gloves, and triangular handkerchief, which ties round the head for a cap, in mustard-yellow. Natural colored canvas gaiters.

● AT LEFT: Suede jacket in dull red, with navy epaulet insets on shoulder and top sleeve, matching the navy wool jersey shirt and navy gabardine plus eights. The visor cap is made of matching gabardine, and the white canvas belt matches the gaiters.

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# ALPINE *Snowbirds*









● *TOP LEFT: The lady balancing the plates wears a cream wool jersey blouse and grey waterproof trousers.*

● *TOP RIGHT: The lass showing the way has a suede jacket over her knitted jumper, and her friend a navy wool shirt-blouse and navy slacks.*

● *LOWER LEFT: This is a green gabardine suit with a green-and-white sweater, and on the right the suit is grey waterproof gabardine, with a scarlet wool jersey and beret. We only get a glimpse of the black-and-white check plus eights in the corner.*

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# The Fashion Parade sketched by Petrov

## Soft Drapings on Day Frocks



- *TOP LEFT: A draped bolero, in which the line is accentuated by folds radiating from an upstanding caracul collar.*
- *CENTRE: The classic line. Here the cowl neckline is imitated in the sleeves and basque, in distinct contrast to the straight lines of the skirt.*
- *RIGHT: Straight sleeves are here wedded to each other forming a scarf-like collar. The skirt is similarly treated.*
- *TOP RIGHT: Collar to the right—sash to the left. Interesting variation of the diagonal line.*
- *LOWER LEFT: Grosgrain ribbon belt has extra loop outlining draped pocket in skirt.*




'Tell me, doctor . . You say that blood-poisoning is caused by germs. How am I to protect myself? Is there an efficient non-poisonous antiseptic I can safely apply direct to a cut or injury?'

The way to prevent blood-poisoning is to get rid of the germs which cause it. 'Dettol'—the modern antiseptic—kills germs. On body tissues it is gentle, non-poisonous and non-staining. It is clean and clear and pleasant in smell. Whenever you cut or scratch yourself, apply 'Dettol' freely and fearlessly. Keep 'Dettol' handy—use it in time.




DETTOL TRADE MARK THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

RECKITTS (OVER SEA) LTD. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY. F 398 S


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# An Editorial

JUNE 26, 1937

## SAFEGUARDING MOTHERHOOD



THE publication of a revised and enlarged edition of "Feeding and Care of Baby," the official text-book of the Truby King method of mothercraft, flashes once again before the public a reminder of that notable physician, Sir Truby King, and his work.

Sir Truby King has probably done more towards raising the status of motherhood than any man of the age.

***He has proved that motherhood, extolled for its glory by poets, classified as functionary by the realists, accepted as part of life by the casualists, is actually a very specialised avocation, demanding high intelligence and the application of specialised knowledge.***

Sir Truby King began to put his theories into practice in New Zealand thirty years ago. The resultant reduction in the infant mortality of that country was so astounding that his fame spread throughout the world.

Other countries in the Empire opened training schools in Truby King methods.

The Queen of England attended a training centre in London, and has always insisted on Truby King methods in the Royal nursery.

Readers of The Australian Women's Weekly have not needed to attend training centres. The information and directions Sir Truby King has set down for the guidance of mothers have been given to them since the first issue of this paper in articles by Miss Mary Truby King.

Miss Truby King, in addition to being steeped in its lore, has had practical training in Truby King mothercraft, and her articles have supplied a service to women that has been much appreciated.

The text-book, "Feeding and Care of Baby," has now become a domestic classic, and will be welcomed in this new, revised edition, which has been produced under the personal direction of the author.

—THE EDITOR.

# Points of View

### Royal Marriages

PRINCE ERNST LEOPOLD ZUR LIPPE-DETMOLD has married a commoner, the manageress of a dress-shop.

This Prince is a compatriot and relative of Prince Bernhard zur Lippe-Besterfeld, husband of Princess Juliana, of Holland, so that whereas one rises towards a throne by marriage the other departs from crowns towards crepe-de-chine.

The marriages of royalties with commoners in recent times have become so usual as almost to have created a new precedent.

### Pity the Poor Nurse

FOR years nurses have complained—and usually with ample justification—of overwork, appallingly long hours, low pay, and bad living conditions.

Now a new complaint has been lodged that at one big Australian hospital the quarters are so crowded that six girls sleep in one room, twenty use two bathrooms in the hour and a half between rising and going on duty, and on going off duty they are often unable to wash at all. Cockroaches, fleas, and falling plaster are also in the pretty picture.

It seems ludicrous that a profession dedicated to humanitarian work, and one that vigorously inculcates in its novices the sacredness of health, hygiene, and cleanliness, should subject its workers to unhumane, unhealthy, and unclean conditions.

There are, of course, hospitals where nurses are treated fairly and given decent conditions, but it is regrettably apparent that they are still a minority.

### Starving the Growing Mind

THE graziers should be applauded for their decision to back the movement for more and better free libraries—a decision displaying wisdom as well as patriotic enthusiasm for the cultural future of Australia.

The vital necessity of free libraries is far from being purely cultural. More and more, in England, in European countries, and in America, authorities are recognising that school is merely a foundation for education, and that every young man and woman must be provided with the means of study during the years when they are making their way in the world.

Abroad, every worker is encouraged and helped to use the library as a means of technical education, thus improving his own economic status and raising the efficiency of the nation as a whole. With our present resources this is practically impossible; the result will be, unless we improve our libraries, that in a few decades we will be a race of unskilled workers competing with nations of experts.

'Tis a perilous prospect.

### LYRIC OF LIFE

**AFTER**

**There was no other way than this . . .**
**Of course there might have been a tear, a kiss,**
**A hundred little things to tell**
**And all the dreary business of farewell.**
**But you and I**
**We chose to say good-bye**
**With just a nod, a smile, and then passed on**
**And did not sentimentalise on what was gone.**

**—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.**

### Design a la Boomerang

IT is likely that Australian aboriginal art will at last flow into the great stream of the White Man's culture.

It may at first seem incongruous that this should be brought about through the mundane activities of Parisian dress-designers, but every woman knows that dress design at its best employs a very high grade of decorative art. And every artist knows that it is the practical applications of art that keep it alive in the modern world.

Dress materials, which already embody designs drawn from every conceivable source, from ancient Babylonian temples to modern machine-shops, will be the richer for the contributions of Australia's savage decorators. Primitive as the aborigines are in material civilisation, their manual skill is extraordinary, and their carvings and paintings show a high artistic sense and a faultless instinct for design and decoration.

Above all, their strange patterns will provide Paris and the world with that priceless treasure—something new.



**IS THE PATIENT NERVOUS? No! Well, how about the dentist? Among the jobs we'd rather not have is that of dentist to a lion. Still, Dr. James Vamuas doesn't mind it. Here you see him looking over the molars of Jackie, famous movie lion, at Zoo Park, Los Angeles, assisted by a nurse and a Zoo attendant.**

### School-children's Health

AT least one State Education Department's medical officer has denied the allegations made by the "Australian Medical Journal" that school-children suffer from overwork and lack of proper food and sleep.

It is to be hoped that this obviously sincere denial is based on the true facts. But it is rather difficult to assess the health balance of children. Gross overwork or malnutrition is at once apparent, but many boys and girls suffer by just a shade too much study and a shade too little of the building-up influence.

It is these border-line cases that are the danger—and they are not as easily detectable as the bad cases, which are usually found in groups of poor families, and can therefore be attacked more readily.

In many families a child's future is being undermined by unbalanced living—and the remedy seems to be to sway the balance over to the food, sleep and play side and let work be slowed up a few degrees.

# *Women Plan Big Changes in Modern Life!*

**By Air Mail from our London Office.**

***Big changes in the world's plan of living, to bring greater happiness and better health to all, were among the matters considered at the great women's conference that has just concluded in London.***

FAULTS in our diets, in our provision of food for mothers and babies, in our wage systems and recreational facilities, were among the matters criticised at the British Commonwealth League Conference which was attended by women from 51 societies and organisations from every corner of the earth.

Mrs. Linda Littlejohn was a representative on behalf of Australia.

It was resolved to ask women's organisations everywhere to concentrate on the subject of national nutrition, with a view to building up a happy, healthy race of people.

**Women, especially, it was emphasised, should be assured of sufficient nutriment, not only during pregnancy and nursing a child, but from early childhood.**

The assurance of an adequate living wage for the breadwinners would assist materially, it was pointed out.

Better facilities for recreation were urged—an interesting subject in view of the controversy proceeding in Australia on the merits of Sunday sport.

**The conference resolved that EVERYONE should be obliged to take part in organised physical recreation of some kind—in all grades of life.**

Resolutions were also carried deploring the long delay in granting enfranchisement to women in parts of the British Commonwealth, recommending that persistent steps be taken to enlighten and educate public opinion to preserve democratic government; urging women to realise their obligations as citizens and use every opportunity to become conversant with matters concerning the State, **and, where necessary, demand their right of equal citizenship; equal pay for equal work.**

Equality in the civil and economic status of women and equal opportunities of training and work are also sought.

**The practice of grouping women and young persons together for purposes of legislation was condemned, and the appointment of women to all delegations, commissions, and public bodies was demanded.**

The inclusion of women in any boards of administration of aborigines, and the appointment of qualified women as protectors, constables, or inspectors will also be urged.

## Women's Loyalty

THE extent to which women are loyal to their fellow women and the objects for which all women are collectively striving were other themes that provoked lively criticism.

"In our struggle for equality one of our main difficulties is to infuse younger women with the same loyalty and enthusiasm that fired women in the early fight for enfranchisement," said one speaker, Mrs. Corbett Ashby.

"At present there is deplorable disloyalty and indifference towards women who work for the betterment of women."

She summarised the objectives of women as:

Loyalty of women to women.

Service of women to the community.

A keen awareness of the special contribution each woman can make to community life, as well as the general contribution of women's special intelligence and experience.

Co-operation among all parts of the Empire in constructive work for peace.

Freedom of discussion, teaching, and the Press.

Co-operation in widening openings for inter-Empire and international trade.

The most spirited speech came from Mrs. Linda Littlejohn, an Australian delegate.

She catalogued eight ways in which democracy has suffered, and added:

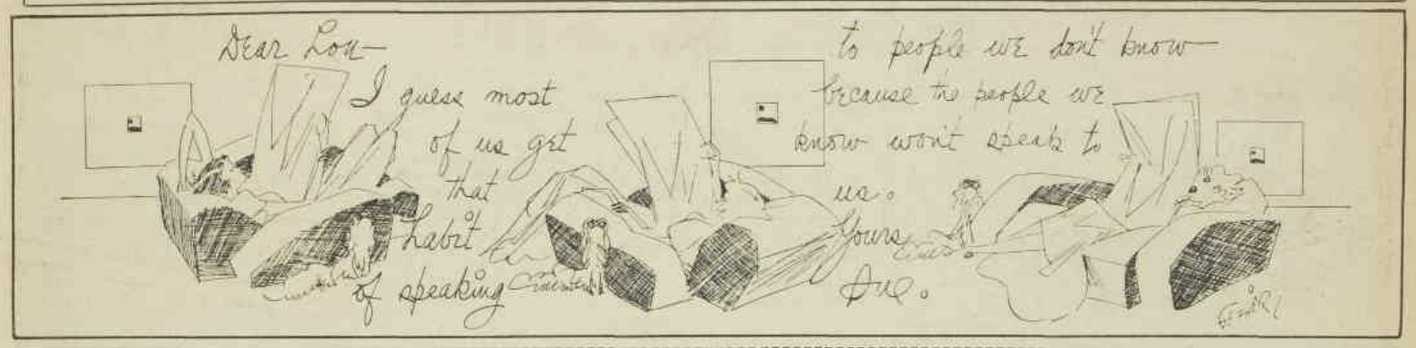
**"To arouse enthusiasm for democracy, every individual must feel that he or she counts, is of value and service to the country."**

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By WEP*




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## FROM SUE TO LOU - - - - - - - A Bright Girl's Letter




# NEW BOOKS

*Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN*

## *Resisted Tradition of Old School Tie*

### Drake-Brockman's West Australians

**When Dame Enid Lyons was describing the basic differences between Australians and Englishmen, she referred to the fact that Chesterton had called us "raw and remote."**

**After observation, she decided that the English were "cold and cooked!"**

***This basic difference has been cleverly used by Henrietta Drake-Brockman in her latest novel, "Younger Sons."***



*MRS. H. DRAKE-BROCKMAN has written a fine story of West Australia in "Younger Sons."*

THE squire and the squatter may be brothers under their skins, but in the development of the Australian types their English forbears must have felt inclined to hang themselves with the old school tie, so exasperatingly individual had their children become.

The story tells of two men seeped in the tradition of the English village squire and his adoring villagers who dreamt of establishing the same order in Australia. **As was to be expected, the attempt was a failure. The new country was too wide and too broad for such insular treatment, and for such planning of lives.**

Using this theme, Mrs. Drake-Brockman has given us a saga of life in West Australia. It is vivid, accurate and authentic, and tingles with that sense of freedom and individuality which is part of our national make-up.

Charles Wentworth, an Englishman of family, shows a little bit of originality when he decides to flout his family and marry an opera singer. **Believe it or not, his family feels it has been disgraced, and the only way his guilt can be blotted out is for Charles to go to the colonies in the real old melodramatic tradition.**

### First Families

WENTWORTH, with his bride, leaves England and settles in West Australia. About the same time, Andrew Rae, a Scotsman, accepts an official position in Perth. The story then deals with the pipe dreams of these pioneers. They seek to establish a new race of squires in the Antipodes. With Rae the dream becomes an obsession, and the properties are entailed to his male heirs so that the succession may be carried on after the manner of a principality.

Against this cut and dried parcelling out of life and property is the expanding conscience of a young country which laughs at rules of caste and class distinctions. There is a bigger job to be done in the development of a nation. Of course his plan breaks down, and the squire becomes the squatter—the Englishman an Australian. Which, after all, is the happiest thing that could have happened.

The main charm of the book is to be found in the masterly manner in which Mrs. Drake-Brockman marshals her characters from generation to generation, covering a very wide sphere, but never losing continuity of interest or action. She makes a clever use of human beings to build up a national background, and her saga develops naturally and effectively to a common-sense conclusion.

Of family novels there are many printed yearly. The tendency of most of them is to sprawl a very ragged pattern over a century. Mrs. Drake-Brockman's book is different. The story, while encompassing three generations of Australian life, is close knit and cohesive.

Feminine interest is well sustained. The first Mrs. Charles Wentworth, the Italian singer, is well drawn, and granddaughter Alys is an attractive Australian. Here and there word-pictures have a tender and arresting quality. Here is a vignette of an apple orchard in the bush. "A house of yellow brick and unsawn timber—the windows stared like frightened eyes—crouched by the brook, overshadowed by firs, dark and funereal mutes against the pale apple greens."

Perhaps the best tribute one could pay to this Australian writer is that she tells a good story simply and well.

"Younger Sons." Henrietta Drake-Brockman. (Angus & Robertson, 8/-.)

### Books To Read

**"TURN THE HOUR."** Rosemary Rees. Well-written romance with N.Z. background.

❖ ❖ ❖

**"INTIMATE STRANGERS."** Katharine Susannah Prichard. Brilliant story of Australian family life.

❖ ❖ ❖

**"TOMATO FIELD."** Stuart Engstrand. American rural life in realistic vein.

❖ ❖ ❖

**"GREAT LAUGHTER."** Fanny Hurst. A study of an old lady who dominates her household and family.




## How did she get that Slim Line

IT'S hard to believe that a short while ago she was putting on weight—quite rapidly, too, until she was advised to take Bile Beans.

Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was, and she takes good care to keep it so by taking Bile Beans every night. Bile Beans are purely vegetable and safely and surely they melt away that unwanted surplus fat.

So, if you want to regain that slim line and keep a lovely fashionable figure, just take Bile Beans nightly.

"I like nice gowns and frocks and was afraid I would soon have to be asking for outsize. But as a result of my nightly Bile Beans I have lost ten pounds in weight. My bust, hips, arms and ankles are all slimmer and I feel much better in health." Mrs. F. Williamson.

* * *

"Since taking Bile-Beans I have not only lost my unwanted fat and improved my figure, but have regained my brightness and energy. Being a professional musician, I lead a strenuous life, but Bile Beans at bed-time keep me fit." Miss K. Warner.

By Nightly Taking

**BILE BEANS**

She improves both her Health & Figure



PARSONS and POLITICIANS!



## *Clergyman's Throat!*

**It's embarrassing — yes, very. I won't say my voice made my fortune — no — but the loss of it is indeed very awkward. I'm off to the Chemist, I want Bonnington's Irish Moss. It is so demulcent, it SOOTHES, it covers the throat with a sort of ANTISEPTIC film, it has a splendid aromatic pungency that CLEARS the head and voice.**




IMITATIONS: *No proffered substitutes, no! It's Bonnington's I want. 1/9 & 3/-.*



For Coughs and Colds

**Bonnington's IRISH MOSS**


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**Get in a Stock of HOLEPROOF SHEERS yourself!**

. . . and have the loveliest legs in town. Think of the price . . . They're lovely! Think of the wear . . . . They're lovelier! Think of the appearance . . . They're loveliest of all. To prove it, look at our Heroines. Are they downhearted? NO! Not while they're wearing HOLEPROOF SHEERS. There is a HOLEPROOF STYLE for every time and place . . . . even this!

**BLACK MAGIC**—The gloriously bewitching chiffon—25% sheerer and 100% lovelier—to wear for your more glamorous moments.

**GAY DECEIVER**—a gay, alluring aristocrat, with cunningly concealed long-wearing features—correct to wear at any tick of the clock.

**SHEER LOVELINESS**—Australia's best long-wearing sheer—just right if you are hard on hosiery.

Then there's **ALL-IN-ONE**, a luxury sheer crinkly crepe with two-way s-l-e-e-t-c-h that gives knee action, and twice the wear of ordinary sheers.

*Of course, all are manufactured under genuine Ringless Patent.*

If you prefer service sheers, ask for **JOY**—the famous happy medium weight. Rich silk from top to toe, it "just wears forever"

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY**

**The Loveliest in the World**

W 10



**What will they be asking?**

By the time your children have grown to maturity they will have asked many difficult questions, not the least of which, no doubt, will concern the material welfare of their future. You can have the answers ready in advance if you start now. Let Savings Bank Accounts keep pace with the general progress of your children. What you save for them during their early years will, aided by compounding interest, provide the very practical answer to that most difficult of all your problems—their future.

Every Post Office is an Agency of the

**Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia**


# A BREAK *for the* BISHOP

*Continued from Page 8*

IN the dining-room it was healthy for the appetite to be one of a number of tourists and commercial men, sitting alone at a table with no other passengers, no guests, no claims on politeness or attention. He dawdled over the meal and half a bottle of wine, and smoked several cigarettes.

And the night was his own, without duties, without responsibilities or obligations. He strolled out into the street, which was gay with banners of scarlet and gold and flooded with humanity.

Hailing a ricksha, he indicated with a wide gesture that he wished to be taken everywhere. The runner's eyes gleamed. Here was one of those jobs that came once in weary months and bought more rice than hours of panting for the locals. Donaldson sat back, lit another cigarette, and was drawn by his human steed through the pageant of the East. It was dazzling, fascinating, but, after a time, he began to feel he would have to be careful if his night was not to end in an anti-climax. What did one do, temporarily unfrocked, in Shanghai at night if one wasn't much of a sinner? He felt certain there was not much innocent amusement in this melting-pot where Europe and Asia seethed and bubbled.

What, then, for some excitement?

The question had hardly taken shape when it was answered. They were in the French concession now, and the ricksha had turned off the Avenue Edward VII down a series of narrow side streets. A more worldly person might have been uneasy, but Donaldson was a mere inexperienced youth though his years numbered forty-two. In one of those narrow streets, then, he came abruptly on that answer.

A car had been drawn across the street, blocking the way of another. Dim in the gloom a gang of Chinese struggled to haul a white man from the second car. Even in that darkness their movements made the situation clear, for the Chinese were lithe and supple, writhing about their victim, and he struggled with fierce, clumsy movements, punching his assailants, flinging them off, only to be borne down by weight of numbers.

The ricksha boy jerked back on his haunches and was about to turn and flee when his fare sprang out. This was what John Donaldson wanted, some action, a thrill. He'd had no physical excitement since he could remember.

His fists lashed out. Amazing exhilaration in the moment! The ricksha boy, knowing that trouble in Shanghai meant real trouble, abandoned his hopes of a rich fare and scurried off. The attackers, surprised, fell back for a moment. The man leapt up from the ground and resumed the struggle. The narrow way was a turmoil of solid shadows in the darkness, biting and writhing and punching and kicking.

Something hard struck Donaldson on the back of the head. Bright lights whirled, and then utter blackness closed in on him, deep and smothering as tar.

WHEN his senses returned he would not have known it but for a painful awareness of the way his head hurt. Tarry darkness still smothered him. He choked and coughed. Where was he? Of course, the fight! But why did the darkness persist? He tried to put his hands to his face, but they were lashed. Something tangible at last. And the darkness persisted because a sack had been pulled over his head.

"Murder! Help!" he shouted—uselessly, for the sounds were smothered from all ears save his own.

The first wild surge of panic passed, and he lay still and helpless. What were they doing with him? He realised now that he was in a car travelling fast along a bad road—so much was evident from the way his trussed body was bounced about. But why? Perhaps he had been kidnapped by Chinese brigands to be held to ransom. A bishop would bring a good price. But how had they known his identity? His throbbing head could find no answer, and he lapsed again into unconsciousness.

Bony hands were hauling him out of the car. The sack was pulled off his dazed head. He stood trembling, arms still tied. Something round and hard pressed between his shoulder-blades. Though a man of peace, he knew it for a rifle. All about, immense and empty night under a host of stars. No other lights; even the head-lamps had been turned out. The grey figures clustered around him, silent and sinister. They were on the banks of a great river that slid by like lava.

It could only be the Yangtze. A humped junk was tied to the shore.

The rifle prodded him. He moved forward, his captors shuffling with him. A few steps brought him to a plank that spanned th. dark water and led up to the junk.

The steely finger thrust him on across the deck. A smell of stale fish and Oriental dirt assailed his nostrils, and the shadows clucked and chattered now in undertones. The finger of steel thrust him towards a hole in the deck. He knew what he had to do: go down that hole into his prison. His feet fumbled and found a rough ladder. He descended into the pit, and with a thud the square of stars and sky was blotted out.

His legs gave way beneath him. A kinder oblivion began to fall on him and the sound of the great river sliding along the planks lulled him to sleep.

A coolie in rags and a vast straw hat awakened him and gestured with his rifle at the square of sunlight. His bonds had been cut.

A woman in baggy blue pyjamas brought him a bowl of rice and two bowls of water. By signs she indicated that part of the water was for the wound in his head. She went away. The others paid no heed, he was insulated and isolated from them, save for the vigilance of the man with the rifle.

HE bathed his skull and bandaged it with a strip torn from his coat.

That night he slept on deck, glad of the fresh air. A guard who never nodded watched over him. Days and nights followed each other, all alike, hot and empty and hushed. He made no contact with the people of the junk, and as he behaved himself they let him be.

A morning came when they pulled in to the bank and made fast. A group of men mounted on shaggy ponies awaited them. They carried arms and bore some resemblance to soldiers, but their uniforms were nondescript and ragged, and their tilted eyes were empty under their battered caps.

Donaldson, living like one in a dream or under the influence of a narcotic, understood that he was to go with them. Without a word he passed down the plank. One who appeared to be an officer was at the head of the group.

"Where are you taking me? What does it mean?"

The officer shook his head dumbly and indicated a riderless pony, shaggy, thin, and dispirited like the rest. Many a year since John Donaldson, let alone the bishop, had been on the back of a horse. He climbed with difficulty into the crude saddle, and they moved off along a bridle path which wound across wide plains where tillers of the soil bent low above their fields and made it quite obvious that they were blind and deaf to the passing of the little cavalcade.

The land was desolate for all its carefully cherished fertility, the country of a dream with the same numbing effect as the junk. Donaldson rode in a trance, chafed by the saddle, but unaware of that, unaware of anything. He was given food and water, and they camped by the road when the darkness came, sleeping under mats on the ground. The patient, shaggy pony carried Donaldson through day after day.

This ended, too.

They reached the foot of a mountain range, and, winding up its slopes by devious ways in single file, came with the shadows of the night to a valley where camp fires sparkled like rubies. High voices cried between the riders and the silhouetted figures about the flames which burned before the mouths of caves. Donaldson was glad their journey had ended, though he knew not what that end might mean.

*Please turn to Page 16*

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.


**TATTOO YOUR LIPS**

with a glamorous South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible and actually softens lips!





Now...for lips... TATTOO instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting South Sea colour ...lustrous and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and pasty. Soothing and softening to lips instead of drying. TATTOO! Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Only the colour stays! Tattoo your lips once and you'll never again go back to old fashioned lipstick. Actually test all five of TATTOO'S adventurous South Sea shades on your own skin at the Tattoo Colour Selector displayed in your favorite store.

Reduced Price Now 8/6

CORAL . . EXOTIC . . NATURAL . . PASTEL . . HAWAIIAN

*Send 1/- for Introductory size, stating shade desired, to sole Australian Agents:* Doward & Co., 326 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C. 1.

**TATTOO**

South Sea Colour for Lips



**Immediate Relief from . .**

**Coughs**

You need have little fear of Pneumonia after Influenza if you have **HEARNE'S** Bronchitis Cure to take care of any chest condition.

To avoid any possibility of confusion you should be particularly careful to ask for and see that you get **HEARNE'S** Bronchitis Cure.

8/4

*Always insist on . . .*

**HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE**





For FACE & HANDS you need Larola Complexion Milk

Larola cleanses, cools, beautifies and restores natural skin beauty. Soothing for sunburn — invaluable in the nursery. Larola has been in daily use for over 80 years.

BEETHAM'S Larola

At Chemists and Stores

Sole Manufacturers H. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.



**DRINKING DAYS ENDED**

For ten years one man was a heavy drinker, lost work, happiness, and home—his wife successfully treated him with "DRINKO." This safe, inexpensive treatment will also save your nearest. It can be given secretly. Booklet in sealed wrapper. Write or call for it. Established 30 years. HOME WELFARE PTY., DEPT. W.W., 353 George Street, Sydney.


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# Some NEW LAUGHS

*"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,*
*When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."*



*BUTCHER: How much steak, Madam?*
*MRS. NEWLYWED: Is it single or double width?*



*RINGMASTER: That's a silly thing to do—putting your head in the lion's mouth!*
*LION-TAMER: Putting it in? I'm trying to get it out!*



*AIRMAN (after crashing): I just happened to get into an air pocket.*
*LADY: Ah, and it had a hole in it!*



*"I'm afraid someone near you is going to be very disappointed."*
*"I'm afraid you're right—I've come out without any money."*


## YOUR FEET IN WINTER NEED

Regular Attention With

# Zam-Buk

THIS weather is very trying. Your feet are often cold and wet, and you are liable to have painful and annoying chilblains, or maybe a touch of cramp or rheumatism in the feet. But you can be sure of healthy, comfortable feet all Winter by this easy treatment.

Every night give your feet a good rub over with Zam-Buk Ointment. This restores circulation and relieves

**Pain, Swelling and Inflammation.**

If your feet are aching and tired, or you have those troublesome corns and hard growths before applying Zam-Buk bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes.

As this refined herbal Zam-Buk is absorbed into the skin, joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened and real foot comfort is yours. Don't forget—start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. *Of all chemists & stores*



*"Rheumatism attacked my feet, especially during wet weather. Once I was so crippled I almost gave up work. But I now find that rubbing in Zam-Buk prevents all pain. My feet don't trouble me at all now."—Miss E. B.*

*"I suffered with chilblains and cold feet, but massaging the feet and toes with Zam-Buk restored sluggish circulation. Chilblains do not trouble me now, neither do the cold sensations in the feet."—Mrs. F. H. E.*

**Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night**


## Brainwaves

**A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.**

MRS. JONES: Your Willie's spoilt.
Mrs. Brown: My Willie is not spoilt.
Mrs. Jones: Oh, yes he is; he was on the road and a steamroller spoilt him.

"YOUNG man," said the city merchant, severely, "I notice that you are almost invariably from ten to twenty minutes late in getting to the office."
"I know, sir," replied the youth; "but you seem to set such a small value on my time that I didn't think it mattered much."

HE: I bet if I kissed you you'd yell for help.
She: Not unless you needed it.

LEARNER: What is the most difficult thing on the piano?
Teacher (absent-mindedly): To pay the instalments.

BEE: I like Muriel's unaffected manner, don't you?
Chloris: Yes, she's been affecting it for some weeks now.

HE: My love for you cannot be denied, darling.
She: That's quite true, I've kept all your letters.

CLERK: I'll be twenty-one in a fortnight. Are you going to give me any more wages?
Boss: Yes. Two weeks'.

"CAN I trust Jigger?"
"Trust him! Why he's so crooked that the wool he pulls over your eyes is half cotton."


## Polished Rhymes by "NUGGET"

MARY MARY, QUITE CONTRARY
WHY ARE YOU CRYING SO?
DRY YOUR EYES
AND SMILE, PLEASE DO,
THIS "NUGGET" WILL MAKE
YOUR SHOES LIKE NEW!

# NUGGET
*Shoe Polish*

There's no need to cry over the condition of your shoes. "Nugget" them daily and see the difference. It restores that new shoe shine . . . . adds life to your shoes too! "Nugget" is obtainable in Black, Dark Tan Stain, various shades of Brown, and White.





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# A BREAK *for the* BISHOP

THE officer took him to the largest fire. He signed to his prisoner to dismount and was obeyed in mechanical fashion, whilst he made a brief report to the figures about the blaze. On the farther side the real leader squatted. No doubting that. Donaldson's tired mind saw him as Genghis Khan come back out of time. The firelight glinted in dark, bold eyes above high cheekbones. His brow was forbidding, his jaw stern. He played with the ends of long, drooping moustaches as he considered the prisoner. Pistols were in his belt—but for that, Genghis Khan. Strangely, Donaldson thought of the freckled child, and wondered whether she would be satisfied if she knew her rudeness had brought him to the camp of Genghis Khan and a fate unknown.

The black eyes saw deep. They seemed satisfied by what they found beneath the dirt and whiskers on Donaldson's thin face. A smile smeared briefly about the cruel mouth, to be smudged away as if it had been no more than a shadow cast by the flickering flames.

"I appeal to you, sir——" Donaldson began earnestly.

No use. The leader put his hands on his lips to indicate that they did not speak that language, and shook his head. The other crouching figures remained impassive. Donaldson clenched his fists, fighting down an impulse which prompted him to try to shatter the long-enduring barrier of silence by screaming with the full strength of his lungs.

The leader spoke briefly in dismissal, and the officer took Donaldson away to another cave, where two soldiers stood guard and a fire burned inside. He was well-versed

*Continued from Page 14*

in discipline and passed in, pausing for a second in a dazed way. The cave was cloudy with smoke and the fire burned steadily. He was pleased to think he would be able to lie down and sleep.

FROM behind the fire came a woman's scream.

"My God, who are you?"

The walls of silence had fallen at last. He staggered forward.

"Who? What?" He found the words with difficulty. His tongue felt rusty.

She rose with hands outstretched in welcome. The effect was weird. Against the darkness she seemed to grow like a goddess from the very flames. She was dressed in white, tall, and dark, pale, the straight short hair framing her face in a smooth, close-fitting helmet. Her body flowed in firm lines under the light frock.

For a moment they stared. Donaldson felt that at last his reason had gone and that this was some tantalising vision born of loneliness and despair. But then she had darted to him and was holding his hands, and her hands were firm flesh and blood, quivering to the excitement in his own.

"Who are you? Damn it, man, haven't you a tongue? How did you get here?" She shook him in her eagerness.

Still for a breath he could not answer. Then he contrived to stammer, "I'm—I'm John Donaldson. They hit me on the head in Shanghai and brought me here by junk and on a pony. That's all I know. Let—let me sit down. I'm done."

She lowered him to the ground, for she was strong, and sat beside him, gazing in bewilderment.

"Poor soul!" she said.

"Tell me," he pleaded, "about you. I can listen, at least." He lay in the warmth of the fire, and, tired head supported on hand, regarded her with wonder. She was so beautiful, so gladdening to the heart, so inexplicable in that lost cave.

"My story's as brief and queer as yours, only more tragic," she said. "I'm Ruth Rossiter. My father was a doctor—been here for years, but I only joined him a month or so ago. He'd gone to Tu-zu because there was a lot of sickness after the floods—dysentery, cholera, everything. I went to him there though he'd told me not to. I had to be with him. There's a war going on—always is a war. Kind of brigand chiefs more than Governments fighting. One night the enemy of the moment came down to Tu-zu."

She covered her face with her hands. When she took them away her mouth was steady again. She had a big, clear-cut mouth. Her brown eyes were almost dry.

"They killed my father," she said quietly. "Shot him in cold blood. Their friend. I escaped, but they caught me a day or so later. I couldn't get far enough away. I didn't know the country, and I'd no friends, no money, no one to help. We were the only whites for miles. They brought me here. I don't know when. A long time ago. They haven't harmed me. They feed me as well as they can. I can go out, but a guard always follows me. I have had this cave to myself. But what they want with me I can't imagine."

"Ransom?"

"I'M not worth much for that. No relatives, no importance, the daughter of a doctor who was fool enough to waste his precious life slaving for these wretches and be murdered as his only payment. But you? Are you anybody that matters?"

"I don't know, really. I'm the Bishop of Medsey."

She broke into an hysterical gust of laughter.

"No!" she protested. "No, no, you can't be. Not a bishop. You look more like one of the brigands."

"I am, all the same."

"How extraordinary! I thought you were just a man!"

"And I am, too. Didn't I tell you I was John Donaldson?"

"Is that different from the Bishop of Medsey?"

"In a way, yes."

"Well, though it's a bit of a shock, it's a good thing," said Ruth Rossiter. She had the vitality of youth, and his advent had cheered her. She was flushed with excitement and new hope in the firelight. "They must have bagged you for ransom and they'll send me with you when the cash is paid down."

"There is that."

"You bet there is." A man entered with food. "And here's your chow. This is going to be the best meal I've eaten for many a day. Welcome to—welcome to wherever we are Your Lordship."

"Perhaps it'd be better if we dropped the bishop business here."

"Then what shall I call you? Of course—John! It's a good name. When you may have only hours to live it'd be crazy to stand on ceremony. You must call me Ruth."

"Ruth's a lovely name. Poor Ruth amid the alien corn."

"And how!" she said. "Oh, I'm sorry you're in the dirt, too, John, but I'm mighty glad you came."

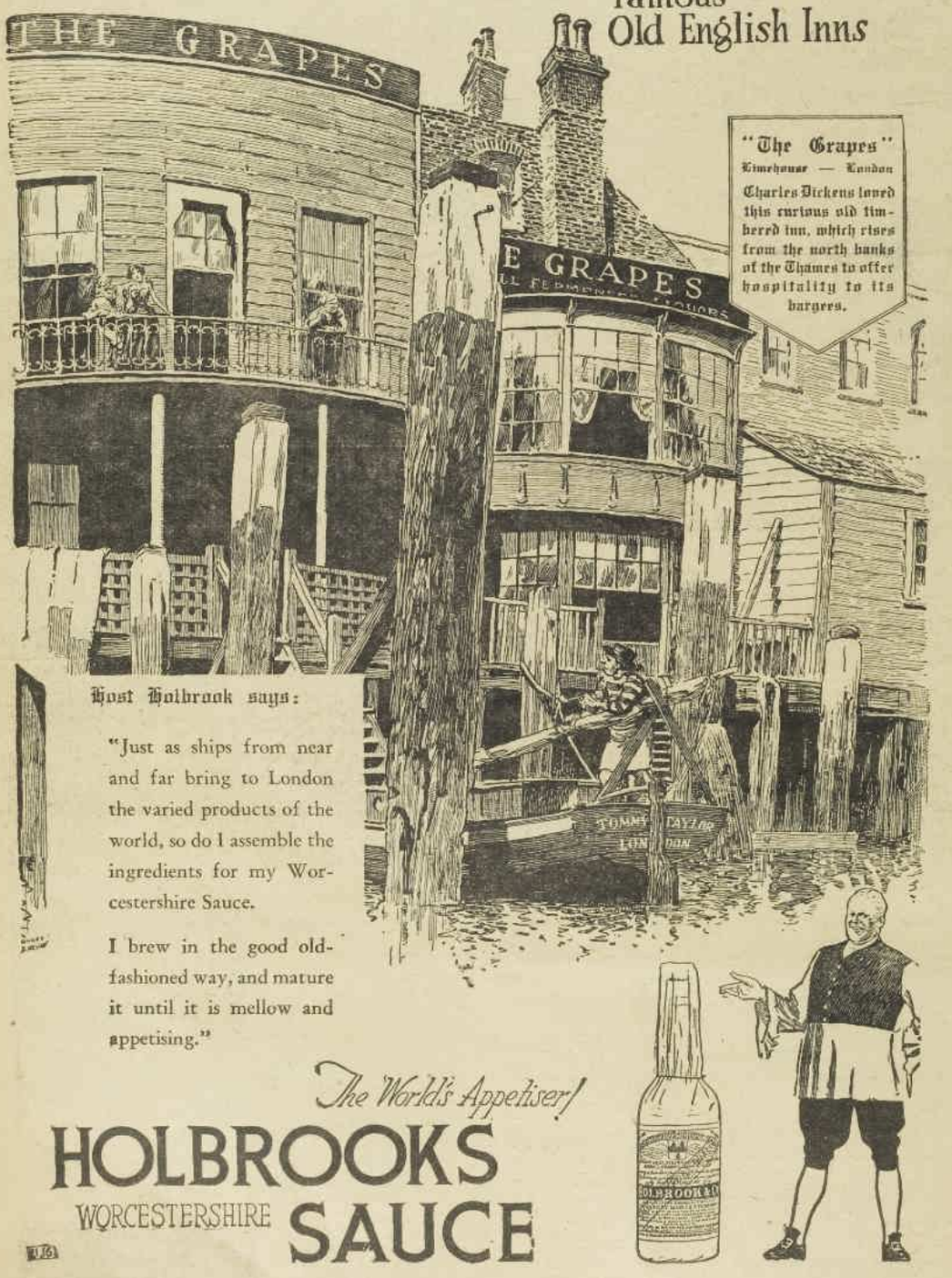
*Please turn to Page 18*

### *Dear Friend,—*

*Another month has hurried through,*
*And I've not even written you.*
*Another hour, another day—*
*The letter just as far away.*
*And yet your day would never close*
*Without the warmth a loved heart knows*
*If, for each page I've meant to write,*
*The thought, to you, had taken flight.*

*—Yvonne Webb.*


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# So they Say

**LET'S HEAR FROM YOU**

*Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.*

## LEARN BY ERROR

ONE hears much clamor for "rights" of many kinds, but what about the right to make our own mistakes unmolested by the vicarious experiences and "I-told-you-so's" of others? The advice of experience is almost always given with the best of motives, intended as a short cut to success and happiness. Yet, provided we profit by them, our errors are sometimes the most valuable stepping-stones in our lives.

It is better to tackle things at first hand, even inefficiently, and to learn thereby, than to swim through, safe but thoughtless, on someone else's back.

**£1 for this letter to Florence Hall, C/o 58 Torrens Rd., Cheltenham, S.A.**

## DESIRABLE DISPARITY

MOST people name five years as the maximum gap desirable between the ages of a couple marrying. I think experience shows that results are happier when the bridegroom is 10 to 15 years the bride's senior, say, she 20 and he 30 to 35. This minimises the likelihood of a happening so common with men who marry wives about their own age—an outside attraction in his early forties when the wife is past her prime.

**May Hannaford, Vincent St. Nth., Daylesford, Vic.**

## BRIDES, WAKE UP!

WHY don't more of our young engaged girls learn all the arts and crafts connected with the job of successful home management?

Night classes cost so little nowadays and surely Miss Modern wouldn't mind missing a couple of dances or shows a week in order to perfect herself in the job she will soon be taking over!

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## *Should Juniors Make Tea in Offices?*

WHAT a mountain out of a molehill Miss Porter makes when she writes about juniors in offices whose duties include the preparation of morning and afternoon tea (5/6/'37).

I know of an office where all take turns at this task, seniors and juniors alike. Especially in the case of a new employee, it is thought an excellent plan, as by this means she comes into contact with everyone and very soon is quite "at home."

Remember, too, that a girl need not be satisfied always to remain at the bottom, and if she has initiative, combined with common sense, there will always be someone else who, perhaps, is quite content to while away four hours a day making tea and washing up.

**Miss M. Taylor, 54 King William St., Greenwich, N.S.W.**

### What Is Grouch?

IN reply to Miss Porter, on the vexed question of juniors in offices, I would like to make the following points:

Juniors necessarily do the odd jobs around the office.

It is a privilege to have morning




*Should Seek Another Position!*

tea in an office—someone has to make the tea, surely not a senior when a junior is on hand.

In the case of most juniors in their first position, it would be much fairer if they paid their employers for the first couple of weeks, as mere tuition in a business college does not necessarily fit a junior for routine office work. Common sense and experience are the only teachers; we learn by mistakes, often at the expense of others.

The junior in question who spends four hours daily on domestic work should seek another position. Nowadays juniors are in demand.

**Miss M. Winn, 2 St. Giles Avenue, Greenwich, N.S.W.**

### Excellent Training

WHOM does Miss Porter suggest for the tea making? Surely employers are not expected to keep a maid in the office for such work! Juniors in every type of occupation must expect to do a few uncongenial tasks, then as they are promoted others wait on them.

Royal princes are not above fagging for their seniors during college days.

A few humble tasks will not hurt, but will give those juniors an understanding and tolerance.

**Miss A. Russell, 5 Hill St., Abbotsford, N.S.W.**

### Such a Waste

IT certainly is unfair that trained juniors should have tasks in offices which require no training and are uncongenial to them.

The junior in an office must often wonder just why she learnt shorthand, typing, and all the rest, when she is faced with the task of making tea for the entire staff. Such treatment definitely kills ambition.

**P. Nagle, Napoleon Street, Cottesloe, W.A.**

### Most Unfair

I AGREE that some legislation should exist to protect juniors from serving an unfair, twofold occupation in business.

Juniors entering a business career do so with the intention of working themselves up to a standard of efficiency in the work. While doing such odd jobs, some part of their business training is being neglected, and they should be given every possible chance to reach the required standard.

**Miss Atkins, Burcher, via West Wyalong, N.S.W.**

## *Chances of Plain Girls in Marriage Market*

I DO not agree with Mrs. Fairfax (5/6/'37), who says that a plain girl has no hope of getting a husband. I know many women decidedly plain who have made very successful marriages, for they possess real personal charm. And this puts the pretty girl in the background when both enter the lists together.

Clothes are certainly an attraction, but, however plain, one can achieve smartness in these days of low-priced pretty clothes.

**Mrs. Bessie Potts, 30 Glassford St., Armadale SE3, Vic.**

### Men Not Fools

WHAT a peculiar statement, Mrs. Fairfax! It is only a certain type of young man who chooses for his wife the girl who has "a pretty face, wears snappy clothes, and possesses a full set of wise-cracks." The type of man who makes the most satisfactory husband can see beyond all this.

Marriage demands something deeper and more lasting than those flimsy attributes you mentioned.

**Helen J. MacGregor, Ravenshoe, North Qld.**

### Reflection on Men

THE average man is most attracted by a pretty face and an attractive wardrobe. But, he is apt to consider more than "the cover of a book" when he decides to be serious. It is a reflection on our manhood to suggest otherwise.

I am sure that even a cursory observation of married couples would more than bear out my contention.

**Mr. A. Collins, 239 Trafalgar St., Annandale, N.S.W.**

### No Chance To Meet Men

YES, the girl of sterling worth gets little opportunity of proving it these days.

If she doesn't look attractive, men do not consider her or ask her out, and so she gets no chance of meeting a potential husband.

Sad, but true.

**Mrs. Martin, Howard St., Broadview, S.A.**

### Why Be Plain?

THERE should be no "plain" girls to lament, Mrs. Fairfax.

In these days any girl can make herself attractive and, with a little intelligence, personality, and charm can be her possession.

**Miss Janet Webb, 27 Liverpool Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.**

### Look Around

MRS. J. W. FAIRFAX apparently has never travelled in a train or tram at peak period, or, if she has, she must have sat with her head buried in a book, otherwise she could not have failed to see the girls wearing engagement rings.

Having travelled to and from the city for nine years, I can say that the bigger percentage of engagement rings are worn by girls who could never be classed as pretty, nor are they smartly dressed.

I admit that there are men of the type described by Mrs. Fairfax who cannot see past a pretty face or figure, but who would covet a man of this mentality?

**Miss C. Prince, 311 Malvern Road, Glen Iris SE6, Vic.**

### *Golf Widows*

**I AM beginning to think that sport is a menace to society. Certainly it is a splendid thing to build up one's muscle, accuracy, and sense of fair play, which seems to be all one gets out of sport, but, nowadays, when only athletic prowess is praised and rewarded, intellectual ability is overlooked.**

**More particularly is it a menace to domestic bliss. Husbands spend all spare moments playing and thinking golf, and there is definitely growing up a class of neglected wives—"golf widows" is the term.**

**N. Beale, St. George's Terrace, Hobart.**

## *Separate Husband and Wife in Sporting Field!*

I AGREE with Miss P. Connolly (5/6/'37) that it is deplorable how many married couples disagree when partnering each other at tennis and other sport. I, too, think they should take their sport separately.

In my opinion, such quarrelling shows to the outside world the lack of understanding and sympathy between a couple, because surely if that understanding exists in everyday life it can be carried on to the sports field.

**Miss Ida Clark, Box 12, P.O., Tullibigeal, N.S.W.**

### Keep Them Apart

I HAVE seen so much of this bickering at golf, tennis and bridge between married and engaged couples



*Embarrassing For All.*

that I really think it would be a good idea if they eschewed all playing together, and maintained friendly relations in the domestic field.

I have seen a husband lay down his hand at bridge and refuse to partner his wife, who burst into tears of mortification after lengthy argument as to what she should have done.

It makes everybody else feel so uncomfortable and unhappy that really it would be wiser if they avoided the trouble and played separately.

**Winnie Freeman, Gregory Terrace, Brisbane.**

### Foolish Idea

WELL, if husband and wife can't play together amicably, they shouldn't be married. I have never heard anything so foolish.

They are just bad sports if they can't hit it together, and forgive each other's unfortunate mistakes. They manage to hide their bad sportsmanship with others, but, apparently, with their "better halves" they feel they can show their worst feelings.

**A. Clive, St. George's Terrace, Hobart.**

### Distressing Habit

MISS CONNOLLY is right. It is distressing to notice how a husband and wife will "pick" each other when playing any game together.

It gives a very bad impression, and is likely to be quoted as a reason why one should not marry anyone who has the same sporting tastes. But surely a husband or wife is worthy of the same courtesy in sport which is accorded a stranger!

**Miss Dorothy Marshall, 24 Henrietta Street, Glenferrie E2, Vic.**

### What Sort of Home Life?

MARRIED couples who criticise each other when playing tennis together, and otherwise fail to pull together as a pair on the court, probably bicker eternally in the home.

I do not see that it requires "remarkably equable temperament" for husband and wife to associate in the same social groups; in fact, it should be remarkably easy, and quite the natural thing for them to do.

**Mr. R. T. Thomas, 28 Lyons Road, Drummoyne, N.S.W.**

### Exercise Tact

IT would be very limiting if husband and wife didn't play bridge, golf, and tennis together. The wife would have to enjoy such pursuits during the week with her women friends, and the husband be separated from his wife over the week-end.

Which would be an unsatisfactory state of affairs—and so easily avoided if the couple exercised a little tact and control over their tempers.

**Mrs. Weston, Franklin Street, West Hobart.**

## BEWILDERED!

WHERE does discipline end and suppression begin in the rearing of our children?

All the literature dealing with child psychology warns us against forcing our ideas on children and against physical punishment for disobedience.

But children are quick to perceive and take advantage of any wavering on the part of a parent, and so we see our daughters growing hoydenish and our sons unruly.

It is the poor, bewildered parents who are losing their individuality.

**Mrs. H. Corby, Wonga, Kimo Road, Gundagai, N.S.W.**

## WANT TO BE ALONE!

"MAN," we are told, "is a social animal. He must have friends, must co-operate. To be successful he must have a generous attitude toward his fellows."

Yet why is it that when you enter a restaurant one person is sitting at each table and scowls if you approach?

Everyone seeks an empty carriage in a train, and, failing that, at least a corner where he can look out of the window and ignore his companions. Really, man likes to mind his own business.

Watch the new children at school or patients waiting at a public hospital, and you find that only in times of common fear do people become friendly.

**Mavis Grayling, Railway Parade, Eltham, Vic.**

## BRIGHTER OFFICES

AFTER observing many cheerless, airless, lightless offices in cities, I have come to the conclusion that something should be done about them.

Why can't we have a few pictures, flowers, and other tasteful decorations?

Considering that we spend most of our time at work, we should have a little of the comfort and beauty that surround us at home—where we only spend such a little time comparatively.

Employers should do something about it.

**Mrs. Davidson, Byron Street, Leederville, W.A.**





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"So am I—in that way," he agreed, smiling at her.

The man had put down the food, which was better than anything Donaldson had seen since his last meal in that other life back at the hotel. Steam rose from the pots of green tea, and to a hungry man the meat and rice looked delicious. Above all, he had company.

"Do you mind if I say grace?" he asked shyly. "You see, I feel terribly grateful for this."

"I haven't said grace for years," she admitted, "but I get your point, and I'll say it with you—gratefully."

They were busy with their food then. The meal done, he marvelled, "What a queer world! Here I escape from my goldfish bowl because of the taunt of a pert child, and find you, and here we are in the shadow of death, and I'm happy."

"Don't get it at all," she said. "What bowl? Let's hear about it."

"To-morrow," he promised. "I can't hold my head up a moment longer."

Even as he spoke he curled down where he lay and fell asleep, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a bishop to be sharing a cave with a beautiful girl in the heart of China.

She sat watching him for a time, musingly, pityingly, tenderly, and then she, too, slept and the fire died down, but the sentries at the door did not sleep, for they feared their lord, who ruled with the sceptre of Death.

And on the morrow, as he had promised, he told her about the goldfish bowl and many other things concerning John Donaldson and the bishop. She was equally frank. They had no time to spare on mere conversation and banalities. They bared their souls and their lives to each other with desperate eagerness, for they knew not when those lives would end and those souls be despatched to whatever might be next.

WALKING through the strange encampment, walking the sombre foothills with the plains spread out below and the mountains rising to the clouds on the other hand, they talked, and behind them walked automata in rags with loaded rifles in the crooks of their arms. There was so much to say that they forgot to be afraid, even of the future.

The days did not drag now, but slipped by swiftly, and still they were alive and fed and cared for as well as the rough conditions allowed. The mystery of their position baffled them so completely that they ceased to try to solve it. Although they dwelt in the midst of the camp they were utterly isolated.

# A BREAK *for the* BISHOP

*Continued from Page 16*

Once, waking in the night he heard her sobbing.

"Ruth, what is it?" he whispered through the darkness, for the fire had died down.

"Oh, John," she wept, "isn't it tragic that when we met at last it had to be this way?"

"If it hadn't been this way we might never have met," he said, but that sounded sententious and poor consolation, so he sought for her in the blackness and took her in his arms and held her solacingly until she fell asleep.

At breakfast they did not say much with words, for words seemed inadequate tokens for them to pass to and fro. The meal over they were about to start for a walk when shadows darkened the entrance. Starting up, they saw another white man with the inevitable guard at his shoulder.

"Good morning," he said, as if he had dropped in quite naturally to pay a call. "May I introduce myself? I'm the Reverend Peter Dawkins, from up the river. I've been brought here by force of arms on a surprising errand. But here I am. Miss Rossiter, I believe? Mr Parker?"

They could only gape at the small, sandy, dried-up man.

"I'm Miss Rossiter," she said, after that breathless pause, "but this isn't Mr. Parker."

"Not Parker? Not Harold Hartley Parker?"

"No," said the bishop, but hesitating to declare his rank. "I'm John Donaldson. Are you Anglican?"

"No, Methodist. But however did this happen? How do you come to be here, sir?"

Briefly Donaldson told his story.

The missionary listened with the keenest interest. Then he slapped thin, brown hands together. "I see what's happened," he cried, "but we must keep this from General Yang at an, price. You're prisoners of General Yang, the local war lord and bad man. His fellows in Shanghai were told to kidnap Parker. They were doing so when you butted in, and in the darkness and mix-up they got the wrong man. I suppose they haven't dared to let him know yet. Just as well for us."

"What did they want with Parker? Ransom?"

"Nothing so prosaic," the missionary chuckled. "I speak the dialect, and though my 'escort' would give me no information when they routed me out of bed to bring me here, General Yang has been most genial and communicative. Nevertheless he'd kill the three of us as casually as he'd kill a fly if it suited him. I must beg you to remember that. Your life, Mr Donaldson, and mine probably depend on whether you will do as he demands."

"Whatever is that?"

"Are you a bachelor?"

"I am."

"THANK Heaven. The position is this, sir. General Yang, like most dictators, is not sane by normal standards. He views himself as a heaven-chosen dispenser of good and evil, life and death. Power has gone to his head. Now his soldiers, it seems, murdered this poor young lady's father — a man who, judging by all reports, was a modern saint. General Yang is not concerned about the saint part so much as that Dr. Rossiter saved his wife and family and his father and mother from death by cholera. He has plenty of faults, but he also has the Chinese virtue of gratitude. Five men were beheaded for the death of your father, Miss Rossiter, and when he heard that you had fled, alone and helpless, he announced that twenty more would die if you were not found and brought safely here. Need I say the task was accomplished?"

"I see," said Ruth, and tears were in her eyes, for five men beheaded could not bring her father back.

"I know how you feel," said the missionary, "and oddly enough, so does General Yang. He desired to make recompense, and decided in his twisty, crazy mind that the only way he could provide fittingly for your future was to marry you to the wealthiest man in Shanghai, if necessary under the threat of death." He paused, blushed beneath his tan, cleared his throat. "I'm afraid, Mr. Donaldson, you'll have to pose as Parker and go through with this. I doubt if the marriage would be binding in these extraordinary circumstances, but you could always have it annulled, of course. He does not realise those aspects of the matter. It's all very awkward, I know, and yet——"

He finished the sentence with a shrug, but suddenly John and Ruth had clasped hands, and the cave, to the missionary's astonished eyes, seemed to be ablaze with sunshine.

"Annulled?" shouted Donaldson. "Annulled? Why, man, why?"

"Why, man? Why?" echoed Ruth. "Dear me!" said the missionary, rumpling his sandy hair.

"To think that I'm going to be married to the Bishop of Medsey. Me, Ruth!—quite an ordinary heathen modern girl!"

"Quite an extraordinary girl, and no more heathen than I am," he declared. "Besides, you'll not be marrying the Bishop of Medsey—you'll be marrying a man called John Donaldson."

"Aren't they the same person?"

"You could make them so, Ruth. If it's worth the sacrifice on your part they'd both be very thankful."

"Did you say the darling child with freckles was an impudent brat, John?"

"I'm afraid I did at the time, but remember I added something about the mouths of babes and sucklings."

"Just as well for you, John, my darling, and now give me a kiss that isn't a bit bishy."

"Dear me," said the missionary, 'Dear me! Whatever are they raving about?"

But he continued to imagine that there was sunlight in that cave where sunlight had never been since the world began.

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"I have spent weeks at a time in hospital with Bronchial Asthma, and the needle was the only relief. It left me very weak. No one knows the agony I suffered. After only one week's treatment of Membrosus the Asthma left me and I have not had an attack since. I do wish everyone who suffers from Asthma could hear about Membrosus."

**→ BRONCHITIS**

"A Lady had been a martyr to Bronchitis for many years, not able to lie down in bed. In less than three weeks she was lying down and sleeping well. Two months later she was able to go up a slope comfortably, had lost the wheeze, and was wonderfully well."

**→ CATARRH and ANTRUM trouble.**

**Without operation.**

"I had Catarrh so badly I could not mix with other people. I used at least 8 to 10 handkerchiefs daily. Within two months my throat was quite clear, in the mornings and within four months all signs of Catarrh had left me."

# MEMBROSUS

**(REGD.)**

**DRY INHALATION REMEDY.**

For particulars call or send a stamped addressed envelope mentioning your complaint to MEMBROSUS, U., IRVINE LTD., No. 1 St. James Bldg., 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Sole distributors for Australia and New Zealand.


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# What Women Are Doing

### Conducting Campaign

TO forward its aim of getting all women interested in public affairs, both social and political, the Women's Non-Party Association in South Australia is conducting a special educational campaign this year, and is organising a series of meetings and conferences. The general plan of the campaign is being organised by Miss Irene Glasson, the association's educational secretary.

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### New Home at Mission Station

THE prospect of life at the lonely Anglican Mission Station at Yarrabah, near Cairns, Northern Queensland, has no terrors for Mrs. T. C. Kernke.



Mrs. Kernke.

Her husband, the Rev. T. C. Kernke, has been appointed superintendent of the mission, and she will accompany him to his new home with their two children, Edward and Judith.

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### To Address Institute of Advertising

THREE young women who have made their mark in the advertising world in Perth have been invited to address members of the West Australian Institute of Advertising next month. They have been selected from widely differing branches of the advertising field.

Most notable is probably Miss O. Behrend, advertising manager of one of Perth's big department stores. On the artistic side is Miss Marie Fimister, young commercial artist who, beginning with fashion drawings for a daily paper, later set up her own studio and now looks after the advertising for a chain frock shop business.

From the radio world is Miss Laurel Berryman, whose voice is known to thousands of West Australian women. She conducts the women's session for one of the B class stations.

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### Remembered For Her Empire Service

MRS. MADGE FORSYTH, whose name appeared in the Coronation Honors List, in the Territory of New Guinea, is a native of New South Wales, and as Sister Holdsworth had considerable nursing service with the A.I.F. She was attached to the 2nd Australian General Hospital in Egypt and France, and at the end of 1918 went on duty at Harefield Park, England.

Upon her return to Australia she was nursing at the Prince of Wales Hospital, Randwick, and later joined the State Welfare Department.

With her husband, a former lieutenant of the 19th Battalion, she is now living on a coconut plantation 50 miles from Rabaul.

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### Creates Designs for Dress Materials

IT is quite a common occurrence for Miss Betty Vivian, a young commercial artist whose home is in Adelaide, to see a frock made from material she has designed herself coming along the street towards her.



Miss Vivian.
Gainsborough.

She has created 120 dress material designs which have all been printed exclusively for sale on the Australian market.

Miss Vivian, who started her artistic career by winning a scholarship to the South Australian School of Arts, has made a hobby of drawing material designs which are sent to Japan to be printed on to silk, marocain and art silk. Most of her original work is in floral and conventional patterns, and she has also made numerous copies of English, French and American designs for use in Australia.

## Important Proposal

**CONSIDERABLE interest has been displayed in Sydney in the proposed amalgamation of two well-known organisations working for the welfare of children—the Kindergarten Union of New South Wales and the Day Nursery Association.**

**No concrete plans have been made, but workers for both institutions are meeting informally and talking over the advantages and disadvantages of such a proposal. There are sixteen kindergartens and seven day nurseries in Sydney, and both organisations were established thirty years ago.**

### Club Producing Educating Plays

MRS. GERTRUDE ANDERSON, who is well known in educational and radio circles in South Australia—and other parts of the Commonwealth—has assumed a new duty—that of secretary to the Thespian Players.

The Thespian Players is a club for the production of Shakespearean and other educational plays for young students, to afford them the opportunity of seeing plays they are studying for examination work.

It is sponsored by the Director of Education and the schools and colleges of Adelaide, and Mrs. Anderson says that the club, determined to keep expenses down so that small admission prices can be charged, has exercised great ingenuity to produce the armor of Caesar, and early Scottish coats of mail for Macbeth. The children of the poorer homes are to be admitted to the plays without charge.

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### Popular Secretary To Be Entertained

ON Saturday, Miss Lorna Flower, of Brisbane, will be the guest of members of the Brisbane Women's Club, when they will give her a farewell and complimentary party. It's really to show their appreciation for all she's done during the last seven and a half years, during which time she has occupied the position of secretary.



Miss Flower
—Mary Lambert.

Miss Flower has found the work very interesting.

The club has eleven circles, each with its own sub-committee, and it has been Miss Flower's duty to supervise all their meetings, and take an interest in their doings.

Bridge and gardening are her favorite pastimes, and she intends to do a great deal of the latter when she officially leaves the club.

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### Going Home by Cargo Boat

MADAME CARMEN TEPPEMA, one of the brilliant Delprat family, of Melbourne, who is an unusually clever linguist, and who has been visiting her relatives in Australia, is returning to her home in South Africa by a cargo boat, the Nijberk, which is carrying zinc concentrates from Port Pirie, S.A., where Madame Teppema joined the boat.

Madame Teppema spent a short while in Adelaide with her sister, Lady Mawson, wife of the famous explorer.

Lady Mawson is at the moment very busy, as she has been appointed convenor of the S.A. committee for hospitality in connection with the new fellowship conference. She will arrange accommodation for visiting educationists from all parts of the globe in private homes while they are in Adelaide.

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### Re-elected to President's Chair

MRS. JEAN BEADLE, J.P., has been re-elected president of the Women Justices' Association of West Australia. Better known as former president of the Labor Women's Organisation of West Australia, Mrs. Beadle knows and understands much of the problems of women in industry and the home and their legal difficulties. A keen advocate of the right of women justices to sit on the bench with magistrates, she has, with her fellow women justices, given considerable unselfish support to the pioneering women lawyers.

### Queensland's First Woman Life-saver

TO 18-year-old Pat Shanahan, of Brisbane, falls the honor of being Queensland's first woman champion life-saver. This is a newly-created title hitherto awarded to men only.



Miss Shanahan
—Norton Trevaire

Too gain that distinction Pat had to swim 600 yards fully clothed, and then dive and do various fancy strokes.

At the age of 11, when a pupil at the East Brisbane State School, Pat won the school swimming championship, competing against girls of all ages.

Later, when she attended the Girls' Grammar School, she represented her school with success in the interstate school sports.

Pat stands 5ft. 9in. in her bathers. She is captain of the Dolphin Ladies' Life-Saving Club, and trains the girls for competitive swimming. Last year she was a member of the Queensland team which came second to Malta in the London Cup—which means second-best in the world.

Pat has won many competitions, the one she is most proud of being her silver medallion. There is only one diploma which can be obtained above this, and it will be her aim to win this next year.

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### Expert With Brush and Camera

A YOUNG English artist, Miss A. M. Sheppard, is visiting Australia with all sorts of plans for "capturing" some of our beauty spots.

She is a versatile young woman, for she does landscapes in oils and watercolors, paints portraits, wall-paintings in oils on canvas, and large wall-panels in embroidery, etches, and does wood-engraving.

Photography is another accomplishment. She went through Kenya and Uganda with her father last year, and got some excellent films of wild animals. Her small cinema camera will, on this trip, give her films of Australia as well as of Java and French Indo-China, which will be visited on the return journey.

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### Link With Their Parent State

THE South Australian Women's Association (N.S.W.) founded in Sydney by Mrs. L. S. Jordan 18 months ago, is now a flourishing little organisation with a membership of 190.



Mrs. Burgess.

It has been a very valuable medium for keeping South Australians in touch with one another and sparing them the loneliness that usually attends the process of making a home in another State.

The Association meets on the second Wednesday in every month, either for lunch or afternoon tea, and entertains special guests on these occasions. Miss Miriam Hyde and Miss Thelma Thomas were guests of the Association recently, and Mrs. Tennison Wood (Mary Kitson), Adelaide's first woman barrister, will be the guest speaker at a luncheon on July 14.

Mrs. L. S. Burgess is president of the Association, Mrs. C. R. Wallman hon. treasurer, and Mrs. W. R. Evans hon. secretary.

### New President Appointed to Y.W.C.A.

MRS. P. G. TAIT, newly-elected president of the Melbourne Y.W.C.A., has been an enthusiastic worker for the association for over ten years.

She has always taken an active interest in many charities in the community, and was on the executive of the National Council of Women.

On her new appointment she decided to relinquish other activities and devote all her time to the Y.W.C.A., as she considers this a full-time job, especially now that the association has extensions in all suburbs in addition to its central headquarters.

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### Lady Consul of Nurses' Association

AT the last meeting of the South Australian branch of the Royal British Nurses' Association, Mrs. E. C. Martin was re-elected to the honorary position of Lady Consul of the association for a further term of five years.

Mrs. Martin has been a member of the association since it began in South Australia, and has already fulfilled three terms of office, which is a social position, and consists mainly of entertaining visiting nurses.

A trainee of the Adelaide Hospital, Mrs. Martin has always been vitally interested in the welfare of nurses and combines her consulship with the position of treasurer of the association.

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### Responsible For Dressing the Show

COMBINING the tasks of artist and actress, Miss Monica Noon, a talented young Melbourne girl, has done good work for the "Racqueteers Revue," billed for June 26 and 28 at the Princess Theatre.



Miss Monica Noon.
—Broonthorn.

Miss Noon designed and dealt with the entire wardrobe arrangements from the rise to the fall of the curtain. She has done similar work for several amateur dramatic productions, and frequently designs and decorates the programmes and tickets.

### Young Pianist Gains Musical Diploma

MISS EVELYN PILE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Tudor Pile, of Gosford, who recently received her A. Mus. A. Diploma, is a very promising young pianist.



Miss Pile.
—Raymond Sawyer.

Born in Fiji, and educated in England, music and elocution were her principal interests. Since her return to Sydney some three years ago, she has resumed her musical studies at the studio of Mr. G. Faunce Allman.

Miss Pile has also some attractive stories for little children to her credit and hopes to do more in this field.

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### Women Artists to Hold Exhibition

MRS. GWEN BARRINGER, Mrs. Marjorie Gwynne and Miss Isabel Baynes are three well-known Adelaide women artists who will be contributing to the combined exhibition of the work of South Australian artists to be held in Adelaide during the early part of July. They are also among the group of artists who are arranging the exhibition.

Melbourne and Sydney artists have already shown how successful such an exhibition can be. Paintings in oils and watercolors, woodcuts and lithographs will be among the exhibits of the South Australians.

✣ ✣ ✣

### Is Encouraging Girls to Save

HAVING just completed her first year as thrift secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Adelaide, Miss Gwen Chapple should be feeling very pleased with her efforts, as the number of members subscribing to the Thrift Club for this year has already reached last year's total and is still being added to.

The club's 1900 members, who are mostly office, shop, and factory girls but also include a few men, banked over £9000 last year, and at the end of the first quarter this year are well on the way to pass that amount.

Since the membership of the club has grown so greatly Miss Chapple has enlisted 33 voluntary helpers to assist her with the collection of the weekly savings.


STOMACH TROUBLE RELIEVED

Sour, acid stomach, burning pains soon after food is taken, griping, twisting agony, point most surely to the fact that the lining of the digestive tract is becoming inflamed or even ulcerated.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been specially prepared to meet the complicated nature of Indigestion, and to relieve it right from the first dose.

For De Witt's Antacid Powder Firstly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, thus taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food without distress. There is no excess acidity and pains vanish.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

De WITT'S Antacid Powder


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# WINTER'S FIRST KICK
## BOOTS IN AN UNUSUAL CROP OF
# COLDS & FLU

NOW is the time to watch your step. Colds and 'Flu are about. Attacks come suddenly. You never know the moment when it may be your turn next. Be on your guard! Keep 'ASPRO' in your purse or pocket ready for action when the first symptoms of a cold appear. Take 'ASPRO' according to the directions in the packet, and stamp out illness. The reasons why 'ASPRO' has become the most successful medicine in the world for banishing Colds and 'Flu are:—Because 'ASPRO' after ingestion in the system is an anti-pyretic or fever reducer—an internal antiseptic and a powerful germicide.

BUY A PACKET OF 'ASPRO' NOW!

## SMASH THEM in ONE NIGHT with 'ASPRO'

**HOW TO USE 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE FOR SORE THROATS**

Prepare the gargle by crushing and dissolving three 'ASPRO' tablets in half a glass of water. Stir well before using. Repeat the gargle every two or three hours as required, but make it fresh each time. Do not let the mixture stand over night. There is no need to worry if you swallow some of the mixture when gargling — it won't do you any harm, but will soothe the inflamed membranes of the throat.

**HOW TO CORRECTLY TAKE 'ASPRO' FOR COLDS AND 'FLU**

Take three 'ASPRO' tablets immediately the first sign of a Cold appears, and two tablets every three hours afterwards, until symptoms disappear; a hot lemon or other stimulating drink to be taken with the last dose before going to bed. It is advisable when taking 'ASPRO' for Influenza and Colds to keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent chill. These instructions have been scientifically formulated as a result of careful research.

**WARNING**

A doctor can prescribe a powerful prescription, because his knowledge enables him to know reactions. A medicine for general use is an entirely different matter. It is of paramount importance that such a medicine must be free from any reactions which are dangerous to the system.

'ASPRO' is Pure and Safe. It has definitely proved itself to conform to the standard of purity laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia (the guiding authority of the Medical Profession). It is the SAFETY of 'ASPRO' that has made it the most generally used household medicine in the Empire of Nations.

Don't take RISKS — Insist on 'ASPRO.'

**Use 'ASPRO' with SAFETY for**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| RHEUMATISM | SORE THROAT | MALARIA | ASTHMA |
| TEMPERATURE | TOOTHACHE | COLDS | GOUT |
| SLEEPLESSNESS | NEURALGIA | HEADACHE | DENGUE |
| FEVERISHNESS | INFLUENZA | LUMBAGO | NEURITIS |
| IRRITABILITY | HAY FEVER | SCIATICA | EARACHE |

ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS.

'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO WOMEN WHEN DEPRESSED.

**'ASPRO' ENDS HEADACHES, COLDS AND 'FLU**

"Somerset," 12 John Street, GOULBBURN, N.S.W., 7/5/35.

Dear Sirs,

Like many others I suffered from Headaches which were rather severe, until I found how good 'ASPRO' tablets really were.

As for Colds or 'Flu, I never suffer from them at all now, as when I feel feverish—aching in the limbs—weak or sniffly, I take three 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink on retiring at night and seldom have to take the second dose, which speaks well for the beneficial properties of 'ASPRO.'

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) Mrs. C. GIBBONS.

20E/37.

Nicholas Pty Ltd




**THIS** smiling nine - year - old schoolgirl, is, as far as is known, the only living Siamese twin in the world. She is Selda Alaleben, of Auburn (U.S.A.), and is bright, healthy and normal in every respect.

**Until six months ago Selda's Siamese-twin sister, Elda, was her constant companion. They were born connected by a thick, fibrous cord which was severed by a surgical operation seven weeks after their birth.**

**Elda developed a heart ailment from which she died.**

# AVALANCHE GATE

*Continued from Page 7*

"THEN my aunt, who took care of me when I was little, died, and father and I came over here to live. I liked it almost as much as I thought I would, at first. I guess I was too young to realise then that there are two Germanys, that lovely old one and—and the one Kurt belongs to. Only then I thought he was the old kind. Maybe it was because I met him in the gardens along the Neckar. And yet that was less than a year ago.

"When father died Frau von Felsen came and took me back to Berlin. I've been living with them. And I've made excuses and excuses to put off marrying Kurt—and now I can't any more."

She stood up abruptly. "I must go back. Forgive me, will you?" She held out her hand.

Thorne rose and put a hand on each of her shoulders. There was no longer any confusion in his mind. "Halla," he said, "will you go back to America with me?"

For an instant her eyes met his, her lips parted, then he saw that she was looking over his shoulder and he felt her body stiffen under his hands. He turned. In the path below stood Kurt von Felsen. The eyes of the two men met, unflinching. Then the German swung sharply on his heel. He threw a word over his shoulder with a sharp ring of command, and the girl followed him without a look towards Thorne. The latter watched them disappear down the path.

That night Halla did not appear at dinner. In the morning Thorne went for a long ramble. When he returned to the inn for lunch the old lady was alone at the other table. Afterwards, his impatience getting the better of him, Thorne went to find the proprietor.

"Have you other guests gone?"

"Yes, sir. To the Concordia."

"For how long?"

"For some days of climbing. Perhaps they do not return here."

Ten minutes later Thorne was packing his rucksack for the tramp up to the Concordia Hut.

He marched steadily upstream, the snow crunching under his hobnails. Dark crags bordered the mile-wide river of ice.

At last, in the failing light, he stood in the centre of a bowl five miles across from rim to rim, packed with a mass of snow hundreds of feet deep. Off to the right of the amphitheatre he could see a black cluster of rocks that broke through the white surface. That was the Faulberg, the location of the Concordia Hut.

In a quarter of an hour he was at the base of the rocks. Above him he could see the outline of the hut with its high peaked roof.

"Thorne!"

At the startled exclamation he turned and saw Halla, risen from a sheltered spot among the boulders.

"What are you doing here?" she whispered.

"I've come for you."

At the look of joy that sprang into her face his heart exulted. He took both her hands in his. "You'll come away with me, Halla, and marry me?"

She shook her head. "I can't," she said. "Kurt——"

"What can be do?"

She was silent a moment. Then: "He would kill you," she said in a low voice.

Thorne smiled. "I don't believe it," he began, when suddenly she grasped his hand tightly. There was a clatter of hobnails on the rocks above and Rauber, the guide, appeared. He looked from one to the other, then without a word he turned and climbed back towards the hut.

"Please go away, Thorne," Halla pleaded. "Quickly. Before he comes down."

Thorne shook his head. "We'll go together," he said and started up towards the hut. After a moment's hesitation she followed him.

Von Felsen stood in the doorway, barring the entrance. In his face there was not the slightest sign that he was aware of Thorne's approach. The latter stopped a few paces away, facing him with Halla at his side. For a few moments no word was spoken. Then, still without looking at Thorne, von Felsen spoke in German to Halla. His tone was hard and even—the words clipped short.

Halla turned the Thorne: "He says that you must leave the hut at once," she said rapidly.

Thorne didn't move. Von Felsen turned and spoke a word through the open door. Instantly Rauber appeared. He grasped his ice-axe as if it were a club.

"Thorne," Halla's voice was urgent. "Please go. Because I ask you to. Don't you see that you can't help me now by staying?"

Thorne drew in a long breath. Then he swung on his heel and, without a glance back, started down the rocks.

HE took the back track down the glacier. When the hut was hidden, curving back in a wide circle he returned to the rocks of the Faulberg. Now he was behind the hut. He approached it cautiously and examined each window. Then he made his way to a shed near at hand where he found a pile of straw and a few discarded blankets.

At two hours after midnight he rose and taking his rucksack and ice-axe went toward the hut. At the window of the women's bunk room he tapped lightly. He could hear Halla move across the floor and then her whisper at the shutter:

"Thorne?"

"Halla," he whispered back, "get dressed quickly and come out this way through the window."

He waited, straining his ears for every sound. Soon the shutter opened and Halla stepped over the sill.

"Thorne," she whispered, "are you doing this just because you're sorry for me?"

"Because I love you," he answered and took her in his arms.

With Thorne leading the way they descended to the edge of the glacier. Tying the rope around her waist he lit his lantern. Plodding on ahead, he was brought up with a jerk on the rope. Halla was standing still, staring back toward the Faulberg.

"Look!" she called.

In front of the hut a point of light was moving. It wavered back and forth, then started to zigzag down the rocks.

"He's found out. They're coming."

Thorne quickly put out the lantern. They went faster now. The moon had set and it was hard to find the way in the darkness. The sky changed from black to a dirty grey. The dawn ran across to the zenith. Thorne kept looking anxiously behind.

*Please turn to Page 26*

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# FARMER'S



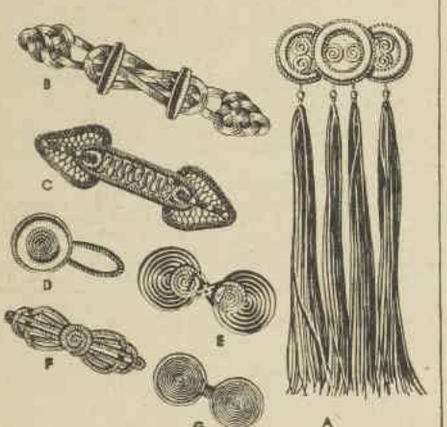

## Motifs go

### SOME LESS THAN HALF

In this season when tailored simplicity reigns supreme . . . you'll find the frivolous air of these accessories tremendously chic . . . and lots of fun. Imported motifs, ornaments and sophisticated tassels at such prices you simply can't resist them.

Group number 1, very formal, in black only.

| | A | B | C | D |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Usually | 1/11 | 3/11 | 1/11 | 9½d. |
| NOW | 1/- | 1/11 | 1/- | 6d. |




Group number 2, in black, navy or brown colours.

| A | B | C | D | E | F | G |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3/6 | 3/6 | 3/6 | 5½d. | 3/6 | 4½d. | 1/11 |
| 2/9 | 1/11 | 1/11 | 1½d. | 1/11 | 1½d. | 1/- |



Above, top. Usually 1/6. Brown and fawn; black and white. At 1/-

Above. Usually 1/6. In black, white, navy, brown or wine. At 1/-

Left. Usually 4/11. Navy, brn., wine, etc. 2/6

For left. Usually 7/11. In blk., navy, brown, wine, bottle. Now 3/11

*Dress Accessories, Ground Floor*




## NEWSY KNITTEDS

### ● Delightful styling

A. Belted sweaters of firmly knitted wool in attractive fancy weave. Nonchalant polo collar with tie and tassels. Green, rose, wine, blue. S.W., W., O.S. It's keen value. **9/11**

### ● Smart weaves

B. Piquant jumper with immensely flattering high neckline. A popular style, ideal for sports or town. In kasha or rust with colourful contrasting bands. S.W., W. **25/-**

### ● New shades

C. A demure cardigan—as youthful as a debutante—and just as popular. The high rolled collar and contrasting brushed rosettes give additional chic. Sizes S.W. and W. Use Farmer's lay-by. Service-giving to **21/11**

*Sportswear, Second Floor*



## Set of five bowls, 8/11

A further release of these hygienic, green glass mixing bowls with a special square base, that makes it easier.

*Kitchenware, Lower Ground. Country Carriage extra.*



## Girls' 32/6 frocks

## 21/-

Following the growing-up trend for just a hint of plaid, which excitingly trims this fancy weave frock. 100 only, so cosily warm and refreshing. Coronation red, and brown, sizes 39, 42 and 45 inches.

*Misses, Second Floor*

JEAN ABBOTT will advise you on feminine HYGIENE. Take this opportunity and interview Miss Abbott personally in the "Hygiene" Section on the Ground Floor.

Third Floor



## High and 'highbrow'

USUALLY 12/11. High up on one brow — way down over the other one. That's the dashing, gallant way to wear this piece of headgear. At **6/11**



## 20th Century design

Prices per half-dozen

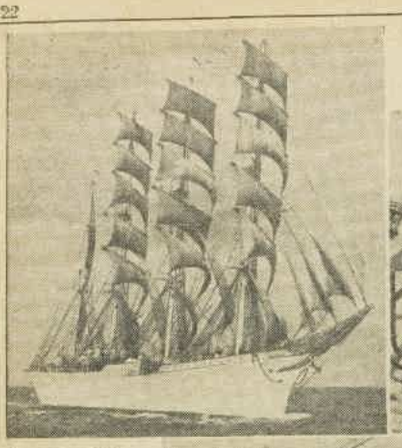
Tea spoons, A.1., 12/6.
Dessert spoons, A1, 25/-.
Dessert forks, A.1., 25/-.
Table forks, A.1., 32/6.
Table spoons, A.1., 32/6.
Soup spoons, A.1., 25/-.
Table knives, A.1., 37/6.
Des. knives, A.1., 35/-.

*From the Ground Floor*

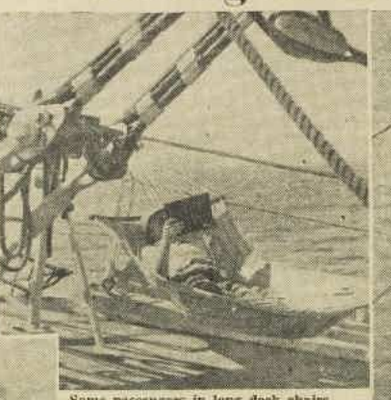
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# Judge's Daughter Sings a Song of the Sea

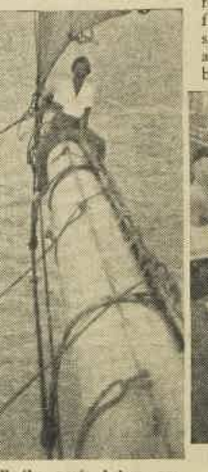
● MISS PATRICIA M. LONG-INNES, daughter of Mr. Justice Long-Innes, last week enthralled the Shiplovers' Society of N.S.W. with an account of her recent 97 days' journey in the windjammer, L'Avenir, from Copenhagen to Australia. In pictures and verse she tells her story here. There were only two women aboard the vessel. Miss Long-Innes is seen on the bowsprit in one picture.



We are sailing through the tropic sea,
With the water calm and dead;
Like a plate of ship's rice custard
While the sun beats overhead.



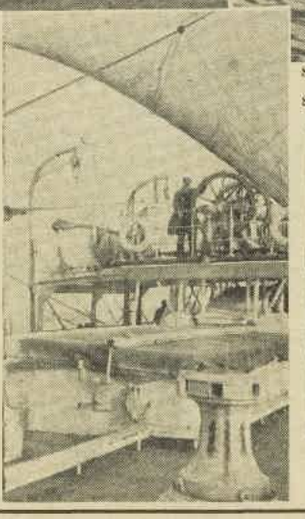
Some passengers in long deck chairs,
And dressed in all cool white,
Sip drinks and read, or sleep, at ease,
From morn until the night.



All the ports below are open,
There are flying fish about.
It's fun out on the bowsprit,
Where a girl can laugh and shout.



The Third Mate drinks his chocolate,
And the Chief Mate sucks his pipes,
The small Dane says "the salt horse
Is pretty bad, by cripes!"



The Scotsman as the helmsman
With passion grabs the wheel,
But soon is lost in dreamland,
And visions his next meal.



And one and all are fishing
For things from sea and air
To variate the menu
For which they do not care.



At dusk the decks are all washed down,
Night always cools the air.



Who'd change, for that upon the land
This life without a care!
—Patricia Long-Innes.






# WHIRLWIND *Romance Ends Girl's* HOLIDAY

*From Our Special Representative in Adelaide*

**One of Cupid's swiftest dramas has just culminated in the marriage in Adelaide of a well-known Melbourne girl and a well-to-do station owner living in Central Australia.**

***It was practically a case of love at first sight.***

THE girl, formerly Miss Kay Linnell-French, started out on a holiday trip to England a few weeks ago, but she didn't get very far before Love stopped her, changed her plans and her life.

At Adelaide she met her "Prince Charming" in Mr. Bill Morton.

The couple were mutually attracted and the climax of their romance was a quiet wedding at an Adelaide registry office last Wednesday.

**A sidelight of the thrilling romance is the fact that the families of both bride and groom have known each other for many years, although neither party had met the other.**

After the ceremony the couple just had time to catch the express to Melbourne to spend a fortnight's honeymoon in the bride's home town—from which she had departed only a little while before, with no thought of immediate marriage.

She is the daughter of a well-known dentist of Collins St., Melbourne.

HER luggage, which went on to Fremantle by the Orford, according to her original plans, had to be sent for when the bride cancelled her trip to England.

It was to have been just a holiday trip, hence the collection of flimsy frocks which will now have their destination 160 miles north of Alice Springs, on the huge station that is Mr. Morton's property.

It will be one of the strangest trousseaus that has ever gone into Central Australia.

**Consisting of dinner, cocktail and evening frocks and superfine lingerie that the bride had collected for her trip to England, it will bring a strange touch of Paris to the desert.**

SHE had been wearing a huge and lovely diamond engagement ring given her by Mr. Morton for only two days before the wedding.

With the ring he also gave her a huge diamond brooch with a row of smaller diamonds on either side of the central stone.

The bride is looking forward eagerly to living in Central Australia. The station comprises many hundreds of square miles and the groom is buying an adjoining station almost as large, so the couple will own a huge portion of the interior of Australia.

There are whole ranges of mountains on the present property where Mr. Morton has herds of cattle and mining interests.

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# BUSINESS EXPANDING

# RE-BUILDING AGAIN!




Two years ago we built a large addition to our great Furniture store and thus added 60% to our space.
Now we are re-building again—we must have more room. There is only one reason for this—the extraordinary values we give attract more and more customers—"nothing succeeds like success."
All furniture buyers can benefit by purchasing at the great Warehouse of W. W. Campbell & Co. Ltd.

**LISTEN IN to 2UW**

8.30 p.m., Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays: "MARIE ANTOINETTE"
7.30 Every Morning and 7.15 p.m. Saturdays: "DARBY AND JOAN"
George Edwards' Productions

OPEN on FRIDAY NIGHT

## W. W. Campbells'

ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS

### Stocktaking CLEARANCE



From £9-19-6

Limited number of 5-Valve Superhet Console Models

Reduced Cash Price **£9/19/6**

A splendid range of the latest Dual Wave Models are for below usual retail prices.

Cabinet illustrated **£13/19/6**

Metropolitan Easy Terms from:

**10/-** and **2/6** DEPOSIT WEEKLY

### BREAKFAST ROOM CABINET



This modern 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet has numerous compartments, including Bread Cupboard and one Drawer divided for Cutlery. Leadlight doors are particularly attractive. The construction and finish are excellent, and we have never offered a better bargain.

This Week's Cash Price .. **85/-**

Or on Easy Terms:—

**5/-** and **2/-** DEPOSIT WEEKLY

There are many other attractive Breakfast Room Cabinets in our Showrooms —at prices which will appeal to all.

### COUNTRY CUSTOMERS

Write for Free Catalogue, stating requirements. Reduced Deposits, with very low monthly instalments, are now available.



Beautiful Walnut Veneers and artistic design give this new Bedroom Suite an appearance that is unsurpassed at the price. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe; 3ft. 6in. Dressing Table and Double Lounboy are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. The handsome Dressing Table has bow-centre drawer and extra-large bevelled mirror. Be sure to secure at This Week's Cash Price .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. (Bedstead and Steel extra) OR ON EASY TERMS—

**£15/19/6**

16/- DEPOSIT 4/- WEEKLY



This fully-fitted Loughboy is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It has sliding trays, trouser-rails, useful mirror and fitted hanging compartment. Don't miss this Bargain. Special Cash Price This Week is .. **39/6**

Or on Easy Terms.

Inspect our large range of Loughboys—at prices to suit all purses.

**5/-** and **2/-** DEPOSIT WEEKLY

### CARD TABLE and BRIDGE CHAIR



Here is our regular standard Card Table at special "Cash & Carry" price — 6/11. We stock six qualities of card tables at various prices and all can be obtained in Green, Blue and Brown. This Folding Bridge Chair is of very sturdy construction with shaped back, leather-cloth seat and nickel fittings.

Special Cash Price **12/6**

6/11



Contrasting Figured Walnut Veneers give beauty and distinction to this new Trousseau Chest. Fitted with three long sliding trays and shelf, it has ample accommodation for the treasures that every young lady happily accumulates.

Reduced Cash Price .. .. .. **77/6**

We stock a wide range of Trousseau Chests in every desirable quality and style.

Or on Easy Terms.

**5/-** and **2/-** DEPOSIT WEEKLY

## 2 YEARS to PAY

Examples of general Furniture Orders (SYDNEY & SUBURBS)

£25 for **20/-** deposit **5/-** weekly. £50 for **40/-** deposit **10/-** weekly
£100 for **80/-** deposit **20/-** weekly. £150 for **120/-** deposit **30/-** weekly



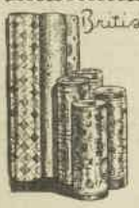
Quality of construction and chaste design are outstanding features of this new Lounge Suite. Appearance and comfort are all that can be desired and craftsmanship, with best quality Tapestry upholstery, ensures long life. Five loose cushions are super-sprung, and the whole Suite is built up to Usual Retail Value of £23/15/-.

You can secure this week at the Special Cash Price .. .. .. .. ..

**£16/19/6**

Or on Easy Terms

16/6 DEPOSIT 4/6 WEEKLY



### British LINO'S

GENUINE CORK LINO.
Two yards wide,
5/3, 5/11, 7/6 per yard

IMITATION LINOLEUM
Two yards wide,
2/11, 4/3, 4/11 per yd.

**British LINOLEUM SQUARES**

| Size | 9x7.6 | 9x9 | 10.6x9 | 12x9 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Special Price - | 42/6 | 50/- | 57/6 | 65/- |

**BRITISH INLAID LINOLEUM**
Two yds. wide, from 8/6 per yd.



### CARPETS at SPECIAL PRICES

## Hall Carpet Bargains

| WILTON. Width | Usually | Per Yard | AXMINSTER. Width | Usually | Per Yard |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 22½in. | 8/11 | Now 6/8 | 22½in. | 11/6 | Now 10/6 |
| 27in. | 9/11 | Now 7/9 | 27in. | 13/6 | Now 11/6 |
| 36in. | 13/6 | Now 10/6 | 36in. | 19/6 | Now 16/6 |

## Axminster Squares

| 9x7.6 | 9x9 | 10.6x9 | 12x9 | 12x10.6 | 13.6x10.6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| £4/10/- | £5/10/- | £6/5/- | £7/5/- | £9/19/6 | £11/10/- |
| 9x7.6 | 9x9 | 10.6x9 | 12x9 | 12x10.6 | 13.6x10.6 |
| £6/5/- | £7/10/- | £8/15/- | £9/19/6 | £11/19/6 | £14/10/- |

Easy Terms for Carpets from 5/- Dep., 2/- Weekly

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## 249 CLARENCE ST SYDNEY

ONE DOOR FROM MARKET ST.

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## HERE'S THAT QUICK WAY TO STOP A COLD




Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets.

Drink full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle according to directions in box.

### Almost Instant Relief in This Way

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognised as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets. They dissolve almost instantly. And thus work almost instantly when you take them.

And for a gargle, Genuine BAYER Aspirin Tablets dissolve so completely they leave no irritating particles. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 & 100. Be sure to get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.




DOES NOT HARM THE HEART NOR UPSET THE STOMACH


# MEN *Are* INSPIRATION *to* WOMEN

## *Famous Violinist Analyses Faults and Charms of Femininity*



*HUBERMAN, who makes interesting observations about women in this article.*

**"Most women who do wonderful work do it because of a man who was, or is, in their lives, or whom they expect to come into their lives."—Huberman.**

***Analysing women as one might expect him to analyse a symphony, Bronislaw Huberman, the famous Polish violinist now touring Australia, expressed that opinion in a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly.***

WHY women often renounce art for love, why they are not more successful in some spheres of music, and what a wife should do to inspire a husband's success—these are some of the matters he dealt with in a profound philosophy.

"There are many more geniuses and talented people in the world, among both men and women, than one would think," he said.

"But talent and genius alone do not make the great artist—it is a combination of gifts, work and character, meaning zeal, endurance, sense of resignation and insistence on goal.

**"And these things, I am happy to say, are lacking to many women, when it comes to Art. Their charm and caprice are so much more delightful."**

As a rule, there are only a few branches of music for which women are adapted, he contends.

"One of these branches is vocal art, if such music is especially meant for women interpreters," he explained.

"The reason is probably because most of the great works of music have been written by men.

"Music is not just a skilful or joyful assembly of tones, but has some deeper significance, some sort of a crystallisation of human emotions, ideals, hopes and resignations.

"When these feelings are sublimated through music by a man composer, it would seem very natural that the same sex would be better fitted for the interpretation of such sublimated mirrors of a man's soul and thought.

**"This I am saying without prejudice. When we have great feminine composers, I should listen with the greatest joy to the feminine interpretations.**

### Famous Women

"HOWEVER, there are exceptions, both among men and women. There are men with feminine inclinations and women with masculine outlook and spiritual capacities.

"And in these cases, I should rather listen to the exception of a great feminine artist than to the rule of a mediocre male exponent.

"There are a few internationally-famed women artists—Myra Hess, pianist; the late Carreno, the South American pianist, and the late Essipow, the great Russian pianist.

"Among the women violinists, I appreciate most highly Erica Morini, and place her among the world's best violinists, even without distinction of sex.

**"As to great women singers, as I mentioned previously, they are not an exception to the rule, but a natural phenomenon, singing roles composed especially for them so that they express their real nature.**

### Women and Love

"RETURNING to women and their adaptability to music. Apart from the physical and psychological reasons, there is, in addition, this deciding factor, in that the man is doing his work for the work's sake—for some special achievement along the lines of his vocation.

"Most women who do wonderful work do it because of a man who was, or is, in their lives, or whom they expect to come into their lives.

**"Now, if the man comes along and he happens to be a man not very interested in the artistic activity of the woman, then, in many cases, she gives up her art.**

"I have known lots of such cases, so art is not as often the prime object, but a means with woman. Again, I am happy to say that I have known exceptions.

"Woman should be a wonderful listener. The activity of a woman should be in her art of inspiring responsiveness to what the man does, and that activity should take the form of passive receptiveness.

"But I want to emphasise that this receptiveness is no less important than the creativeness of man, because it leads to his inspiration and success.

### Wife's Part

"THE part a wife plays towards the success of an artist's career depends on the wife.

"Some wives have made the careers of their husbands. In other cases, a great artist has made his career in spite of an unsympathetic and over-helpful wife.

**"In the case of a creative artist, the main mission for a wife is to give him inspiration and to keep him away from all the petty annoyances of daily routine.**

"In the life of an interpretative artist, a wife can have a very important role from the point of view of social links and social protection. Only rarely has an interpretative artist been fortunate in finding a wife who would live up to these ideals, and, at the same time, be a refuge for the artist's heart from the sorrows and strife of his life. A wife can indeed be very important to an artist."

**BRONISLAW HUBERMAN opened his first Australian concert season at the Sydney Town Hall on Saturday, under the direction of the Australian Broadcasting Commission.**

**Further concerts will be broadcast this week, and his tour will include a visit to other capitals.**


AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER
AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER
AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

AUNT MARY'S COOKERY BOOK
Contains 212 pages of more than 400 recipes and useful hints. Lavishly illustrated in colours. Send one shilling and twopence to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Sydney, for YOUR copy.

AUNT MARY'S SURPRISE PACKET
Save 50 clean lids from Aunt Mary's Baking Powder and send them with your name and address to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Sydney, and you will receive a really handsome Surprise Packet FREE.



PIMPLES



Get rid of those unattractive pimples — they're spoiling your looks; ruining your social poise. Apply Rexona Ointment to your skin—it will clear them away in a few days. Pimples are due to the entrance of germs through tiny openings in the skin. Rexona destroys those germs, draws out the poison and soothes the inflammation. It also forms a protective film over open blemishes guarding against germs till healing is complete. TREATMENT: Wash the face with Rexona Medicated Soap; and with a clean sterilised needle (Boil in water for 10 minutes), prick the pimples and squeeze. Then smear on Rexona Ointment and leave overnight.

Rexona Medicated Soap is marvellous for the complexion. Besides being the mildest soap you can use, it contains the same healing, soothing properties as Rexona Ointment. It cleanses and stimulates pores, as well as surface skin. This keeps your skin clear and healthy.




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The Rapid Healer
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AN OLD WOMAN AT 30

Her heart aches as she faces the mirror. Life's not fair to this woman of thirty who is looking old, *old!*—when she has every right to be young. She's paying the penalty. Harsh medicines are at last taking their toll.

*The Truth about Constipation*

Constipation is mostly the result of insufficient "bulk" in modern over-refined foods. Many people try to cure constipation by taking harsh habit-forming medicines. Once started the intestines depend on this unnatural daily stimulus. The peristaltic action of the intestines weakens. Many intestinal disorders of middle-age are directly traced to this constant use of harsh medicines.

A Safe, Pleasant Corrective

Kellogg's All-Bran supplies the *natural* "bulk" needed to provide regular elimination. It absorbs moisture in your body, forming a soft mass that gently cleanses the intestinal walls. Kellogg's All-Bran is not a "cure-all"—but it does correct common constipation.

Serve two tablespoonfuls of All-Bran just like a breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Your Grocer sells Kellogg's All-Bran.





# REAL LIFE STORIES

# When Stage Spotlight Changed to Real Drama

## Humor and Sentiment Win Prizes

**Tense drama and humor are mingled in the real life stories that win prizes this week.**

OUTSTANDING is the story of a woman who relates how turmoil swept the city in which she lived, and the stage spotlight in which she worked was exchanged for the perilous spotlight of searchlights sweeping the streets for suspects.

Her experience of many years ago is a vivid indication of the feelings of women who are living in the same tense atmosphere in many cities in Europe to-day.

This is her story:

### *Real Life Stage*

MY husband and I were vaudeville artists in Ireland during the troublous times some years ago.

At that time the theatres came out early as the curfew rang at 10 o'clock.

Well, the audience had left the theatre and we had changed into our street clothes when there came the rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat of machine guns. The firing seemed to come from all around the block.

"You can't go home in this," said the manager. "You'll have to sleep here to-night."

I was terrified. The newspaper accounts of shootings, bombing, hangings, and the daily sight of armored cars and strong posts had wrecked my nerves.

**Yet I knew that we must venture out for we had left our five-year-old daughter sleeping alone in a room two blocks away.**

She would surely wake, scream with terror, run to the window, and perhaps—well, the thought was enough to speed us on our way.

My husband and I hurried along the deserted street. Our blood froze, for along the road came an armored car full of men.

Swearing and jeering they were firing indiscriminately upwards, sideways, anywhere at all. They were fighting mad.

**As they drew level with us a beam of light from the car searchlight "nailed" us to the wall—a fearful spotlight such as we had never encountered on the stage.**

There we stood, helpless and blinded in a shaft of light surrounded by a pit of darkness from which any second we expected a fusillade of bullets.

It was a terrible moment. Never before had I felt so forsaken, or realised the innate savagery of man—in any country where war prevails.

Then a rough voice said, "Go on, get home out of that!"

The car rumbled on, the light flashed into other doorways, more jeers, more shots. With heartfelt relief we rushed on to the safe shelter of our room, where our child was still sleeping soundly.

**£1/1/- to Mrs. Ron Testro, 97 Gore St., Fitzroy, Vic.**

### *School Truants*

I HAVE a vivid recollection of an incident that occurred during my schooldays. This happening I can now look back on with amusement, although at that particular time I failed to see any cause for hilarity.

Some years ago the waterside workers at Fremantle were engaged in a very serious strike, and had been in conflict with the police and volunteers on numerous occasions.

With a companion, I had played the "wag" from school and watched some thrilling clashes between the rival bodies.

In one the situation had become desperate. The police were at bay from the crowd of angry lumpers, and with my companion I had hastily taken refuge in the branches of a big Morton Bay figtree. As this was right in the centre of the grounds we had an ideal view of the proceedings.

The police had charged the lumpers with drawn batons, and forced them back. Undismayed, the lumpers were preparing for a fresh attack when the police sergeant drew his loaded revolver and warned them that if they advanced his men would fire over their heads, and then, if they still continued, into their ranks.

The warning was disregarded, and the grimly-determined police pointed their revolvers into the air, **straight at the branch where we sat shivering with fright.**

By a miracle, neither of us was hit, although the bullets flew thickly all around us, and as the lumpers soon afterwards dispersed we climbed down and solemnly resolved not to play the "wag" in future.

**5/- to W. Wright, C/o Mrs. Overton, Chiltern Farm, Southern Brook Roads, Northam, W.A.**

### *Sentiment Rewarded*

I HAVE often repeated this little incident, which, to us, seemed most remarkable.

When living a little way out of Melbourne it was the usual custom for a girl friend and I to go shopping Saturday mornings.

On this particular day we had almost finished, when we both remembered we needed toothpaste. I had only 1/- and my tramfare left.

We turned into Elizabeth Street, and in the distance we could hear a cornet. As we got closer I recognised a tune my mother used to sing. A returned soldier was playing it. As we came opposite I said, "Blow the toothpaste," and put the 1/- in his hat.

My friend went into the shop to buy hers. I went with her, and, believe it or not, the chemist said to me, "Would you like to try a sample of this toothpaste?" which I gladly accepted.

**5/- to Mrs. M. Smith, Lefroy, Tas.**

### *Too Far, Indeed*

SOME years ago I travelled to England, taking my two babies. During a day in Durban I went ashore with friends. We spent the morning sightseeing, and after lunch I decided to return to the boat.

We engaged a rickshaw, explaining to the carrier where we wanted to be taken. He grinned and nodded his head, so we got in and off we went.

I didn't notice the direction in which we travelled, but after a time felt my Zulu must be taking us a long way round.

I asked him if he knew the way, but he ignored me and kept up a good pace.

**He continued for some time, and a vague uneasiness began to assail me.**

Several times I cried out to him, but always with a negative result. Now I was really alarmed.

Now it was dusk, and everything seemed quiet, with only a few scattered huts, and still the carrier trotted on. At last he dropped the shafts and made signs that he could go no further.

To my relief a white man came in sight. I told him the position. He turned to the native and (I believe) swore at him.

Then to me he said, "How much did you arrange to pay?" I told him 2/-. He replied, "This chap says he will not take you back unless you promise to pay more."

He said, "I'll tell him you will, but when you get back only give him 2/-." He then made the Zulu turn back, and promised him his reward. At last we were back at the place at which he picked me up. You should have heard the carrier when I handed him 2/-! But I didn't wait to listen—I just ran.

I met my friends on their way to the police station. Several passengers afterwards told me that that is a common happening to people who don't know their way about.

**5/- to Mrs. Caldecott, 62 Nicholson St., Footscray, Vic.**

### *Death Flew By*

ON April 20, 1935, the Jervis Bay left Sydney for England, arriving at Port Suez on May 23. A party of us left the boat to travel by car to Cairo to see the museum, Sphinx, and Pyramids, etc.

For mile after mile we travelled, seeing nothing but the hot sand that came right to the edge of the hundred-mile, narrow road.

Nearing Heliopolis—a beautiful town on the edge of the desert—occurred an incident I could never forget.

A military aeroplane which had landed on the road (the occupants had doubtless been making investigations among a wandering desert tribe) had commenced a run to "take off" when we approached at a speed of 40 miles per hour.

For some reason the plane failed to rise, and our panic-stricken Egyptian driver increased the car's speed.

**Plane and car, with nothing but sand for miles on either side, rushed at furious speed towards each other. I firmly believed the end had come, and waited for the crash.**

At the last moment, when death seemed inevitable, the plane rose, passing so close to the car that the hood was wrenched off its buttons, and flapped for the rest of the journey.

It would be impossible to forget the nerve-racking tenseness of that experience.

**5/- to Mrs. A. Roughley, St. Helena, 202 Birrell St., Bondi, N.S.W.**

### *WEEKLY PRIZES*

**WHAT Real Life story have you to tell? It should concern some outstanding incident in your life—a drama, tragedy, or adventure of your childhood, romance or work.**

**Incidents should not exceed 300 words, and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told, nicely-rounded-off story.**

**A prize of £1/1/- is paid for the best each week. Endorse envelopes "Real Life Stories." Full postal address is at top of page 3.**



**ROMANTIC COUPLE sailing 18,000 miles to Australia. Captain Bailey Sawyer, 32, and his wife, Mrs. Dorata Flatau Sawyer, 25, shown above, now in the United States, are fitting out an 80-foot two-masted schooner to sail across the Pacific to explore our coastline—a job which they estimate will take three years. The Sawyers were married after a previous trip from Melbourne. Mrs. Sawyer has since learned navigation, and will serve as navigation officer on the voyage.**



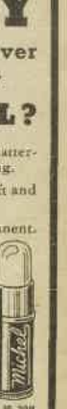

WHY do women all over the world prefer MICHEL?

BECAUSE: Its colors are flattering and its perfume inviting.

BECAUSE: It keeps lips soft and appealing.

BECAUSE: It is truly permanent.

Use it and see! Insist on the genuine with the name Michel engraved on the case.




5 ENTRANCING SHADES
Blonde — Scarlet. Vivid Raspberry. Cherry.

*Just as you love MICHEL Lipstick, so you will love MICHEL Face Powder, Adherent Rouge, and Waterproof, Non-Smarting Eye Cosmetique.* **Use them, too.**

Michel
LIPSTICK

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES




3-DAY TEST ENDS 6 MONTHS LASSITUDE

'FLU, colds and general ill health had got her down. She was depressed, nervy, unable to work or sleep. Then a friend said: "Try Wincarnis for three days, just see how much better you feel." She did—and look at the difference! The unique strength-giving properties of this well proven tonic, had worked wonders. Vitality and fitness returned, colour and energy came back. Wincarnis can do the same for you.

Your chemist sells Wincarnis in small bottles at 4/3 or 7/3 the large size.

WINCARNIS

20,000 recommendations from medical men

Day-long Freshness



HOW lovely and fresh you feel after a bath with Wright's Coal Tar Soap! Its more costly materials and rich antiseptic lather cleanse pores thoroughly, removing every trace of dirt and danger. Wright's leaves your skin *really* clean; gives you day-long freshness. Wright's is the *only* toilet soap that's gained the Blue Seal of Merit, highest award of the Institute of Hygiene. It is the toilet soap that doctors themselves use more than any other.

3.67

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR ME?

The same old daily routine? Or, some change for the better? ★

NOT A CHARACTER READING, but A SCIENTIFIC FUTURE FORECAST Covering finance, travel, health, occupation, lotteries, lucky dates, marriage, children, speculation, etc.

Questions answered. No extra cost. Send P.N. 3/6, Birthdate, year, and Stamped Addressed Envelope.

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# Insure all the family AGAINST COUGHS & COLDS ALL THE YEAR WITH HEENZO




A 2/- bottle of HEENZO, when added to sweetened water makes a family supply equal to 8 ordinary-sized bottles of the best ready-made cough and 'flu remedies....

Don't take a chance — take HEENZO! You will be delighted with the speedy way HEENZO soothes sore throats, eases the chest and quickly cures coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and influenza.

SAVE MONEY WITH HEENZO

COSTS 2/- SAVES £'S

*"HEENZO should be used in every home and office."*



DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED THIS YEAR. BOOK YOUR

# HOLIDAYS

NOW. A small deposit will ensure a good time later on. Let your own Bureau plan your trip and arrange the details.

SOME EXAMPLES

FOR COUNTRY READERS .... 2 weeks in Sydney .. .. .. £8/19/6
(Accommodation, theatre, cabaret, sightseeing, &c.)

SYDNEY-MELBOURNE—LORNE—CANBERRA—From .. £15/16/6
(Embracing boat, car and stay in Melbourne and Lorne—14 days.)

DAY DREAM ISLAND, Barrier Reef, 20 days .. .. .. .. .. £20/10/-

LEAVING DEC. 18 AND DEC. 25.

A Wonderful Christmas Special

21 DAYS... 2672 Miles by Sea

Plus nearly a week in Adelaide, visiting Melbourne and the fascinating S.A. Gulf ports.

EVERYTHING PAID FIRST CLASS £19/10/-

EARLY APPLICATION ESSENTIAL.

Christmas Vacation SPECIAL CRUISE

24 GLORIOUS DAYS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

15 Ports of Call. Something fresh and exciting each day. First-Class Throughout. Leaving Sydney Dec. 31 £33/-/-

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

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# AVALANCHE GATE

*Continued from Page 20*

AT last he saw what he had hoped not to see. Down on the floor of the bowl were two black dots. They were moving in his direction. Halla followed his eyes and needed no explanation. She came closer and clutched his hand.

"They're a long way off. They can't catch up to us now, can they?"

He let her think that, but he had no illusions about it. Those two behind were coming fast. Once over the crest, Halla and he would crawl down at a snail's pace. Every step would have to be cut in hard ice. The pursuers would use those steps and would go five feet to their one.

They were on the rim of the bowl. A sheer wall of rock fell away below their feet. Then Thorne pointed out a gulley, a ribbon of snow and ice that wound down the whole extent. For the first thousand feet it was appallingly steep, then it eased off to a gentler slope. That was the staircase down which they must cut their way. It was the



SETTING HER CAP AT FASHION

*A quaint little winter model, fashioned from felt and rich velvet, is a perfect foil to this Columbia player's blonde beauty.*

Lauithor —Gate of the Avalanches.

Thorne went first. His axe swung below him like a rapid pendulum. He had never cut steps so fast, yet each one must be shaped perfectly.

"Don't wait to cut them so deep," Halla called. "I won't slip."

In an hour they were a little more than half-way down the steepest part. Suddenly, as Thorne looked up, a man's head and shoulders appeared, silhouetted against the sky on the rim of the pass. Then another. He heard the rumble of a hoarse shout that echoed between the cliffs.

He turned back to the step cutting. When he looked up again the two had already come down a third of the staircase that had taken him an hour to cut.

The two men were only a hundred yards behind, coming down in smooth rhythm. Halla and Thorne would be overtaken in another ten minutes. Thorne looked around him. The cliffs that bordered the ice gulley were not quite so sheer now. If he could fight a way down them he wouldn't be making a stairway for the pursuers.

They left the ice. The rock slabs were steep but there were holds for hands and feet. Halla went first now, Thorn coaching her from above and holding the rope tight.

Now both parties were on the same slab, a huge block of granite uptilted at a steep angle.

There was a sudden outbreak of sound from above—a smothered shout, nails scraping on granite. An ice axe went clattering past Thorne.

He looked up in time to see the thing happen.

The two had been climbing with twenty feet of rope between them, the guide leading, von Felsen above. Von Felsen must have slipped and was sliding down the smooth rock gathering momentum with every yard. He flashed past Rauber just out of reach, then his foot caught on something, he turned over and began to fall head downward. A knob of rock was in his path. Thorne could hear the thud of his head striking it. His body went limp and he was thrown over on the steep ice of the gulley where he hurtled down the full length of the rope.

The jerk tore Rauber from his insecure stance. But he caught a splinter of rock at the edge of the gulley and hung there against the ice, the entire weight of von Felsen's body dragging down at his waist.

Thorne looked at Halla and saw that she was safe on a ledge a few feet below. Quickly he untied himself and began to climb. He had never gone so fast over dangerous rock. When he reached the level of von Felsen's limp body, Rauber above was still hanging on.

Thorne cut two deep steps in the ice and moved over until he could touch von Felsen. Slipping a coil of rope around the latter he returned to his anchorage on a yard wide shelf. He hauled in and in a moment had the German lying on the rock. Rauber, feeling the rope relax, gave a powerful heave and swing himself back to safety. Soon he clambered down and was bending with Thorne over von Felsen's body.

Thorne had already bound his handkerchief tightly over the gash in the German's forehead and with lumps of snow had almost stopped the flow of blood.

Von Felsen opened his eyes. But there was no recognition in them and in a moment he lapsed into unconsciousness again.

Rauber crouched over him like a dog over his master's body. Thorne roused him with a hand on his shoulder and working together they managed to get von Felsen down to the shelf where Halla was waiting. When she looked at his closed eyes and the blood-stained face she caught her breath sharply.

"Is he dead?" she asked in a low voice.

"No, but we'll have to get him down as quickly as possible."

They roped up again. Halla went first while Thorne above her kept the rope taut. Von Felsen was tied between Thorne and Rauber. They went one at a time, Rauber coming last and lowering his master's body gently from shelf to shelf.

. . . . . .

A few hours later they stood before the entrance of a hut. The sun, still high in the sky, glittered against the great wall of rock and ice down which they had come. Below them they could see the path winding down through desolate, boulder-strewn slopes.

Inside the hut they had left von Felsen lying in a bunk, wrapped in blankets, his head swathed in wet cloths. His breathing was even now; it was evident that he was beginning to recover.

Thorne and Halla hesitated a moment before they took the down path. Rauber stood in the doorway, his shoulders almost filling it from side to side, and looked at them from under his lowered brows. It was impossible to tell what his expression meant. At last he growled something in a deep voice and turned back abruptly.

Halla looked up at Thorne and smiled.

"He says: 'God go with you'," she said.

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LIPSTICKS BY LENTHÉRIC

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# HERE'S WHAT *Women* THINK *of* S.P. BETTING!

## *Women's Weekly Ballot on Vital Issue That Is Disturbing the Public Mind*

**Last week, The Australian Women's Weekly invited its readers to give their opinions on betting in general and "S.P." (off the course) betting in particular.**

***We have been moved to take this action because we recognise that betting is unquestionably a part of our national life, and of special concern to women because of its effect on home life.***

**It is a momentous news question at present, and a major issue with which all Governments are concerned.**

IT is important to know what women really think about betting, and because The Australian Women's Weekly goes into more homes than any other paper in Australia, a cross section of the opinions of our readers can fairly be taken as representative of the Australian woman's viewpoint on this vital matter.

It is too early to give a detailed analysis of the replies received, but letters to hand at the time of going to press indicate that readers greatly appreciated the opportunity to state freely their views. Replies are clear and logical.

"I hate betting," wrote one woman. "It has brought endless misery into my home and I regard every racecourse as a menace to certain of our weaker brethren.

**"Nevertheless, I realise that any attempt to suppress betting altogether would lead to great and widespread evils, and I am in favor of the legal control of all racing.**

"But when the law says you can bet on a horse if you are on the racecourse, but mustn't bet on the same horse if you are off the racecourse, then I think, with the famous Dickens character, that the law is an ass! Who benefits from such a law—except the turf clubs?"

The writer of this letter has put her finger on the weak spot of legislation **which protects bettors on one side of a racecourse fence and punishes bettors on the other side of the fence.** She holds that attempts to suppress S.P. betting inevitably lead to evasions of the law, which tend to bring the law into contempt, and that other evils are fostered by it.

What do **you** think?

If you have not already filled in and posted the ballot form, do so now and write a brief letter giving your opinion of S.P. betting and betting generally. The form appears below.

### Other Opinions

FOLLOWING are other letters indicating women's opinions:

Betting with money that can be spared is harmless, and provides a stimulus to life. If it's right to bet on the course, it is right to bet off it.

**Miss H. Kampen, 18 Bligh Street, Kirribilli.**

✣ ✣ ✣

I, for one, think S.P. betting is disgraceful. It very often means a fair share of a man's small wage that he can't afford, and on the other hand, a wife could very often find better use for her spare shillings than S.P. betting.

I think the law is quite right not to allow S.P. betting, which is carried on by quite a lot of people who cannot afford to attend the racecourse.

**Mrs. H. Cullen, Bilpin, N.S.W.**

* * *

Men and women should be allowed to spend their few shillings (which they earn) as they wish, and not as others force them to. The S.P. man does not drag people in to bet, no more than the person selling sweets or beer. The one who cries that S.P. betting has caused him to get into difficulties, is a coward, and won't admit his own weakness.

The majority of country people cannot go to Sydney for the races, so why should they be deprived of perhaps their only pleasure.

I say license the S.P. man. That is my honest opinion.

**Mrs. T. G. Bromley, 254 Anson St., Orange.**

* * *

I always understood this to be a free country. If we women want to have a bet, why not? It is our money, and we should be able to do as we like with it.

I know I often win a few shillings for my sixpenny bet. Ever since I can remember we would buy lucky-bags to try our luck.

The Government should legalise S.P. betting, and we would all have a fair go. Good luck to The Australian Women's Weekly to start a vote on it.

**E. Brigden, 28 The Crescent, Annandale.**

* * *

I think something should be done to protect the decent citizen and the weak-minded people (especially the women) who cannot resist the temptation to waste their money, which in most cases should be spent in a better way.

Thanking your paper for taking the matter up, and trusting some good will result.

**C. M. Jenkins, 59 Beaconsfield St., Auburn, N.S.W.**

✣ ✣ ✣

"Repeated fines and sentences have failed to eradicate S.P. betting. Under present conditions, there is one law for the wealthy, and another for those less fortunate. While racing exists, which possesses a lure for all interested in results, good, bad, or indifferent, then surely the legalised method should cure some of the ills.

**"The average housewife has no objection to her husband betting, providing he does not rob home funds, and sticks to his pocket money only."**

**Mrs. Irving, 8 Llewelyn St., Merewether, Newcastle.**

✣ ✣ ✣

"Though I have very little knowledge of horse-racing, I can see no good reason why S.P. betting should not be allowed. If men care to risk a shilling or two on the chances of a horse winning a race, why should they be compelled to pay fares to a racecourse in order to do so?

"If they were thus compelled, many men would have to forgo the pleasure afforded by their bets, while many others, refusing to give up this mild excitement, would pay the fares demanded, and, in the poorer families especially, someone would have to go short.

**"It appears to savor of dictatorship that only those who can afford to visit the racecourses shall be allowed to bet. And isn't Australia boasted as the Paradise of the Working Man?"**

**M. Taylor, 18 Swete Street, Lidcombe, N.S.W.**



*Legal inside the race fence—illegal outside it.*

*BETTING ON THE RACECOURSE is protected by law—betting elsewhere is banned, a distinction criticised by readers in the ballot.*

## Three Questions for the Women of Australia

**IT is important to know what the women of Australia think about S.P. betting.**

**The Australian Women's Weekly goes into more homes than any other paper in Australia, and we therefore submit to our readers the questions below.**

**In view of the great public importance attached to the issue, we would appreciate as large a response from readers as possible.**

**Please send in your replies now!**

**(1) Three-quarters of the people, states a leading police official, believe there is nothing wrong with the principle of S.P. betting. Do you believe this statement is true?** YES | NO

Strike out "Yes" or "No."

**(2) At present it is only legal to bet on racecourses. Do you think that S.P. betting away from the racecourse should be legalised?** YES | NO

Strike out "Yes" or "No."

**(3) What is your attitude, as a woman, to S.P. betting and betting generally? Write a brief letter about this, giving your honest opinion. Letters must be short and to the point.**

ADDRESS LETTERS: S.P. Ballot, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.


PREVENT many COLDS




IT is so easy to prevent many colds —if you heed Nature's first warning sneeze. Doctors and nurses recommend this new way. Simply put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

**Helps Nature's Defences**

Swiftly the drops spread through the hidden passages where colds begin. Their tingling medication stimulates Nature to throw off the threatening cold, banishes the sneezy, irritated feeling almost instantly.

**Clears "Stuffy" Heads, Too**

Even when a head-cold or nasal catarrh has stopped up your nose, Va-tro-nol clears away mucus, shrinks swollen membranes, helps to drain the sinuses, makes every breath cool and delightful.

**VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**

*Great New Ally to Vicks VapoRub*



HE WAS AS ROUND AS A BARREL

**Protruding Stomach Made Him Look Deformed**

Excess fat is unhealthy and unpleasant—for both men and women. It should be got rid of whenever it appears, whether early in life or late. This man, for all his three score years and ten, determined to reduce his weight. Read how he succeeded:

"A few years ago I felt I was almost finished. I was as round as a barrel, for I am not very tall, and with my protruding stomach I looked deformed. My weight was 15 stone 10 lbs., and on top of it all, I suffered so badly with rheumatism that I was no longer able to work. I started taking Kruschen Salts and now both rheumatism and fat have disappeared. My weight is now 12 stone 4lb. I can dig my garden, and do my own work, in spite of my 70 years."—V.R.

The six salts in Kruschen assist the internal organs to throw off each day the wastage and poisons that encumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat disappears.



DON'T NEGLECT A CUT

DALZO BRITISH STICKING PLASTER FOR FIRST AID TO ALL EMERGENCIES





KEEP THEM SAFE FROM 'SCRATCHITIS' *with* MONKEY BRAND'S *Smooth-Cleaning*

BATHS..SINKS..SAUCEPANS ENAMEL WARE..TILES.. WOODWORK, ETC.





**BATH WRITES OF TRYING EXPERIENCE**

*"Word reached us at the Ironmongers that Mrs. S. was buying a new bath—her last one having died an early death from "Scratchitis." We were all in a state of jitters for days. Mrs. S. was known as a terror on baths. Well, she came—and I was the unfortunate victim she selected. I spent my first day in a state of panic — waiting for the harsh scourer. Imagine my relief and delight when she appeared with a cake of Monkey Brand. She had learned her lesson — but, thank goodness, not on me..."*

*Harsh Scourers cause* **"SCRATCHITIS"**

Harsh scourers scrape the delicate surface of your baths or sinks. Very soon thousands of scratches appear. Old dirt becomes imbedded in the scratches so that the surface looks worn and discoloured. The more you scour the worse it gets—till "Scratchitis" has set in properly—the surface not only becomes ugly—but wears out long before its time.

*Keep surfaces smooth bright and healthy with* **MONKEY BRAND**

You'll have no trouble—no scratched, dull hard-to-clean surfaces—if you always clean with Monkey Brand because its fine, polishing particles carry the dirt away smoothly—leaving the surface spotlessly, hygienically clean . . . as glossy and bright as new. Smooth-cleaning is simple cleaning, too—just rub some Monkey Brand on a damp cloth and rub over the surface—even hard dirt vanishes quickly —and how the surface gleams!




*A Concentrated Cleaner*

Monkey Brand is more economical, more efficient than ordinary cleansers because of its *concentrated* nature—every particle of Monkey Brand does a cleansing job.

**MONKEY BRAND**

*cleans smoothly . . . preserves the surface*


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*GIRLS MODEL MEN'S FASHIONS. A smart American designer of men's clothes ensures a good audience for his latest parade of styles by pushing the boys to one side and displaying his creations on a group of attractive-looking girls.*


says CLEMENTS is "MIRACLE WORKING TONIC"

*Unsolicited testimonials prove claims!*

***Astounding results followed a course of Clements Tonic, declares Sydney man who despaired of ever regaining his lost health — "I recommend it to young and old."***

Kingsford, Sydney, N.S.W., 23/1/37.

**"Some few years ago I had a nervous breakdown, which landed me in a hospital for approximately eight weeks. On leaving the hospital I was strongly recommended by one doctor in particular, and who now has a leading practice in Sydney, to take a change of place and further rest, and in particular to take a course of three or four bottles of Clements Tonic. This I did and have never looked back since. I emerged from what appeared to be a long and serious illness, *but thanks to that doctor for the recommendation, and especially to the miracle-working tonic called Clements,* I was soon able to take up my duties again, and have continued to do so ever since. I am seldom without a bottle of Clements Tonic in the house, and with a few doses my sleep is sounder, my food is enjoyed, and I feel that life's worth living. I recommend it to young and old."—(S.J.G.)**



*Feeling young and vigorous after taking Clements.*



*Illustration shows section of blood stream.*

**What a Recommendation—Found Nothing Better in 35 Years**

Lismore, N.S.W., 22/2/37.

"Just a line to tell you I have for 35 years been using your valuable Tonic. It has always done me good for nervous break-downs, colds, and so on. I am never without it. I always keep a bottle by me.

"I have advised others to try it. Clements has never let me down.

"What a recommendation, 35 years, and still use Clements Tonic." (Mr.) F.A.

**CLEMENTS IS SAFE**

Clements Tonic is made by highly qualified chemists in the greatest pharmaceutical organization in Australia. That is your guarantee of quality and safety. And if you want any assurance that Clements Tonic is all that is claimed for it, then remember Clements has been the leader for nearly 50 years. Every day, as for years past, grateful users send letters of appreciation, of which several are printed here.

**Your blood feeds your body!**

The vital function of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body. Clements Tonic increases the activity of the body by enriching the blood. It increases the activity of the digestive organs, helps to put more food into the blood stream. In this way nourishment is fed to every muscle and nerve. Your whole system responds with new energy, you soon feel a different person.

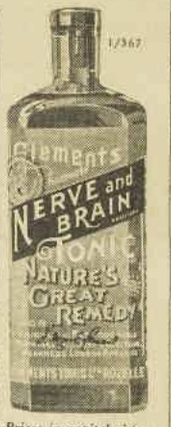
**HOW CLEMENTS TONIC HELPS THE NERVOUS SYSTEM**

Nerves, of which the body is one vast network, are really composed of myriads of tiny cells, which are constantly in the process of being destroyed by daily mental or physical effort. Sound sleep helps to rebuild these nerve cells, but when you are run-down and out-of-sorts, and particularly with insomnia, the body finds it impossible to rebuild nerve cells in sufficient quantity. Thus it must have help. That is why Clements Tonic contains life-giving phosphates, which fortify the system and help the body to build new nerve cells at a rapid rate, and thus make you well again.

**DREADED THE THOUGHT OF WALKING**

North Sydney.

"I simply dreaded the thought of walking anywhere, and work itself was a drudgery, simply because my legs always seemed to be too tired to carry me about. Well, I bit upon the idea to try Clements. The first bottle gave me some encouragement, so I continued with it, and believe me, I'm certainly a new man. Apart from doing my day's work, I come home now as fresh as a daisy, and am still fresh enough to do an hour or so in the garden."—(Mr.) J.A.G.




*Prices in capital cities 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.*

**CLEMENTS TONIC**


# BETTY'S *'Racey'* NARRATIVES

## *Four Winners Home And I Was Singing In The Rain*

By BETTY GEE

**What would you do about racing on a day like Saturday? Slop about in goloshes at Rosehill, or become one of the sinners and bet S.P.?**

***Well, believe it or not, I hitched my Water Waggon to an S.P. merchant and came home dry-footed with the goods, singing in the rain.***

THERE was more to it than that. All the tips I gave you last week won. Why our picks are as deadly as the red-back spider! Bookmakers are our staple food. Excuse this enthusiasm.

But, not even the prospect of looking smart in Russian jackboots and cellophane could draw me out-of-doors on such a day. I sat with the radio on one side of me and a phone with a bookie attached on the other. My system for getting the oil over the air, and then despatching my bets over the wire seemed perfect and foolproof. But a wrong jockey given instead of Baby Max on Beaupre almost took the bread out of my mouth. However, everything turned out all right, and bright-eyed baby Maxie was first to greet the judge, even if there was mud in his eye.

**I booked up a pound at the prevailing market odds of 7 to 1, and if you'd had television on your radio set you'd have seen Maxie just push Beaupre home a long head to the good, and did I make whoopee. You know the parable of the sheep farmer overjoyed over the recovery of the lost sheep, though he had ninety and nine others in the fold. That's how I felt because I had so nearly missed Beaupre through the error of that sieve-headed wireless man.**

### HONESTY PREVAILS

*I was just phoning my £1 for Rex in the first Juvenile when, after 14 engaged signals, the bookie's man said, "Sorry, Madam, the race is over." If he'd waited a moment he could have had my pound, because Rex didn't get a place, and he already knew Manilla's Pride had won, because he said so. There, you see, honesty prevaileth even in the breasts of the so-called pariahs of the turf.*

**But I tremble to think that it might have been a winner I was too late to get on.**

**Dear me, what a tragic thought.**

**So next time I rang through early to get ten shillings on Brown Sherry, because we had that for aperitif before dinner last night, and liked it for a change from the eternal cocktail.**

**But the horse Brown Sherry definitely isn't better than anything. He finished last.**

The race was hardly over when I rang through to get my £2 on Water Waggon for the next. The bookie said, "2 to 1 or starting price?" Exercised by greed, I chose starting price, which was almost a folly on my part, knowing that Darby Munro was the jockey, and, of course, so it proved when Water Waggon touched 6 to 4, but fortunately he eased again to 2/1.

Oh, yes, of course, I forgot to mention. Did it win? Well, wasn't it the ping-pong par excellence tip of the Head Waiter? Of course it won.

### BUZZARD POUNCES

**There's one thing about wireless. You don't need seven-league boots on to get about. A turn of the dial and I was in Brisbane for the Doomben Cup. It was refreshing to hear they were having such lovely weather up there.**

**They don't mention horses until the race begins. It sounds funny, but it's Queensland's idea of stopping this funny S.P. business.**

I wanted Osculum, the Sydney horse, to win. He's been running like a hare. But it wasn't to be. Along came a horse called First Buzzard and won easily. I don't suppose it's the first buzzard which has killed a hare. So back to Sydney after an unprofitable Queensland trip.

*I don't know why gentlemen still prefer blondes! They are most unreliable creatures—regular bookmakers' darlings.*

*Look at Fair Diana. They made her favorite, and after being well back she ran like a cheap silk stocking at a bargain sale, but all too late. I lost £1 on her, the jade.*

Being the dutiful creature I am I fell for Dutiful in the last race because Mrs. Klose rang up and said she'd had word from somebody who knew the young Jamieson, and his father trains it and said it's the best horse in the mud he ever had, in fact a Duke Kahanamoku for wet weather racing. I suppose Dutiful was swimming fairly, but three others had their feet on the ground, and he ran fourth.

*Now, don't rush me, but the head waiter's tip is Theolos. Put that in the pot to simmer till*




**"TAKE THE BAG," said the bookies, after Betty Gee had tipped four winners for Rosehill.**

*Saturday at Randwick. Yes, it's royal Randwick for the last time until next September, so don your oilskins and let's go.*

*I don't advise betting on hurdles, but one I'm going to break the rule for is Equable in the A.J.C. Hurdle. That's worth £650, so they'll all be striving, don't worry, wet or fine, but they can strive their hardest and Equable will still win it.*

**Cid's a swimmer I'm going to back whatever he runs in. If Dutiful is a Duke Kahanamoku, well, all I can say is Cid is a Bonnie Mealing, Boy Charlton, and Noel Ryan all rolled into one, and I'm going to keep my money wrapped in grease paper till he runs.**

**Well, I'll be seeing you Saturday! Bring your goloshes.**


**Breathe this for CATARRH**

It means happy relief from all the disagreeable symptoms of Nasal Catarrh. Based on the perfectly-balanced formula of a noted specialist, it is sold by all chemists under the name of Catarrh Clysmac. Thoroughly tested and found a consistently true treatment for Nasal Catarrh in all stages—Clysmac acts with remarkable speed—gentle and soothing in action, and leaves the head and brain as clear as a bell.

Start the Catarrh Clysmac treatment to-day, and enjoy the comfort that it is guaranteed to give. The cost is only trifling—1/8, or nearly three times the quantity for 4/6. Simply ask your chemist for Clysmac, or write to Sanatox Chemical Co., Box 1035H, G.P.O., Sydney.***


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# SNOW DAYS

*How snow men and maidens while away the pleasant hours*









*CIRCLE: A cook on skis sets out to recall the guests for dinner.*

*TOP RIGHT: Laundering in the snow. It's a new way of making housework popular.*

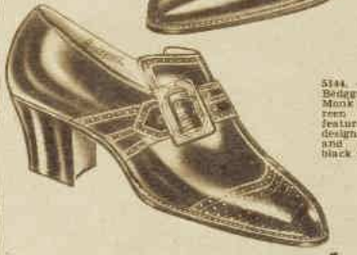
*CENTRE: Where sky and snow meet. Two ski-ers on the Australian Alps make tracks for home.*

*LOWER LEFT: Sunbaking in the snow country. It is an overseas idea that is becoming more popular here.*


. . Punchings are popular



5186.—A high cut tie model with smart punchings to make a sporty winter shoe. Mabs last, welted sole and leather heels. From all shoe stores in both brown and black calf skin.



5144. — Another smart Bedggood model in this Monk design on the Maureen last. This shoe features an unusual buckle design, smart perforations, and leather heels. In black or brown calf skin.

Bedggood


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# They both prefer ARD

In England the name of Ardath has long stood for quality. Now, Ardath offers for your keener enjoyment an entirely new and special blend—"ARDATH SPECIALS." You will be prouder to offer these special cigarettes—the most delightful that have ever been associated with the famous house of "ARDATH." Ask for "ARDATH SPECIALS"—in the modern Laubé boxes.

THE CIGARETTES - YOU ARE PROUDER TO OFFER !






**TWENTY FOR ONE AND SIX . . .**

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# DATH Specials



TEN FOR NINEPENCE

Also flat and round fifties and boxes of one hundred


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# Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have gone to the slave market of Tygandi to rescue
NARDA: Lovely princess dwelling in Gizeh, in Egypt. She has been kidnapped by an evil emir, who, knowing her brother,
SEGRID: Has gambled away trust funds, has him completely in his power. Mandrake, at Tygandi, disguises himself as Shah of Sudan, buys Narda, and, at her request, the rest of the 300 slave girls, with magic money, and they all depart on horseback. After they have gone, the money vanishes, and the enraged slave dealers kill the auctioneer, and raze the slave market to the ground. Mandrake, on the edge of the desert, frees all the girls, and returns to Gizeh with Lothar and Narda. NOW READ ON:




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# Intimate Jottings

by Caroline




### Did You Know—

*That Mollie Street is nearing the end of "nine-till-fiving," and is keeping a clear fortnight for the inevitable last-minute rush before leaving for England? She will stay away a year or more.*

### Making Polo History

THE polo-playing Ashton brothers are becoming legendary figures in England. Overheard at Roehampton during one of their matches—an Englishwoman said: "Yes, my dear, there are eight brothers in the family. The other four are kept in reserve for when this four get tired."

The same very partisan Englishwoman was a bit cutting about the magnificent Ashton ponies: "Just like buckjumpers, my dear."

There was a dramatic moment in the middle of the match when Bob yelled from the centre of the field: "Give me Harmony," and dashed to the end, not to conduct a band but to change ponies.

### Sixth Anniversary

DR. AND MRS. GLAN SATCHELL celebrated the sixth anniversary of their wedding by inviting a number of friends to their flat at Byron Hall, Macleay Street, on Thursday night at the cocktail hour. I was glad to be among them, as the Satchell parties are always merry and bright, and not too overcrowded for comfort.

During the day the doorbell had been in constant use by messenger boys bringing perfectly lovely flowers for the hostess.

The guests included Dr. George Raffan and his very pretty young daughter, Ethel, who has just come back from two years in England, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Macpherson, the Joe Pearse couple, Mr. and Mrs. Sep Rowe, and Hal Godsall.

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***Dr. and Mrs. Garnet Halloran, twin boys and all, are leaving their home at Point Piper for a spell of flat life, and will ensconce themselves at Adheram Hall, Elizabeth Bay, at the end of the month.***

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### Nothing To Do?

HOW any human being could think that there was "nothing to be done" in Sydney I just can't imagine.

Last Saturday, for instance, was just one mad rush, trying to arrive within cooee of the right time to the many social fixtures. Polo, of course, at Kyeemagh, then a collection of parties from five to seven, including a buffet supper party given by Mrs. Hubert Fairfax at Elaine, a tea dance at the Hotel Australia, and a cocktail party at the Bogey Engelbach home.

The wedding of Doreen Hawes and Tom Windeyer was fixed for that day, and the musically-minded then dashed off to hear Bronislaw Huberman's first recital at the Town Hall. That is, if they were not dancing at the Hotel Australia or Romano's.

### Campbells Are "Going"

THE George Campbells, who have spent some time in Australia, are setting sail for George's native purple Scottish heather, much to the regret of their many Sydney friends. To speed them on their way, Mrs. Campbell's sisters, Mrs. Tony Hordern and Mrs. Frank Packer, are giving a buffet supper in their honor at the Royal Sydney Golf Club this Tuesday.

## "Hello, Snippet"

OH, these nicknames, relics of schooldays!

In the Hotel Australia recently I heard Mrs. Wallace Horsley greet Cora Gibson with a "Hello, Snippet," and the return words of cheer were "How nice to see you, Bubbles."

Mrs. Horsley has an amusing name for her racehorse, too. It is called Love From Maggie, and how she worked that out on its pedigree I can't imagine.

### "Stage-frighted"

ALTHOUGH Bronislaw Huberman said he was "stage-frighted" at the thought of making a speech in English, he made an excellent, albeit whimsical, address in reply to Mr. Cleary's welcoming remarks. The occasion was the cocktail party given in honor of the visiting world-famous artist at the Hotel Australia.

As Huberman spoke he swayed ever so slightly from one foot to the other, just as if he was already playing the violin.

Huberman suggested that he and Mr. Cleary would even the score if the chairman had to reply to the artist per medium of the violin! However, the party drew to a happy close without recourse to such drastic measures. Maybe Mr. Cleary does play the fiddle after all?

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***Jean Malor, the young Sydney barrister, is having a holiday in Perth and is the guest of Mrs. S. W. Perry.***



*AN INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPH of Miss Jean Douglas, a smart visitor from Brisbane, with her hostess, Mrs. Colin Gray, of Mosman. Mrs. Gray also lived in Queensland before her marriage.* —Women's Weekly.



### Sombre But Smart

BRILLIANT red roses and carnations were the only splash of color at the dinner-party given by Mrs. S. Irwin at Romano's on Thursday night to welcome her daughter Coleen and Goldie Gray back from their travels.

Mother and daughter wore black confections, Kirrie Cade was in black, and Mrs. Graham Pratten chose a sombre shade of brown.

Worthy of note was Coleen's frock made of velvet and taffeta evenly divided at the side-seams from neck to toe, velvet in front and taffeta at the back.

### Smart Gymnasium

FUTURE students from Croydon P.L.C. will be even more athletically inclined than of yore, as "old girls" are doing their utmost to provide them with a really smart gymnasium. With this object in view Mrs. E. O. Andrews lent her large home, Oakfield, Burwood, for a monster bridge party last week.

Among the players were Mrs. Ben Edye, Mrs. Roland Love, Mrs. Clive Inglis, Mrs. J. M. Grace, and a bevy of young girls.

### Much Excitement

WHAT excitement there was on the last night of the de Basil season! "Bravos" and cheers echoed round the theatre as fans greeted their bright particular stars, Helene Kirsova coming in for a tremendous salvo. She looked petite and young in an evening frock of apricot shade with gardenias tucked in her hair on either side.

After their highly-colorful stage costumes it was quite difficult to recognise the dancers who had not been in the last ballet in street clothes. Their speeches, too, were very entertaining. All very brief with the exception of Mr. Lidji, co-director, who took the precaution to have his written down in readiness for the occasion.

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***Gardenias and lily-of-the-valley, made into a dainty spray, were attached to the shoulder-straps of Fairlie Anderson's white taffeta "coming-out frock" at the dance given by her parents at Elizabeth Bay House on Friday.***

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### Frolicsome

THE honorary medical staff of the Children's Hospital, residents, and nurses, turned out in full force for their annual dance at Hordern Bros. last week. Whether the staff gets into the way of frolicking with the children I do not know, but they certainly got lots of fun from simple pleasures in the way of caps and whistles at the party.

Matron Rose Kirkcaldie, Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davidson, and Dr. and Mrs. M. J. Plomley were guests at the official table.

Also present were Mr. Reg Black and his sister, Dr. and Mrs. Laurie Hughes, Sadie Budge, and Dr. Bert Humphries.

### "Let Me Know"

LITTLE did Lena Seman expect to be taken at her word when she laughingly said to Jacques Lidji, "If you want a secretary in Australia let me know." Mr. Lidji, who is a busy Parisian lawyer, as well as being de Basil's co-director in Australia, found all sorts of linguistic difficulties in his path and cabled for Lena to leave his legal affairs in other hands and sail for "down under."

Lena is the daughter of Russians living in Paris, and is quite at home chatting in a number of foreign tongues.

### Homeward Bound

WHEN Kathleen McCathie leaves for her home in Sydney on June 27, Joan Reid, who has been her hostess in Adelaide, will be travelling with her.

Joan and Kathleen are going by train to Melbourne where they will meet Mrs. McCathie and Mrs. Grace, who are motoring from Sydney especially to collect the two girls and bring them on the second stage of their trip by car.

### Have You Seen—

***The diamond clips worn on a black velvet dress by Jean Dugald, fiancee of Dr. Norman Meikle? They are in the shape of three acorns in graded sizes.***

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## A SURPRISE FOR Mr MARTIN






*IN CASES OF COMMON INDIGESTION WHERE THERE* is a deficiency of gastric juice I recommend Bonox as its soluble beef extractives are so stimulating to the stomach glands. It helps them to act more freely, thus promoting more perfect digestion. And besides, unlike ordinary meat extracts, Bonox contains Predigested Beef, so quickly and easily absorbed into the blood stream. When you drink Bonox you stimulate digestion, thus getting more value from your food—you build up your strength and resistance to disease—and you enjoy the richest, most tasty and delicious beef drink ever made. Bonox is sold everywhere—get some to-day!

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SYDNEY, 2UW, every Tues., 8.45 p.m.
MELB., 3DB-4K, every Tues., 8 p.m.
PERTH, 6IX-WD, every Tues., 8 p.m.


# PARLAY *Voo*, MARIE?

"YOU can say that in French, Mademoiselle."

"Certainly. But—it is so difficult—I am so stupid——"

"Would your father wish the regular help, or special lessons?"

"Oh, special lessons! One a day."

"One a day?" Madame echoed, on a rising inflection. The high fees for special lessons went to her private purse. "Well, my little one, we will see what will arrange itself," she added in satisfaction. She reached for books. "Shall we commence to-day?" she asked.

"Please," said Mary.

. . . .

"Mary, you'll have a chance to try out your French to-night," her father told her a week later.

Mary, dressed in new splendor for the first formal dinner of her life, felt an interior chill.

"Oh, I thought the Vicomte wasn't going to get here until next week, Dad?"

"He isn't. But Mrs. Blaney is here, and she's brought a very nice young fellow from the Consulate. He's perfectly charming, she tells me, but he doesn't speak a word of English, and he's rather lonely. Marian's in Virginia with Nelson and Ellen, and Mrs. Blaney's brought him along."

"He doesn't know—he isn't to know anything about our business, Dad?"

"Lord, no! You never heard of Vicomte de Crouvert. You never heard of anything. No, it's just that he's French, and I thought it might be good practice for you."

"It will be," Mary said slowly, with a bright, forced smile. In her ears rang some of the sentences that Old Dog Tray had only this afternoon

*Continued from Page 5*

obligingly said in English that her pupil might the better understand her.

"Marie Leavenverse, you ar're perhaps ze virst speakaire of Franche sat evaire I hear're," the desperate Yvonne Celeste Trait had assured her. "Zis vich you lear're to-day you forget to-morrow! Zare is no use, ve cannot do it, it is vaste of your papa time and money; I geef you op!"

"You haven't told the old Frenchwoman at school anything about our plot?" her father was asking her.

"Oh, not a word, Dad. Nor anyone. I was wondering if this Frenchman of Mrs. Blaney's might be a spy for the Bullocks?"

"Anybody may be. But if he is, see that he doesn't get anything. Keep on the surface—keep impersonal. He comes from the Consulate; he ought to be straight, but, by George, as the time comes near, Mary, I suspect everyone."

"Well, he'll get nothing from me," said Mary.

"I trust you," he said. "And I like you, too, Mary, d'you know that?" he added. "I felt—well, kind of glad, to-day, that you're mine, and that I could telephone the school and simply say I wanted my daughter home for dinner. I'm proud that you can sit down next to these foreigners and talk to 'em in their own tongues."

"I like you, too, Dad," Mary said, bright tears in her eyes, as she put her bare, sweet, young arms about his neck. "I wish I spoke French better," she added suddenly.

"Oh, it's not going to be as bad as you think it is, just because they didn't dare trust it to paper. Half an hour ought to do the office thing, and the rest we'll finish up on the boat, or on the other side. Ah;" Richard Leavenworth said, as the first of the guests arrived. "Here's Mollie; how are you, Mollie? And the Vicomte Duprez? Glad to meet you, sir. Sorry I don't speak French. My daughter, Miss Leavenworth."

"Mademoiselle," said Georges Francois Marie de Gresson Duprez. He bent his black head over Mary's hand; he smiled at her with even white teeth; he said that he was well charmed to see her. And Mary was a gone girl from that instant; enraptured, dizzied, bewildered, breathless, hot, cold, happy, frightened, gladder than she had ever been in her life about anything, fearful with a fear that blotted out every other emotion.

Oh, he was so handsome, so tall and dark and brown of skin and kind of eye, so military in bearing, so enchanting in modulations of voice! Oh, and he wore his flawless evening dress so easily, yet with such finish, and he had a monocle and just a touch of grey at his temples although he was hardly thirty.

"Talk French to him, Mary. My daughter speaks French," Richard Leavenworth said.

"A small little!" Mary said gallantly. The fine eyes of Georges brightened.

"Oh, but that's wonderful, and your pronunciation is marvellous!" he said. "You must have studied very hard!"

THIS left Mary completely in the dark. She said vaguely: "Ah, yes."

"Ask him if he plays golf," her father said, proud and confident beside her.

Was "to play" oser, jouer, courser, ravir, nagir? Mary was totally at a loss for a moment. Then she said smilingly:

"The golf? Is it that you like it?"

This provoked another rush of words from the handsomest, the most romantic man she had ever seen, but it was heavy work, with her father at her elbow. If the Vicomte Duprez would only talk a little more clearly and slowly . . .!

"I have studied French for many years," she ventured with a dashing air. Whether or not it fitted in with what he was saying didn't really matter. The important thing was to impress her father, and he was obviously impressed. The delightful Georges said something polite—was it just a shade puzzled, too? At all events, she must rush on. She said with simple gravity: "You are already late, young ladies; let us begin the lesson immediately!"

Georges laughed at this so amazedly, and yet with such a heartening dawning of comprehension, too, that she was not surprised to have him guide her to a leather davenport, where they could sit down, where they could not be overheard, and where he could investigate at leisure the strange quality of French acquired after only ten years' application by the pupils of Miss Carstairs', Miss Deanborough's, Hazelrock Manor and the other several schools in which Mary Leavenworth had been enrolled since her mother's death.

He still talked French, of course; he had no English. But he talked slowly, clearly, enunciating each syllable, making what he said sound the way things sounded when Old Dog Tray said them. Mary took heart. If she could understand one French Vicomte perhaps she could some day understand another; meanwhile she was having the most enthralling adventure of her life.

What was Vicomte Duprez' first name? Ah, he had many. Many? Ah, yes, that meant more than one—plenty—enough.

Oh, yes, of course she understood! Her name was Mary.

Marie, eh? The most beautiful name in the world. His name was Georges Francois, but he was called Gogo. What did Gogo mean? It did not mean anything; it was a little home name.

"Gogo. Oh, I love that, how sweet!" Mary thought she said smoothly. What she really said made the man flush a little and stiffen the muscles of his mouth, but he knew what she meant and they were immediately off again, he laughing at her French, she eager to begin his English lessons. Now and then Mary glanced across the room to where the grown-ups were and caught her father's complacent glance. She returned it happily; she could go on forever talking to Gogo.

"It's nice that Mary speaks French," her father said, marshalling them out to dinner. "Mary, you take the Vicomte. Barney, you're on Mary's other side."

Mary beamed at Barney Pemberton; she had known him for years and she liked him. He was her father's closest business confidant and West Coast representative. It was a relief, after the French, to talk to him.

Soup, fish, poultry, salad went by like a dream, and they were talking hard, she and Gogo.

"Really, a few days of this practice and I'd not be afraid of the Vicomte de Crouvert," Mary was beginning to think boldly, when the odious Mrs. Blaney attacked her from the other end of the table. Mary didn't like Kathryn Blaney because for two years she had been trying her best to marry Mary's father, and although he himself had no apprehensions on the subject, Mary knew that eventually he would do it. Otherwise Kathryn was pleasant enough, rich and handsome, and all that.

"Mary," she said, "ask the Vicomte if he's free on Thursday, or if he has to go back to Washington, and if he does, if he will keep an eye on my sister's ten-year-old boy?"

A COMPLETE silence happened to have fallen on the twelve diners. There would always be an attentive and expectant silence in such a moment as this, Mary thought. Even the few French phrases she knew seemed to have deserted her; any word that came to her sounded wrong and crude and strangely detached from its neighbors. She turned to Gogo and spoke in a low, quick tone, with a smile.

"Remi was a little French boy who lived at a farm with an old woman named Mere Barbarin," she said. "Remi had seven years. Mere Barbarin was not his mother."

Gogo, not batting an eyelash, answered her smoothly and swiftly.

"Vashington?" she asked then, simply.

"Ah, oui, Vashington." He added a good deal to the word; Mary listened, turned regretfully towards Kathryn.

"He has gone to Washington," she said.

"What day, Mary?"

"What day, if you please?"

"Thursday."

"Thursday. Or is Jeudi Tuesday and Mardi Thursday?" Mary thought in a panic. Too late now; the general conversation had recommenced, and she and Gogo were left to their own laboring devices again.

"Oh, it's not so hard," said Mary.

*Please turn to Page 38*




# Backache warns you of KIDNEY TROUBLE

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# THE *Four* MARYS

Continued from Page 6

"DO you read that tripe every day?" asked Alan. He went on looking out of the window, waiting to know. It gave him the jumps just to hear the thing rustle in her hands, because if she read it every day then she had seen that rotten bit about the "red-headed lovely——"

"Every day of my life," said Elizabeth serenely. "When it comes to flying rumors and things going on rocks, I'm the best-informed woman in town."

Even then he couldn't be utterly sure. Rumors and rocks—two of the commonest clichés of any gossip columnist. If he said now: "You saw it, too, did you?" Elizabeth could very well reply: "Saw what, my sweet?" So he kept his mouth shut.

Elizabeth went on reading for a time in silence. Dropping the paper at length to the floor beside her, she stretched soft round arms above her head and yawned.

"I saw quite a little while ago," she said, "on the shipping page, that Meg Swift had sailed for England." She waited for Alan's comment. When he made none she continued. "Brook Avery's name was on the same steamer list. Romantic, isn't it? Mimi is probably wild."

"Why should Mimi care?" said Alan.

"Oh, she loathes him, darling," said Elizabeth. "Didn't you know that? She's terrified Meg'll marry him."

"Mrs. Swift wouldn't be such a fool."

"You never can tell," said Elizabeth, confident of other people's folly. "What's she going to England for this time of year, except to go with him?"

She stretched out a hand appealingly. "Do come and sit down. You'll take cold standing there." Alan came reluctantly, lighting a fresh cigarette. When he was sitting on his own bed with an ash tray handy, Elizabeth said, "I was talking to mother to-day."

"Telephone?"

"Yes. She says the doctor wants dad to go south for the rest of the winter. She sounded quite frightened, Alan."

"What's there to be frightened about?"

"You know—his heart."

"Get along with it pretty well for a good many years."

"But she says the doctor was never so alarming before. He told her he couldn't promise how many winters dad would last in this climate."

"WELL, why don't they pack up and go then?" said Alan irritably.

Elizabeth pulled herself higher among her pillows. She looked very young and soft and wistful. "Mother thinks that if you and I went, too, he might be willing."

Alan put out his cigarette and pushed the ash tray to one side before he spoke again. "And what did you say?"

"I told her then of course we'd go," said Elizabeth trustfully.

"Oh, you did?" said Alan. "You might have considered me about all this. Certainly your father and I ought not to be away at the same time. There ought to be some member of the family here to—well, to handle any personal matters that might come up."

Soothingly Elizabeth patted his hand. "Don't be silly, darling. Perry can do anything that's necessary." Perry was Mr. Dent's head man. Perry and everyone else in the office knew that Alan had been taken on merely because Elizabeth had married him.

Alan said now, rather distantly, to let Elizabeth know she had displeased him, "You can quite well go without me."

"Oh, Alan, I should be so sickeningly lonely—just mother and dad! After all, darling, they're old." Elizabeth's youth winced and shivered at thought of consorting with age, even age which had produced her. She said: "Tell you what—I'll have mother ask Mimi!" She began to laugh gaily.

Alan sat fiddling with the cord of his dressing-gown. He whistled a note or two abstractedly.

Elizabeth waited, watching him. "Don't you think that's a good idea?"

"I think it's absolutely ridiculous. She probably wouldn't care anything about going——"

"Why not? She's never been to Nassau."

"Lots of people don't care about leaving New York in winter."

"I can see you don't," said Elizabeth. When he looked at her she was looking at him mild and sweet as a May morning.

"In addition to which" (the very thought of Mimi going away—and with Elizabeth; Mimi was so outspoken, no telling what Elizabeth might not get out of her) "—in addition to which," he finished on a sudden inspiration, "with Mrs. Swift in England, she certainly couldn't leave her grandmother."

"What do you bet?" said Elizabeth. The telephone was on the little table between them. She pulled it into her lap and stuck a coral-nailed forefinger through a number.

"It's much too late to call her now," said Alan nervously. "You're being very foolish."

"Mimi's a night owl," said Elizabeth. She waited, smiling into space. "I always trust my hunches," she observed gently.

Alan got up and walked about the room. "I think it's a ridiculous idea," he insisted.

Elizabeth was already talking to Mimi, beginning to explain at breathless length what it was she wanted Mimi to do. Nassau . . . dad's heart . . . they could leave in a few days. Words flowed from Elizabeth in a bubbling stream. "As our guest, of course, Mimi darling." Mimi apparently hesitated, was urged, was almost pleaded with. "You know how dad adores you." Then there was a swift turning away from the telephone. "She wants to know if you're going, Alan."

"I am not," said Alan. His dark eyes were sullen.

"He's waiting to hear if you'll go," said Elizabeth into the transmitter. "If you go maybe I can get him to go too."

"You heard what I said," said Alan furiously.

"Anyhow," murmured Elizabeth, glancing at him sidewise, "Mimi says it can't be done." She accepted refusal with an audible sigh. "Well, if you won't, you won't, Mimi. Then you'll just have to stay and keep Alan amused for me." After a moment or so more of desultory small talk she said good-bye and put the telephone back on the ta'

Alan came and stood at the foot of her bed, looking down at her rose-and-white fairness and freshness. Because he felt both relieved and justified he smiled, although not too spontaneously. "Told you it wouldn't work," he said.

Elizabeth lay with her milk-white arms crossed behind her pale gold head and returned his look calmly. "You're fond of her, aren't you?" she said.

"Certainly I'm fond of her."

"Too fond of her, aren't you?" pursued Elizabeth gently.

Alan interrupted in an angry uneasy voice. "What the——"

She stopped him. "Wait—I mean too fond of her to want to see her get hurt."

"What are you driving at now?"

"Don't think I'm being jealous. It's only that I've known Mimi a great deal longer and better than you have. She's not cold, really—far from it. And she's hard-headed, too. Much more so than you realise. Some of her people were Irish, you know. She's a terrible fighter, although she manages to keep that hidden most of the time."

Elizabeth's knowledge of Mimi, unquestionably authentic, reinforced certain memories of Alan's own in which Mimi played a not altogether passive part. He said brusquely, "I don't get you."

Please turn to Page 36


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MEET YOUR LOVER!

—In the "Serenade to Beauty".

Every Monday at 9.00 p.m. from 4BK-AK — 2CH — 6IX-WB. Every Wednesday from 3DB-LK at 8.15 p.m., and 5AD-MU-PI at 8.30 p.m.

Varicose Veins are Quickly Reduced

No sensible person will continue to suffer from dangerous swollen veins or bunches when the new, powerful, yet harmless germicide called Emerald Oil can readily be obtained at any well-stocked chemist.

Ask for a two-ounce original bottle of Emerald Oil (full strength), and refuse substitutes. Use as directed, and in a few days improvement will be noticed, then continue until the swollen veins are reduced to normal. The leading chemists are now selling lots of it, under strict guarantee of money back if not completely satisfied.

"BE patient, darling. You'll see what I mean. Once Mimi sets her mind on a thing she wants——"

It was true, and he knew it. But if by the thing Mimi wanted, Elizabeth meant him, that didn't help his pride much. Put matters somehow in a new light. Was Mimi a woman who went after you and got you? He had always seen it the other way round.

In the midst of his uncozy cogitations Elizabeth continued reasonably, "Once let her lose her head about you and you'll have a hard time shaking her off. It won't be easy for either of you."

That soft childish voice, that small childish face looking up at him so ingenuously from its pillows, speaking such cool sound sense. After all, who knew better than Alan that Mimi wasn't cold? And that Mimi was strong; but when it came to that, Elizabeth was strong, too. Between them they could tear a man in halves.

"I'm going to bed," said Alan, abruptly reasserting himself. "I've had enough of this." He jerked off his dressing-gown and flung it across the foot of his bed. "You go on to Nassau with your mother and father—have a good time."

"Not without you," said Elizabeth. "I couldn't leave you, darling." Her angelic whisper murmured through the dark. "Aren't you going to kiss me good-night?"

Elizabeth, he had always known, was not cold either.

January that year was an angry month. Snow and sleet fell, only to freeze solidly in great drifts on country roads and city streets. If a blue day came, arctic winds came with it. In Connecticut the snow remained awesomely virginal. In New York only the parks kept a semblance of whiteness. Elsewhere glacial greyness and treacherous frozen ruts. Mimi would willingly have exchanged suburban beauty for urban ugliness and discomfort, but she was left no choice. So she stayed in her mother's house, where her mother's nephew made life almost intolerable.

Raymond had not found work. Once or twice he had gone into New York and come back with dramatically doleful stories of the impossibility of getting a hearing. However, he asserted stoutly that he would stick it out if it took him all winter. In the interim he played the radio a good deal, and sat about reading movie magazines.

Mimi had not seen Alan since the day of that hateful interview with her father, when, before going back to Connecticut, she had called Alan at the Dent office and made him meet her in an out-of-the-way hotel lobby. There she had told him about the clipping and what her father had done regarding the room.

He had said then, "Rotten luck. Better go easy on coming in for a while, maybe."

Mimi had begged, in a smiling monotone, because there were others in the lobby and she didn't dare be anything but smiling and inconspicuous, "You'll write?"

"Better not," he had told her.

"Then telephone. Alan, please do!"

"I don't know, Mimi—I'm not going to let you in for anything. There's your grandmother always around—and that boy, that cousin of yours, too. Be fine if he got the message."

So Mimi stayed at home with her grandmother—and Raymond—and time went by full of leaden hours till one Saturday morning, when she was starting out for a walk, Susy came running to the door to call her back.

"Miss Mimi—oh, Miss Mimi—telephone!"

Alan! It might have been her father, or Tommy Gaunt, or any one of half a dozen other men—Kilmartin, even—but it was Alan.

Mimi held the receiver close. "Hello—stranger!"

He wanted her to come into New York for the afternoon. "Everybody's gone off to Greenwich. I'll be lonely as a pup."

"Everybody," of course, meant Elizabeth. Mimi's pride knew a sudden bitter smart at having to wait for Elizabeth's absence before she could make her own appearance. But Alan had said he wouldn't let Mimi in for anything; it was not just of himself that he was thinking, but of her.

Molly's door was opening overhead. Mimi said, "All right—thanks for calling," and rang off. He had just asked her to meet him for luncheon in the same little hotel lobby as last time. He would understand her reason for hanging up. Hostile ears to the ground.

Molly was coming down the stairway. Mimi, passing her in a happy rush, said, "Dad;" nothing more, knowing it as she said it for a lie. She was not given to lying, but when Alan was in question, pride, honesty, anything she had to give was little enough for burnt offering.

MOLLY continued somewhat heavily on her way to the kitchen. Eighty was not too old to recognise ecstasy in the eyes of twenty-one.

Mimi called from the hall, "I'm going, granny."

Molly realised that she must learn what she wanted to know at once if at all. "Mimi, when'll you be back?"

"I'm not sure. This evening sometime." Mimi was running down the steps.

"For dinner, Mimi?"

"Maybe—I'm not sure." She was almost out; freedom within reach. "If I'm going to be late I'll phone."

"All right, young woman!" said Molly, sardonically calm.

Shortly after twelve Raymond came in demanding luncheon. "Met the postman down the road, grandma. Letter for you from New York. Nothing for me. Nothing for Miss America." It had not taken him and Mimi long to arrive at open enmity. He commonly referred to her by whatever name he thought might irritate her most.

*Please turn to Page 49*

# THE *Four* MARYS

*Continued from Page 35*

## SONG CLASSICS

### *Don Juan's Serenade*

**Tschaikowsky. 1840-1893.**

**NIGHT'S dark mantle falls from Heaven. Not a whisper stirs the air.**
**Draw thy curtain, raise thy window. Must Thou sleep, Love, I am here:**
**Sun that woo'd the drooping flow'rs, Wind that kiss'd the Whisp'ring trees,**
**Lovesick birds that coo'd the day long.**
**Art thou tir'd of love, my love, like these!**
**Then come Juanita, the sweet hour flies,**
**Come forth to thy lover, Who sings and sighs, Who sings and sighs.**

Peter Ilyitch Tchaikowsky, born at Votinsk, Russia, one of the greatest of Russian composers, was also poet. His ardent musical temperament was strongly affected by French and Italian works.

He travelled extensively in Europe, America, and England, where he received the degree of Doctor of Music at the Oxford University.

GREAT NEWS for SKI-ING Enthusiasts

COMMENCING ON JULY 1

FRANZ SKARDARASY

the noted Continental ski-ing instructor, will again conduct a Ski-ing School at MT. BUFFALO, NATIONAL PARK—one of Victoria's outstanding mountain holiday resorts, where faultless accommodation is assured at THE CHALET.

*With two trained assistants, Skardarasy will repeat his instructional courses in the famous Arlberg ski-ing technique . . .*

PLAN YOUR SKI-ING HOLIDAY — NOW!

For particulars of tours and accommodation, consult the Victorian Government Tourist Bureau: 11 Martin Place, Sydney; Queen's Walk, Melbourne; 131 King William Street, Adelaide; 204 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; or 8th Street, Mildura.




*All the nourishment of whole wheat is concentrated in Kellogg's tastier New Whole Wheat Biscuits. They provide an invaluable source of energy for lively, growing children, and hard-working adults, too!*

*Order a packet from your grocer right away!*

10,000 jars of Charmosan Cold Cream given away free to advertise the new square jar

Charmosan Cold Cream is now being packed in a new square jar specially made for it. This cream is, as you know, all one could desire for cleansing the skin at night and for massage to get rid of wrinkles, crow's feet, sagging flesh, etc.

In order to introduce the new jar quickly to the public the Australasian distributors are making this offer.

Go to your chemist, draper or store and buy one jar of Creme Charmosan and one box of Charmosan face powder and get a cash receipt docket for your purchase. Send this docket together with expenses in stamps to Clement Black and Coy., Little Regent St., Sydney, or Clement Black and Company, 328 Collins St., Melbourne, giving your name and address plainly, and a full size jar of Charmosan Cold Cream will be posted to you by return mail.

This offer applies to New Zealand as well as the Commonwealth.

The sixpence in stamps is to pay the postage on the free jar.

This offer closes on the 31st July, 1937.

Charmosan face cremes & powder the choice of the stars.

FRANTIC WITH NEURITIS

Long, pain-distressed nights with little or no sleep . . . twisting and turning from side to side in bed . . . worn out and desperate with NEURITIS—that painful inflammation of the nerves which is liable to attack ANYONE.

You owe it to yourself to banish these nerve disturbances, relieve yourself of pain and regain the joy of healthy life. That "Magic Wrap," WAWN'S WONDER WOOL, will speedily bring you soothing, healing, warming relief—inflammation is reduced, congestion banished, nerves become normal and life again worth living.

WAWN'S WONDER-WOOL

Obtainable everywhere at 2/6 per packet

HOW TO ENDURE THE WINTER WITHOUT A COLD

A well-known London doctor says: "Eating food with a deficiency of Vitamins will reduce you to a condition in which you are more liable to catch cold."

But most ordinary foods are deficient in Vitamins. Where are the needed Vitamins to come from?

Take Bemax every day with your breakfast. This tonic food is so rich in Vitamins that one tablespoonful ensures an adult enough Vitamins for the day. Think of the relief to go through the winter immune from infection.

When a recent Influenza epidemic was at its height not a solitary worker in the Bemax factory or offices was affected. What a tribute to the power of Bemax!

Put yourself on Bemax before the winter has advanced another day. The 3s. 6d. tin lasts a month.

Keep free from colds. Keep free from 'flu. Keep fit on

BEMAX

THE RICHEST NATURAL VITAMIN TONIC FOOD.

From Chemists and Stores.

2/6 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

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# WHERE *We Go to See the* SNOW

**Renowned throughout the world for its beautiful beaches and surf, sunny New South Wales can also boast of having the largest area of snow country in Australia—available as a vast winter playground for eleven months of the year.**

IN New South Wales there are 2000 square miles of country for ski-ing. Snow covers it most of the year.

This area of ski-able country, situated round Kosciusko, is approximately 20 miles wide and 100 miles long.

The New South Wales winter sports playground, all in one area, contains few sharp peaks or avalanches, such as are found in the Swiss alps, and makes ideal ski-ing country.

The altitude at Kosciusko is 7300 feet.

It claims to have one of the best ski-ing schools outside Europe.

Every season approximately 5000 ski-ing enthusiasts in New South Wales are entertained on the snow, and even in the summer months a large proportion of people from all over Australia and the East gravitate to Kosciusko, the centre of snow sports.

Even on summery New Year's Day ski carnivals are held on the large snow drifts, which remain throughout the year.

## Ski-schools

IN recent years ski-ing has made enormous advance in popularity all over the world.

This is mainly by reason of the spread of ski schools which originated in the village of St. Anton, am Arlberg, in the Austrian Tyrol—the ski-ing centre.

Ernst Skardarsy, the well-known skier from Tours, a village near St. Anton, introduced the Arlberg technique into Australia three years ago.

**It was at St. Anton that Hans Schneider, developed a technique of teaching which has been carried to practically every other ski resort in the world.**

The Austrian Government controls the standard of competency of the ski teachers at Arlberg, and those who gain the Government diploma of competency are sent as instructors to America, Canada, and all over the ski grounds of Europe.

**In September next, the inter-dominion competition at Kosciusko will possibly develop into an international competition.**

The competition will be held at Charlotte Pass and representatives of Austrian ski clubs, a team from America, led by the American ski ace, Durrance, and a team of 15 from the New Zealand ski clubs, will compete against New South Wales, Victorian and Tasmanian teams.

---

## *Makes History, Wins £9000, and Wants a Cup of Tea*

**By Air Mail from our London Office.**

**After the Derby, stakes for which are £9441/5/-, friends offered champagne to Mrs. G. B. Miller, who made history as the first woman owner ever to win the great race. But she replied, "No, I'd like a nice, hot cup of tea."**

MRS. MILLER attends race meetings only on rare occasions and is so very little known in the racing world that there was a frenzied search to find her to lead her horse in. She was presented to the King and Queen and drove home to Hampshire to find the milkman had put a streamer of her racing colors across the roadway.

But Mrs. Miller saw no need to celebrate. Instead, she had a quiet everyday family dinner with her husband and small son.

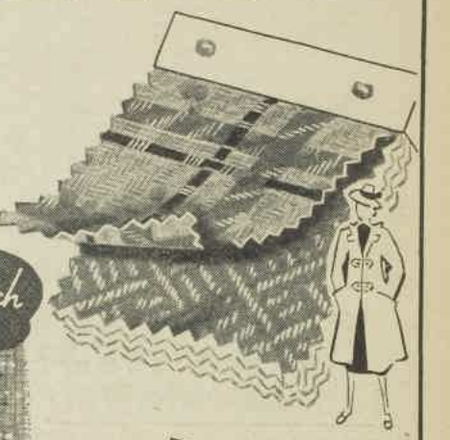
Mrs. Miller inherited from her uncle a fortune of £500,000 in 1930, subject to the trustees approving her marriage.

She has had phenomenal luck as a racehorse owner. Besides Midday Sun, the Derby horse, she has owned only three other racehorses, and they have all distinguished themselves.

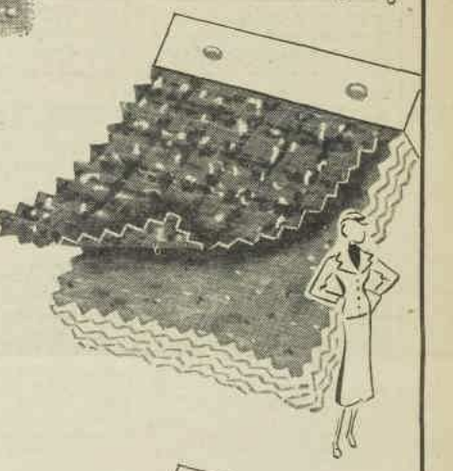
The horses, more than racing, are one of her hobbies, but her favorite recreations are golf and tennis.


SURE TO GET IT AT Grace Bros

SPECIAL PURCHASE!



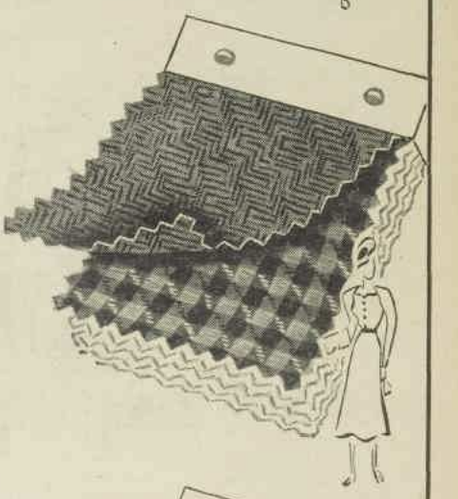
54 inch WOOLLEN



DRESS FABRICS

This is without doubt the most sensational offer of the Season in Woollen Fabrics! It is not just a Special Selling of a few pieces, but a huge comprehensive range of 54in. Woollens, marked to clear at Cost Price and Less! Beautifully soft draping qualities for Frocks, heavier textures for Coats, smart new weaves for Skirts — all are here — in Crepes, Tweed, Boucle, and Checks, in a variety of plain and fancy effects. Moreover, you are offered a choice of all popular wanted shades.

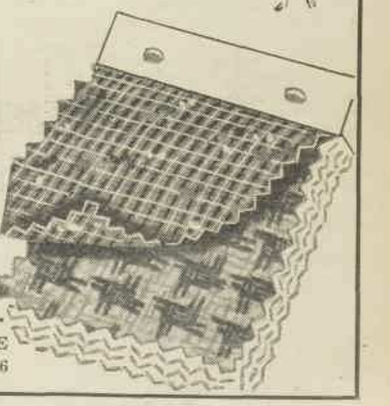
Never has there been such an opportunity to save on Woollen Fabrics. Why not buy a dress length or two now for your smartest Winter Frocks and Suits? Note the splendid savings!



USUALLY 7/11, 8/11, 9/11, 10/11

SPECIAL PURCHASE PRICE

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# PARLAY *Voo*, MARIE?

THE rest of the evening was all paradise. She and Gogo talked and talked, laughing and stumbling and writing words on paper and laughing again. Gogo had been three weeks in America without caring much about learning to speak English, but now it appeared that he could not study it fast enough, and he and Mary presently made an engagement to meet every Saturday morning at the riding school for the triple purpose of taking a gallop in the park, following it with a really serious hour of English-French, and lunching either at home or in town, the latter point to be decided upon each occasion as their fancy dictated. Mary drifted off into happy sleep that night, trying to decide whether to wear her tweeds or the smart, new, white riding-coat on Saturday morning.

It was somewhat disquieting on the following day to have Old Dog Tray even less flattering than ever on the subject of her linguistic ability. Mary, still glowing with joy over last night's experience, confident that she really spoke French pretty well, and could get along in any ordinary conversation quite swimmingly, came to the coaching lesson only to encounter Madame Trait's stinging disillusionment.

"I hope Vicomte de Crouvert's business French won't be anything like this," Mary thought, listening to the outpouring of words only with an occasional syllable comprehensible.

"I should worry!" Mary reflected, comfortably, going into town with little Miss Potter for a fitting of the riding habit. "If darling Gogo got the idea so easily, and played right up to my terrible bluff, why shouldn't this other Vicomte? All I have to do is to speak low and

*Continued from Page 34*

fast, and it doesn't matter what I say: I can look some of the words up afterwards and Dad'll never know the difference. I must hunt up 'contract' and 'signature' and a few other words like that. I'll do that this afternoon and have Gogo work them into some nice swift sentences for me. The darling!

"I wonder if what he said was that he was going down to Washington; he seemed to have no hesitation in dating himself up for Saturday morning." And to herself she repeated the words in which Gogo had drilled her last evening: "Will you speak more slowly? I cannot understand you when you speak so fast."

"Oh, I'll get along all right!" she reassured herself over and over again in the days that followed.

They were the happiest days her motherless, somewhat lonely life had known so far. She rode with Gogo, and they talked French. She ordered new clothes with the great trip in mind; a delicious top-coat for the steamer, evening frocks, a beautiful cream crepe for dinner, a velvet wrap with a white fur collar.

All the world was spring and glory and excitement; under the glory and excitement were only occasional twinges, twinges of uneasiness when she thought of the rapidly approaching arrival of the Vicomte de Crouvert, and of his first attack upon her as interpreter between him and her father. It might take her a few anxious moments to win him, to have him courteously and smilingly accept her own peculiar brand of French as Gogo had.

"Daddy, we couldn't take Gogo into our confidence, could we?"

"Good heavens, Mary!" he said. "Have you said anything to him about it?"

"Oh, Dad, no. Of course not! I've not breathed it to anyone." Mary thought of her conversations with Gogo, their labored "it makes fine weather to-day," and "thank you for the beautiful candy," and laughed deep inside. Her father need have no apprehensions as to her talks with Gogo!

"HE'S attached to the Consulate here, Mary. It might be fatal to give him the slightest hint," Richard said. "Does he know de Crouvert is coming over?"

"Yes, but only as if he were making a social visit, Dad. He said that he knew Mrs. Bernheim and that she was a Parisienne, and that her brother was coming over to see her children. That is all."

"Ah, well, that's all right!" said Richard, relieved. "But what good would Duprez do us?" he demanded.

"Well, because he speaks such beautiful French, Dad, and he could understand every word the Vicomte de Crouvert said."

"But he doesn't speak any English, Mary! You'd have to translate from him as well as from the other."

"Yes, I know. But I can understand Gogo now so much better than I probably will a strange man," Mary argued.

"Oh, don't you worry!" said her father, laughing. "I've listened to you jabbering away with Duprez, and I assure you I'm amazed. You'll get through with flying colors."

"I think I will," Mary said stoutly.

"Let me go over this plan with you once again, dear. De Crouvert gets here on Wednesday."

"Wednesday?" Mary echoed faintly.

"He dines with us here on Wednesday night. Pemberton will be here; maybe one or two others. We've got to keep that dinner just social; of course he and I and Pemberton will know what it's all about, but there'll be no business that night. At the end he'll express an interest in our Wall Street, and I'll suggest—you can get that over to him for me—that he come down for a casual call on Thursday morning. Eleven o'clock, say."

"Wall Street eleven o'clock Thursday morning," Mary made rapid mental notes. "I'll manage that, anyway," she thought.

"Thursday night we all dine at the Bernheims'," her father was saying. "They're in Canada, now, won't be home until Thursday afternoon, but he's going up to have a look at the children as soon as he gets in. It all works out pretty well, my taking him on until Bernheim gets back. I know Bernheim; I've played golf with him for years. Nothing in all that to put the Bullock people on to us, unless—unless," he said, half aloud, and shaking his head, "they've got some information from the other side!"

MARY listened bright-eyed. Her thoughts were not upon what her companion said. In perfect French she was saying to a man handsome and charming enough to be Gogo's older brother: "Daddy wants you to come down and take a look at our Wall Street to-morrow and we'll all have lunch together."

"On Friday we'll run out into the country and lunch somewhere—Friday doesn't matter," Richard resumed. "And Friday night——"

He took out a new, smart, slender wallet and opened it, and Mary saw the strips of closely printed, ink-scribbled, greeny-white silt paper, perforated into hinges, which no human eye perceives unthrilled.

"Tickets!" she breathed.

"Tickets. Suite A reserved for Miss Leavenworth who will be one of next season's debutantes."

"Friday night. That's only five da-a-a-ays!" she chanted.

She had a horrible moment of misgiving. Suppose she didn't get away with this gay little deception about her French; suppose she let Dad in to something that was all wrong? She put out a tentative feeler.

"Daddy, how much chance is there that if I missed on some little phrase, or some—some word I didn't know, you'd sign the wrong thing, or let yourself in for something?" she asked.

"Not much chance. It's really only formalities, and secrecy," he said, and Mary was reassured again.

The cream crepe was reassuring, too. She put it on for dinner on Wednesday night, and descended the stairs to the drawing-room with her courage tremendously reinforced by its startling beauty.

Barney Pemberton and her father and Comte Henri Denis de Lignes de Crouvert were standing by the fire. They were having great difficulties with the language, and laughing. Mary came forward; gold hair in shining tight curls on her neck, gold fringes coming down to bronzy eyebrows, heavy lashes curling back from blue eyes; tanned, firm young skin as smooth as satin, and greeted the Vicomte on a rush of glib words.

Not anything like Gogo; a small, wizened vicomte this one, with a hooked nose, and eye-glasses on a ribbon, and with what frightful rapidity he spoke. He seemed a sharp, irritable sort of creature; he made Mary feel nervous at once. One couldn't attempt any innocent little joke about Remi or "Young ladies, you are already late" with this jerky, moustachioed, swarthy little man. Mary must stick to legitimate phrases and do the best she could.

*Please turn to Page 40*


# RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL SURPRISES EXPERTS

## *FASTER METHOD GIVES WHITER WASH*




**One** She simply makes a good suds in warm water (about one heaped tablespoon of Rinso to a gallon—more in hard water), whisks it up well, rubs a little dry Rinso on stains and marks, and leaves the whites to soak for half an hour.

**Two** She saves 30 minutes fuel every washing-day. She brings the copper to the boil and **boils them for 2 minutes only.** In less time than it takes to boil an egg, the whole copperful is snowy white!

**Three** After the quick 2-minutes boil she rinses the clothes till the water runs clear. The Rinso suds have loosened every atom of dirt and grime, and the final rinse leaves brilliant, sparkling whiteness




## *Her day off!*

**Washing-day is her free day now! No hard rubbing with the new Rinso method . . . and only 2 minutes at the boil. So she's out early—washing done—and still as fresh as paint!**

Women who have been washing for years are the first to agree that the Rinso 2-minute boil method changes washing-day completely. A wash that used to take the whole morning can now be out of the way by 10 o'clock. No more backaches and weariness! The short 2-minute boil in Rinso with no hard rubbing at all gives brilliant sparkling whiteness.

### ONLY RINSO GIVES THESE RESULTS

The 2-minute boil method is possible only with Rinso. Ordinary suds only cleanse when the soap is actually rubbed into the fabric, but rich Rinso suds roll out all the dirt by themselves.

### IMPORTANT WEEKLY SAVINGS

The Rinso 2-minute boil method saves at least ½ hour's fuel every washing-day. And Rinso alone and unaided is all you need for the whole wash. No bar soaps or extras to buy!

**Silks, woollens, colours... squeeze through lukewarm RINSO suds**




To keep dainty silks, woollens and coloured things just like new, freshen them up often with a few minutes' run-through in rich LUKEWARM Rinso suds and rinse well. No need for harmful rubbing with Rinso . . . the suds are extra rich and extra mild.

4.200.13 A LEVER PRODUCT





## Crippled Badly with Rheumatism



*Could Hardly Get Around*

"Working in a damp place gave me rheumatism so badly I could hardly get around. My joints and knuckles were swollen badly and every muscle in my body seemed to ache. I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil' and got relief almost instantly. To-day, thanks to that wonderful oil, I work eight hours a day in all kinds of weather without a bit of trouble."

Good old 'St. Jacobs Oil' certainly does knock the pains and aches of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, and Neuralgia. It penetrates directly to the affected parts and draws out all the pain and misery, and it does not burn the skin. Try a bottle which you can get from your chemist.

**ST JACOBS OIL**
CONQUERS PAIN

## Piles Disappear

**No Cutting or Salves Needed.**

External treatments seldom banish piles.

Nor does cutting remove the cause. The cause is inside—bad circulation. The blood is stagnant, the veins flabby.

The bowel walls are weak, the parts almost dead.

To quickly and safely rid yourself of piles you must free the circulation—send a fresh current through stagnant pools. Internal treatment is the one safe method. Ointments and cutting won't do it.

J. S. Leonhardt, M.D., a specialist, set at work some years ago to find a real internal remedy for piles. He succeeded. He named his prescription Vaculoid, and tried it in 1,000 cases before he was satisfied. Now Vaculoid is sold by chemists everywhere, under guarantee. It is a harmless tablet, easy to take, and the makers will gladly refund the purchase price to any dissatisfied customer.


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# STRANGE FACTS *and* FABLES *of the* ORIENT

## Told in Story and Song by 2GB Artists

## *Origin of Favorite Beverage*

**The Orient, ageless as Time, never loses its allure. Its fount of legendary tales, strange customs, and romanticism seems boundless.**

***Station 2GB has drawn from this inexhaustible source to give listeners twice a week an interesting feature called "Charm of the Orient."***

IN this session, Reg Morgan is weaving melodies, interspersed with dialogue which tells of odd facts relating to the handicrafts, history and arts of China.

Assisting him in the presentation is a girl of 18, Brenda Carter, and her introduction to radio has in itself an odd history.

When the idea of this entertainment was first suggested to Mr. Morgan, he was confronted with the problem of finding a partner whose voice would blend with his own. One day, in the 2GB record department, he was impressed by the pleasant voice of one of the girl assistants. He immediately suggested an audition, which proved most successful, and so Brenda Carter emerged as a radio artist!

"I think," Reg Morgan says, "one reason why odd facts are so universally popular, is that we are surrounded by them, and even the most



*MR. REG. MORGAN*

ordinary life if full of them. It only requires someone to point them out to us.

"In 'Charm of the Orient,' however, Brenda and I confine ourselves to odd facts concerning China, which is certainly the original home of odd facts and living contradictions. Yet it is remarkable how closely these facts concern us!

"Take the making of a pot of tea, for instance.

"How many women know that the art of tea-making was discovered in China about 2700 B.C. Its discovery was merely an accident. Some priests, being unable to use the brackish water near their temple, tried steeping in it the leaves of a plant growing nearby, in order to counteract the brackishness.

"The experiment proved so successful that the inhabitants of that part of China began to cultivate the tea plant, and in China to-day, tea is still used for the purification of water.

"The value of this little plant became so great, that, in the years that followed, it was even used as money. The tea was compressed into blocks for currency. Even to-day, tea-money, machine-pressed, is still used in certain parts of China and Tibet.

### Magic Mirrors

"ANOTHER odd fact which will come as a surprise to many people," continued Reg. Morgan, who admits that he, too, has fallen for the lure of odd facts, "concerns the mirror. The earliest mirrors were made in China. They were of bronze, with one side highly polished and the other side decorated with moulded designs of birds and trees.

"A peculiar feature of these mirrors caused them to be known as 'magic mirrors.' If set up with the polished surface facing a wall, the moulded design would be reflected on the wall. The ancient Chinese believed that some magic property caused the decoration to be reflected right through the bronze. However, modern science, which is for ever banishing the superstitions of generations, has solved the mystery.

"Knowing that these mirrors were hand-polished, the scientists discovered that the moulding on the back caused an extra pressure on the high-spots in the design, so that a wavy outline was left on the polished surface, invisible to the eye except when reflected by a strong light.

"It is odd facts such as this which make us realise how much we overlook in the bustle of our lives," concludes Reg. Morgan philosophically. "And talking about odd facts, isn't radio itself one of the most unbelievable of all odd facts? Who would have credited it twenty or thirty years ago?"

## OUR RADIO SESSIONS FROM STATION 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier.)

WEDNESDAY, June 23, 11.45 a.m.: London Calling. 3.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, June 24, 11.45 a.m.: The Movie World. 2.45 p.m.: Things That Happen.

FRIDAY, June 25, 11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, June 26, 6.15 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30: Presenting Clarice Mayne (comedienne.)

SUNDAY, June 27, 4.30 p.m.: The Old Gardener. 6.10: Sidewalks of London.

MONDAY, JUNE 28, 11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, June 29, 11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45 p.m.: Swing Music.


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# PARLAY *Voo*, MARIE?

*Continued from Page 38*

SHE forgot Paris, and the trip, and the clothes. She only remembered, with a pang at her heart, that she was going to fail her father. Her father, whom she had hardly known for all the years of her life, whom she had come to love so deeply during these last weeks when they had laughed and plotted together.

Old Dog Tray had been absolutely right. She didn't know anything about French. It was madness, it was sheer folly for her to volunteer to interpret what this man was saying. She didn't get one word in ten, and as the faster he talked the less she got, and as he talked with impatient lightning-like rapidity, she was soon completely in the fog.

There was no laughing it off; no saving the situation. To Mary it was horrifyingly evident from the first; to her father and Barney it was becoming perfectly plain that there was no meeting of minds between Mary and the Vicomte.

Presently from the wreckage she extracted her life-saving phrase: "Will you speak more slowly? I cannot understand you when you speak so fast." She said it more than once.

He received it patiently. He repeated what he had to say. Her troubled eyes were fixed on his; she tried to read his expression, to win his co-operation with those little coaxing contractions of her blue eyes, those significant little pursings of her red lips that had so quickly subjugated Gogo. It was no use.

The nightmare, to Mary at least, seemed to last for hours, but after a while there was relief; other guests arrived, Gogo, of course, who fell instantly into easy talk with Vicomte de Crouvert, and little Mrs. Burney, who spoke French accurately and carefully, and with great delight.

"MARY, my dear, the Vicomte tells me you have been having difficulties! What do they teach you girls in all those years in school?" Alison Burney asked in amused affection.

"He said Mary couldn't speak French?" Richard asked quietly. Mary did not look at her father. The steamer tickets in his pocket, the new top-coat upstairs, the swish of the creamy crepe gown did not save her from the first stinging unendurable feeling of shame her life had ever known. Lessons wasted, money wasted, time wasted trying to make a cultured woman of her! And, worst of all, love and faith wasted. Her father had believed in her, and he had had that belief betrayed!

Sitting at the dinner table, smiling at Gogo on her left and Judge Harkness on her right, Mary felt ready to sink into the earth with sheer self-contempt. It washed over her like the drowning waters of a river; she couldn't bear it. Little Alison Burney could speak French. Everyone else could speak French except lazy, stupid, rich Mary Leavenworth.

After dinner they were going to play bridge, and Gogo had to go back to the Consulate on some special mission. Mary played bridge—they did teach you that at Carstairs—but she could not play for these stakes. There seemed to be no reason for her hanging around. Gogo had arranged that Vicomte de Crouvert should go down to Wall Street to-morrow at eleven. She needn't go, now; Dad would have to find someone else to whom to trust the secret business.

She drew him aside after dinner. The bridge-players were cutting for partners and places; Gogo was saying a smooth good-night to the other Frenchman; Mary could get her father to herself for a moment.

"Dad, I'm awfully sorry!"

He looked at her—the old, kindly, indifferent look that she had had for so many years.

"That's all right, Mary."

"I mean, I really thought I spoke French well enough to do it. I mean, I had no trouble with Gogo."

"Was that all genuine stuff you were talking to Gogo that first night?" Richard Leavenworth asked, simply enough, but with a shrewd glance that brought the hot color into Mary's face.

"Yes, it was all French. Only—it was different. We were laughing; it was fun," she stammered.

"Well," said Richard wearily. "This, unfortunately, isn't all fun. I'll have to see who I can get to talk for us; it's damnably dangerous. But that's not your worry, my dear. You're not playing? Going to turn in, eh?"

"YES, I'm going to bed." She trailed away disconsolately.

She got into pyjamas and brushed her hair, and, glancing with withering hate at the little red French dictionary and the phrase book beside her bed, plumped up her pillows, got hold of a film magazine, and climbed into bed.

Time went by; it was almost midnight. No use trying to sleep with heart and mind in such utter feverish confusion; she must glue her eyes to the page and read on and on about this film star and that. Anything rather than stop, and begin thinking.

Suddenly she did stop, staring wildly into space for a moment, her mouth half-open, fingers at her lips. Then, with an audible gasp she was out of bed, across the floor, and had opened the hall door.

Hansen, her father's man, was at the top of the stairs murmuring with old Mamie, who always stayed up on dinner party nights to be sure the women got the right furs. Both had known Mary since babyhood; they were not entirely surprised to have her come flying out in night apparel, to hear her wild appeal. She must see her father. Hansen must go down immediately before the party broke up. He could say anything he liked, but he must bring Mr. Leavenworth upstairs, right now, this instant, and if Mr. Leavenworth wouldn't come Hansen might announce that in that case Miss Mary was coming downstairs in her pyjamas.

The Leavenworths sailed just a week later than they had planned. On the day before the big ship left the New York Harbor Mary went down to Wall Street with her father and Barney Pemberton and the real Vicomte Henri Denis de Lignes de Crouvert. The Vicomte's sailing from France had been delayed just a week, too, it finally was made clear. He had cabled, but the house of Leavenworth had not received the cable. Someone else had, and it was that someone else who had substituted one of the Bullock servants for the Vicomte.

Just exactly what one business man did when another business man stooped to this sort of thing Mary neither knew nor cared. She knew that her father loved her again—French or no French—and that he had used the weapon that her bright eyes and good memory for faces had put into his hands to its fullest effect.

IT was, however, highly satisfactory that the affair of interpretation had been finally carried off successfully. The real Vicomte was gentle and polite and middle-aged, with a sweet wife who had been in the convent with Gogo's sister and Mrs. Bernheim. Henri Denis de Crouvert tried his best to simplify matters for Mary, and Mary quite honestly took her little red dictionary down to her father's office, and matters went swimmingly. After a laughing, concentrating, hard-working hour of it everything was happily concluded, signatures put here and there, and Mary, flushed and weary, was receiving the Vicomte's congratulations upon her French. How long had she studied French?

"Ten years," Mary meant to say. But the words for years, months and days always had confused her, and she said "weeks" instead.

"Ten weeks!" the Frenchwoman echoed. "That is extraordinary!"

"Is he saying your French is extraordinary, Mary?" her father asked her in pride.

"Well, I think I told him something wrong," Mary answered honestly.

The night before they sailed, Mary tried to tell Gogo all about it. It was very hard, because she did not know such phrases as "when we were out camping" and "going over the mountain to the camp of this girl's aunt's friend," and "just happened to remember his face," and "tried all evening long to think where I'd seen him before."

Gogo, of course, knew that the man who had called himself the Vicomte de Crouvert had been somebody's chauffeur, caught red-handed as a spy; perhaps he was too much absorbed in watching the curves of Mary's red mouth to follow the story very closely. Now and then he would start up from a moment of abstraction and murmur: "Comment?"

Then Mary would gallantly start all over again, in her eager slipshod French.

"Because I am with my friends in Canada, see you? And I go—two years past, to visit their aunt in another camp, see you? And behold, the aunt has a French chauffeur who drives—who would drive—who might have driven—who takes us home, see you?—six or seven girls. Our automobile is broken. He will take—he does take—and we see him, but he does not, naturally, naturally, naturally, notice us, see you? And this aunt of my friend is also the great Madame Bullock, see you? The wife of the man who is my father's rival in this business. So that when I see him last week I ask myself: 'Do I—am I—Have I seen this face—before where?'—and then I recall——"

But this, even with Gogo's adoring assistance, was hard going. When Richard Leavenworth reached home a few minutes later Mary and the Vicomte Georges Francois Marie de Gresson Duprez had abandoned the topic. They were very close together indeed on the big leather davenport at the library fire; only the dark head and the gold head were visible, and a section of the Vicomte's shoulder. Mary was speaking in low monosyllables and only occasionally, but, by George, what she said was in French, all right! Richard distinctly heard the murmured syllables.

"Wee. Wee. Ah, wee, mong chair. Ah, Gogo, wee, too joor."

(Copyright)





**SHOOTING has its charms, too. It is a sport that is noticeably popular among women lately, and their interest has led to the formation of week - end classes where they gain tuition. These two, Miss Bonnie Judd (above), and Miss Diana Matthews, were snapped practising near Camden.**

—Fox Movietone photos.


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
# HOME MAKER
June 26, 1937. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers


# Stories in FURNITURE

## Delightful Ideas for the Nursery . . . that Specially Appeal to Tiny Folk and Grown-ups too!

*By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Representative in London*

NURSERY wallpapers and friezes have been telling stories to small children for some time. Now their furniture takes up the tale.





ABOVE: A night nursery featured in the recent Ideal Homes Exhibition, London. The furniture is of specially-treated pine with synthetic glass handles.

LEFT: A day nursery in the Exhibition. Because furniture in daytime has more use this is made of unpolished oak, which can be scrubbed clean. Notice food cupboard with flap which falls forward.

AT the recent Ideal Homes Exhibition in London, a special feature was made of nursery furniture designed to have a new and interesting appeal to children. The ideas are really delightful.

A chest of drawers that is a yacht, with mirrors for sails, would persuade the most restless child to stand still while his hair is being brushed. In case he still fails to respond there is a toy yacht hanging at the side of the chest to amuse him.

On the doors of the matching wardrobe is a tall white lighthouse against a blue sea, the amusement item on this piece of furniture being a sailor's lanyard across the top with a boatswain's whistle hanging from it.

### White Enamel

EITHER Mr. A. A. Milne or the Coronation inspired another suite of washable white enamel with bright blue bevellings and brightly painted cut-out figures telling the story of the Guards. The wardrobe door is the front of a sentry-box, and groups of Guards march across the frames of the glass-fronted drawers.

A clown in pink pantaloons, white cap and white ruffle leans against the big circus drum, which is a circular mirror, in another nursery suite. The miniature dressing-table stool is a circus drum decorated with the clown's circus dogs. More dogs sit in the corners of the doors on the pale blue wardrobe.

All these suites were built so that they can be altered, as the child grows bigger, to provide taller wardrobe space and higher mirrors.

Turquoise-green and sky-blue make a delicate but practical color scheme for a nursery for very small children. In a luxurious twin nursery at the Ideal Homes Exhibition this combination of colors was used against an enchanting background of white wallpaper closely patterned with silver stars and special unit furniture of washable pearled pine with green glass handles.

Curtains of coarsely-woven blue silk were scattered with silver stars, framing inner curtains of turquoise-green coin-spotted net.

Turquoise cot - covers matched the plain carpet, and the cover on the nurse's bed, a new type of washable blanket with a silky fur surface, was the same blue as the curtains.

The furniture was designed to eliminate all dangerous sharp edges and built on a scale enabling even a very small child to put away its own clothes.

The cots were covered with a new type of netting of wide mesh, fitted over a gable-shaped frame, so that a child instead of being penned down in the cot can stand up and yet not fall out.

### Fairyland

INSTEAD of pictures or wall friezes a delightful sense of fairyland was provided by tableaus in two small wall niches, lit by small concealed lights, at each side of the cots. A clever father or mother, or the children themselves, if old enough, could cut out the tableaus in thick white cardboard. The concealed lighting gives the white paper a silvery surface and an airy, misty reality.

In the Exhibition nursery one tableau showed the fairy prince riding a silver charger past strange hills and trees, and the other with the princess beside him riding up a winding stairway to a fairy castle.

You could change the tableaus as often as you had time to cut out the silhouette pictures.



NURSERY TABLE-WARE, porridge bowls, wooden spoons, and platters made of cherrywood and elm were shown at the Ideal Homes Exhibition, London.

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# ENTER THIS EXCITING COMPETITION

## Send in Your Very Best Recipe, and Try for Substantial Cash Prizes

***Here are the prizewinners for this week—an intriguing assortment ranging from a delicious sweet to a new savory dish.***

EACH week £1 is paid for the best recipe received, while consolation prizes of 2/6 are awarded for every other recipe published.

So that, with the minimum of effort, you can earn a little pocket money, and help thousands of housewives who are anxious to try good new recipes as well.

Write out your recipes, as many as you like, attach full name and address to each and send in to us.

### RIBBON TART

Filling for this tart is made in three colors. First, the coffee layer, second, the vanilla cream for the centre, and third, the chocolate-covered top.

Dissolve 5 tablespoons of cornflour in cup cold milk, mix with yolks of 2 eggs, ¼ cup sugar, and ¼ teaspoon salt. Stir into quart of boiling milk and cook until smooth. Then remove from fire and add 1 teaspoon vanilla and a tablespoon butter. A cup of the custard is reserved for the top, and the remainder is divided into two equal parts. To one part, the bottom layer, add 2 tablespoons of strong black coffee, stir till thoroughly blended, then pour into a tart shell.

When partly set, pour over the second part flavored with the vanilla. Before it is set, spread over the top the reserved cup of custard, blended with 2 squares of melted chocolate.

Allow to set thoroughly and serve with whipped cream.

**First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Cowden, Knotts Siding, Vic.**

### OXTAIL SOUP

**One oxtail, 2 quarts weak stock, 1 stick celery, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 20 peppercorns, 1 tablespoon ketchup, ½ wineglassful Port wine, 2oz. flour, 2oz. butter, salt, 6 cloves, 1 bunch of herbs (thyme and parsley.)**

Divide oxtail into small joints, wash well, and trim off superfluous fat. Put in a stewpan with cold water and bring to the boil. Strain and rinse the pieces with cold water. Wash and dry vegetables, also the pieces of tail. Rinse out the saucepan and dry this as well. Melt butter in the saucepan, and roll pieces of tail in the flour, and when butter is smoking put them in and fry a deep brown. Add the two quarts of weak stock, and bring to the boil, removing all scum as it rises.

Now put in the vegetables (sliced up small), parsley and thyme. Simmer gently for four hours, until the pieces of tail are quite tender.

Then take the pieces of tail out of soup, and keep them hot. Strain the soup through a sieve into a basin. Skim off all fat, then return soup to the saucepan. Put pieces of tail into it again, and bring also to the boil. Add wine. A few of the best pieces of carrot and onion must be taken out as soon as they are cooked and cut into fancy shapes. Add to the soup with the wine the last thing.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Law, 21 Cross St., Nth. Strathfield, N.S.W.**

### ICED ALMOND PUDDING

**Half pound almonds, 8 eggs, 1lb. sugar, 1½ pints milk.**

Blanch almonds and pound to a paste; beat sugar and milk together, whisk up eggs until they are very light, put almonds, milk, and sugar into a pan and allow this to come up to boiling point, then pour this over the well-beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Now strain this mixture back into the pan and stir it round until it thickens. Do not allow it to boil or the mixture will curdle. When it has thickened, put the mixture aside until it is cold, then pour it into the freezing-dish, and freeze. When sufficiently frozen, but not hard, put the mixture into any neatly-shaped mould and keep this on ice or in refrigerator until required.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. E. Cropley, 97 Hall St., Semaphore, S.A.**

### HONEY ROLL

**For Pastry.—1 egg, 5 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons sugar, self-raising flour.**

**For Filling—5 tablespoons honey, 6oz. chopped shelled nuts, 2 bars grated chocolate.**

Beat egg and sugar thoroughly, stir in honey, and lightly add sufficient flour to form the mixture into a stiff dough. Knead this and roll it out into a long strip. Heat the honey slowly, and when it boils, add the chopped nuts and chocolate. Stir all the time until the mixture thickens, and then spread it over the rolled-out strip of dough. When the filling has set slightly, roll up the dough and bake in moderate oven till the pastry is cooked.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. C. Field, 99 Megalong St., Leura, N.S.W.**

### CREAMY APPLE DUMPLINGS

Peel three medium-sized apples, cut in halves, and remove pips. Make a light pastry, roll a piece around each half of apple and place (not too close together) in a rather deep piedish. Add about one cup of sugar, pour milk over till dumplings are almost covered and bake in a moderate oven one hour, adding milk to keep covered while cooking. The milk makes a delicious, thick, creamy sauce.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Bedford, 88 George St., Kangaroo Point SE1, Brisbane.**

### COCOA ROLLS

**Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 8oz. sugar, 4 tablespoons cocoa, 1 egg, well-beaten, and enough milk added to make a scant half-pint, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence.**

Sift flour and cocoa together, rub in butter till like fine crumbs, add sugar, and mix into soft dough with egg, essence, and milk. Place in 2 well-greased tins. Put in hot oven for 5 minutes, lessen the heat and cook slowly. When cold, cut into squares and butter.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Langford, 176 Palmerston St., Perth.**

### EGG BOATS

**Four or more newly-laid eggs, mayonnaise, chopped ham, salt, pepper, made mustard, toothpicks or wooden skewers, 1 sheet of plain notepaper (white).**

Put eggs on to boil (hard) for at least 20 minutes, pour off water. When eggs are cold, shell and cut in halves lengthwise; carefully remove the yolks with point of knife, and put them into a basin. Add a tablespoon or more of mayonnaise (a few drops of oil and tarragon vinegar may be added if liked), salt and pepper to taste, a teaspoon of made mustard.

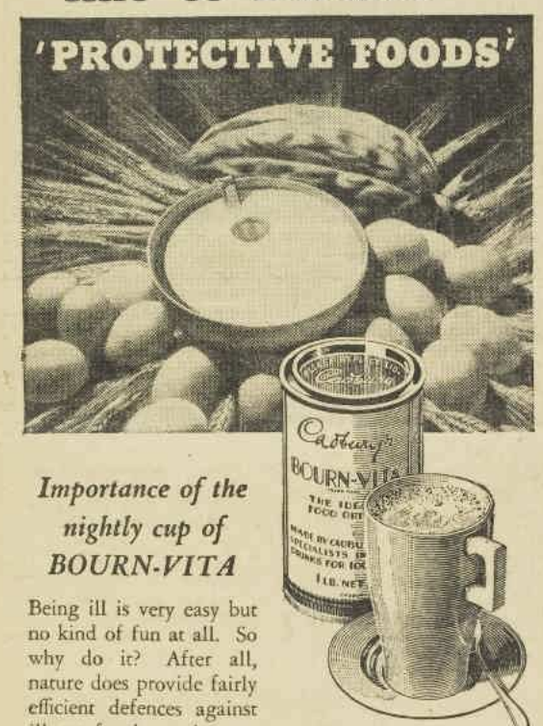
Mix all this to a smooth paste, then stir in a tablespoon or more of chopped ham. Fill the egg boats with this mixture, piling it fairly high. Split the top of a toothpick and insert a small triangle of white paper for the sail. Insert the toothpick in the top of mixture. Serve on a flat plate. These little boats are very attractive for buffet or bridge suppers.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. D. Wood, 32 Mulgrave Street, Launceston, Tas.**




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A daily cup of *Bourn-vita* gives you the extra supply of these vitamins and minerals that you need. *Bourn-vita* is made of four protective foods—fresh milk, barley malt, eggs, and chocolate. *That is why people who drink Bourn-vita regularly are much more likely to get through the year free from illness than people who don't.*

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*THIS WEEK*

## STEAMED PUDDINGS

***What could be more appetising on a cold winter night than a steaming hot pudding?***

WELL, here are some splendid recipes for steamed puddings sent in by our readers and selected by our cookery expert for this week's special subject.

Let us have your favorite recipes. They may be worth cash to you, for a prize of 2/6 is awarded for every recipe published in this section.

### STEAMED HONEY SPONGE PUDDING

Beat till creamy 1 heaped tablespoon butter, add ½ cup brown sugar. When well-beaten, add ½ cup of honey and beat well. Have ready mixed 1½ cups flour, 1 dessertspoon of ginger, 1 dessertspoon of spice, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon. Add to butter and honey mixture, alternately with ½ cup of milk and beat well, and lastly 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, dissolved in a little boiling water. Pour mixture into a buttered basin, tie down and steam 2 hours. Serve with custard or cream.

**2/6 to Mrs. F. Sincock, 54 Hayward Avenue, Torrensville, S.A.**

### WATTLE GROVE PUDDING

**Two and a half cups flour (plain), 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons treacle, 2 cups milk, 2 cups currants, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda.**

Sift flour and rub in butter, add fruit. Mix treacle with half milk, dissolve soda in remainder of milk. Add all to dry ingredients. Pour into a greased basin, cover with greased paper or lid, steam for 2 hours. Turn out and serve with white sauce. This pudding is very nice cold and can be cut and served as a cake.

**2/6 to Mrs. I. Bowler, 205 Bay Street, Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.**

### MOUSSELINE PUDDING (STEAMED)

**One and a half ounces butter, 1½oz. sugar, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, the separate yolks and whites of 2 or 3 eggs, 1 large cooking apple, finely grated, and ¼lb. flour.**

Blir butter, sugar, lemon and yolks of eggs over the fire until thick. Then add apple and flour. Whip the egg-whites until they are stiff, and mix in. Steam in a buttered mould very gently for 30 minutes. Serve with any sweet sauce you like. Juice and grated rind of an orange may be used instead of the lemon for a change.

**2/6 to Miss M. B. Litchfield, 17 Sea View Terrace, Brighton, S.A.**

### WINTER FAVORITE

**Two cups flour, ½ cup dark sugar, 1 cup mixed fruit, 1 cup grated rind of large carrot, 1 cup grated rind of large lemon, 1 cup dry breadcrumbs, 1 cup grated suet, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon mixed spice, 1 egg, milk.**

Put all dry ingredients in basin, mix together, make hole in centre, drop egg in and beat it with sufficient milk to form stiff dough. Place in greased pudding basin and steam for three hours.

**2/6 to Beatrice MacRae, Selina, Bothwell, Tas.**

### STEAMED CHOCOLATE PUDDING

**Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 level teaspoons cocoa, 4oz. self-raising flour, vanilla.**

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk in which cocoa has been blended, lastly sifted flour and vanilla. Pour into a greased mould or basin, cover with greased paper. Steam 1¾ hours. Remove paper. Turn onto hot dish and serve with cream or chocolate sauce.

**2/6 to Miss S. Hall, 247 Riversdale Rd., East Camberwell E8, Vic.**

### QUEEN MARY PUDDING

**One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, vanilla essence.**

Cream butter and sugar, add egg (well beaten), then milk and essence and flour. Mix well. Pour into a well-greased steamer with 3 good tablespoons of plum jam on bottom. Steam for 1½ hours.

**2/6 to Mrs. E. J. Chant, P.O., Burracoppin, W.A.**


## BRING IN THE PUDDING!

There's a smile on father's face, a slightly greedy one on Tommy's, and mother looks pleased with herself. She's made Sultana Pudding for dessert and she rather prides herself on her puddings. She makes them with Copha, the pure vegetable shortening, because Copha really does make the best puddings — makes them lighter, tastier and more digestible, and here's the recipe for the pudding:

### COPHA SULTANA PUDDING

| | |
|---|---|
| 4 ozs. Brown Sugar | 2 tablespoons Milk |
| 3 ozs. Copha | 2 ozs. Self-raising flour |
| 1 Teaspoon Mixed Spice | 4 ozs. Breadcrumbs |
| Little Caramel colour if desired | 6 ozs. Sultanas |
| 1 Egg | 2 ozs. cut Peel |

Cream Copha, sugar, spice and caramel. Beat in the egg. Stir in the milk. Add remainder of ingredients and mix thoroughly. Boil in greased basin for 2 hours, or longer if a darker pudding is required.

Puddings, cakes, pastry, sauces, sweets—make them all with Copha and you'll be thrilled with the results. But remember, where you would use 1 lb. of any other shortening use only ¾ lb. of Copha and add two tablespoons of water and pinch of salt. And if you feel you'd like to try some special Copha Recipes before using it in your own favourites, send for the Copha Recipe Book. It's free and post free and can be obtained from

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# APPETISING Ways With EGGS

— By — RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

## Some home-tried recipes for using this valuable food as savory main dishes for lunches, dinners, and suppers.

**No other food offers so many possibilities for producing at short notice delicious, nourishing meals as eggs. No other food has packed away in such a small space so much concentrated food values.**

RICH in protein and fat, eggs make a valuable substitute for meat. They also make a pleasing accompaniment to a meat course.

There is no economy in buying stale eggs, for a fresh egg goes twice as far in a cake or pudding as a so-called cooking egg.

A fresh egg is translucent when held to a strong light.

A new-laid egg will not shell very easily when hard boiled, as the white is in curd-like flakes.

New-laid eggs take just a little longer to cook than those one day or more old.

Eggs are at their best when 24 hours old. For recipes where the white has to be beaten, very new-laid eggs are not suitable—until 24 hours old they are most difficult to beat. The whites of stale eggs, too, are heavy to beat. Remember, a fresh egg feels heavy; a stale egg feels light.

When beating whites of eggs make sure: Basin and whisk are quite dry; once started don't stop till whites are stiff; don't start whisking until required, as the whites of eggs soften with waiting; when beaten sufficiently you should be able to turn the basin upside down without any fear of the white falling out.

### Boiled.

Boil the water, slip in the egg on a spoon. Boil for 3 minutes. Remove from water. Wipe dry, and serve in egg-cup.

### Hard Boiled.

Put the egg in boiling water. Boil for 12 minutes. Plunge into cold water for 20 minutes. Shell. Never leave eggs boiling for a long time.

### Fried.

Use plenty of fat. Have it hot, but not boiling. Break the egg into a cup and slide it carefully into the pan, which should be tilted slightly. Baste with fat and cook 2 or 3 minutes. Remove with egg slice. Serve on bacon.

### Poached.

Boil a pan of water, add 1 tablespoon vinegar. Break egg into cup, then slide carefully into tilted pan. Simmer for 3 minutes, basting with water. Remove with egg slice. Trim off ragged bits of white. Serve on buttered toast or fried bread.

### Baked.

Butter ramekin dish. Break in eggs. Bake in moderate oven 5 to 7 minutes.

### Boiled Egg for Child or Invalid.

Put the egg into a saucepan, completely cover with boiling water. Cover; allow to stand for 6 minutes. Wipe dry and serve.





*ABOVE: Stuffed eggs are popular as savories for suppers and parties. The cooked yolks may be mashed and mixed with tomato sauce, or some other flavoring, returned to the whites and garnished with gherkin. The stuffed eggs shown above are served on a bed of cooked rice.*

*SHOWING how to separate egg yolks from the whites, when recipes require whites to be beaten separately.*

### Japanese Peach

Lightly boil the egg, turn out into hot cup, add 1 teaspoon breadcrumbs, salt, cayenne. Serve at once.

### Hidden Eggs.

Eggs, breadcrumbs, salt, cayenne, butter.

Well-butter some small glass fireproof dishes and sprinkle with crumbs. Break egg into each one. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne and few crumbs. Bake in moderate oven till set. Then turn on to hot dish and serve at once with hot cheese or tomato sauce.

### Egg Salad.

Hard-boiled eggs, lettuce leaves, butter, salt, cayenne, mayonnaise or salad dressing.

Remove shells from eggs. Cut in halves. Remove yolks, mash well with butter. Add salt, and cayenne, then refill the whites with this mixture. Place stuffed eggs on lettuce leaves, garnish with tomatoes or beetroot, and serve very cold with dressing.

### Sausage Eggs.

Hard-boiled eggs, sausage meat, flour, salt, pepper, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat, parsley.

Remove shells from eggs. Divide sausage meat into as many pieces as eggs, and flatten out, using a little flour on the hand to prevent sticking. Lay the egg on the piece of meat, season, then carefully mould it round the egg, completely covering it. Dip in egg glazing, then toss in crumbs. Wet fry till a golden brown. Drain on paper. Serve very hot, garnished with small sprigs of parsley.

### Egg and Bacon Tart.

Half-pound rashers of bacon, 4 eggs, cayenne, 6oz. shortcrust.

Make the shortcrust, cut one-third off. Roll out larger piece into a round, and line a well-greased sandwich tin or pyrex tart plate. Remove rind from bacon. Cut in halves and lay in the bottom of pastry. Sprinkle with cayenne. Break eggs into cup, then slip on to the bacon. Roll out small piece of pastry large enough to cover tin, and do so carefully. Pinch the edge all round. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

### Fricassee Eggs.

Hard-boiled eggs, white sauce, salt, cayenne, finely chopped parsley, cream.

Make the white sauce, add to it a little cream, salt, cayenne, and very finely-chopped parsley. Remove shells from eggs, add whole to the sauce, and reheat without burning. Serve in entree dish.

### Fried Stuffed Eggs.

Six eggs 2 tablespoons melted butter, 3 sardines, 1 tablespoon vinegar, mustard and salt, flour and pepper and salt, egg-glazing, frying fat.

Place eggs in boiling water and boil for 10 minutes, then place in cold water for a few minutes. Cut lengthways and remove yolks, mash with the sardines, salt and mustard, then add the vinegar and butter. Refill whites with the mixture, putting two halves together. Place in flour, pepper and salt, then in egg-glazing. Toss in the breadcrumbs and firm on the crumbs. Place in a frying basket, lower into the boiling fat and fry a golden brown, drain on white paper. Serve very hot.


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# GROW TOMATOES *at* HOME



*You can grow tomatoes like these in your home garden if you follow the advice given in the article below.*

## *The Cultivation of This Valuable Fruit Is a Light, Easy, and Profitable Occupation*

*—Says THE OLD GARDENER*

**The best land to select for successful crops is a soil with a rich, mellow loam and a good clay subsoil.**

***It is as well also to select the land with an easterly or north-easterly aspect, so that the plants receive the morning sun.***

HAVING sown the seed your attention should now be concentrated on the plot chosen to receive the young plants when ready. Dig this plot thoroughly, rake fine and level, then mark out the rows about three feet to four feet apart. Drive the stakes about four feet apart in the rows. At the base of each stake, stir in the soil a sprinkling of blood and bone mixed with a little superphosphate.

When the plants in the cold frame are ready to move, water well about one hour beforehand, so that when lifted a good deal of the soil will adhere to the roots. By this method, transplanting will be made very much easier.

Water very sparingly for the first few weeks and watch out for the first pest, which is the cut grub. This grub is a small, dark green insect, but can do an immense amount of damage while the plants are young.

Very often after planting you will notice many of the plants lying over, as if cut off level with the ground with a sharp knife. This should tell you that the cut grub has been at work.

After destroying the plant in this manner, he busies himself a few inches under the soil, and if not captured and another plant placed there, the same thing will happen again.

There are many methods of dealing with this grub. An inspection after dark with a lantern will check him in small areas, but for larger plots poison baits are made in the following manner:

Mix an ounce of paris green with 16 ounces of bran. Mix with water into a crumbly mash, with a little salt added. Molasses or treacle is sometimes added. Sprinkle this bait along the rows of plants. This is the most effective way to get rid of the pest.

During the growing period of the young plants, it is absolutely necessary to spray them. Prevention is better than cure; do not wait until the diseases attack and then spray to cure, for this is impossible once they have attacked. We can prevent tomato diseases, but it is impossible to cure, when once attacked. If any plant shows signs of disease, pull up and burn immediately. There is no other remedy. Too much cannot be said on this subject.

Those who wish to secure early tomatoes should get their seed in immediately. Keep them covered under glass or hessian. A frame can be made very easily of hessian.

Drive four posts into the ground in a corner of the garden, facing east to ensure that they will get the morning sun. Make the back posts about 2ft. 6in. high out of the ground, and the front posts about one foot to eighteen inches high. Tack the hessian around the sides, place battens on the top and bottom to keep the hessian very tight. Make a covering with the same material and sew on to the covering a piece of water pipe or something similar, so that the top can be rolled up and down when required.

Sow the seed in this frame, and when growing the top can be rolled up or down at will. If you wish to make a hot bed of this frame, dig out the soil to about 2 feet and fill with manure. Leave for a few days, then turn it over with a fork, spread about an inch of soil on the top, and sprinkle the seeds on the soil. Cover lightly, water sparingly, and leave. The heating and fermenting of the manure will cause speedy germination and will give the plants a good start.

The size of the frame or hot bed will be in accordance with the size of the area needed for planting, and the number of plants required.

When the plants have attained their third leaf, prick out of the hot bed, and plant into a cold frame, made in a similar way to the previous one, but without manure.

Do not water the plants too often, otherwise they will damp off. Transplanting should take place as soon as the plants are ready and weather conditions are favorable. With the use of the Morella plant shields, which are on the market to-day, planting can be done at any time, even right into the middle of winter.

After transplanting, place these shields over the plants and they act in the same manner as a miniature glass-house. They are chemically treated and stand up to frost, rain, and all rough weather conditions. They also keep off all insects and diseases. Being transparent, sun and light can penetrate in a similar way as with a glass-house, so those who wish to have early crops, by using these shields, will be assured of their plants being protected throughout the winter.

***LISTEN-IN to the gardening talks given by the Old Gardener, of The Australian Women's Weekly, from Station 2GB, at 4.30 every Sunday afternoon.***


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**Does a MAN notice his Wife's HAIR?**





Make no mistake—there are two times at least every day when you can be sure he does notice your hair . . . If it has a youthful, healthy gloss; if it is *silky-clean*—or if it is flat, dull, or "dandruffy"!

You can't be too careful in washing your hair if you want it always to look its best! Those girls who always seem so popular, never, never, use ordinary skin soap for their hair. For eventually the burning, drying, chemical effect of soap "alkali" deadens, dries, and makes hair brittle and hard to manage.

● If you want your hair to always look *silky-clean*, soft, lustrous, and wavy with extra "life"—use Colinated . . . the pure (non-alkaline), quick-rinsing liquid shampoo that everyone's talking about! ● BLONDES—This new-style Colinated Shampoo (non-oily) brings forth sparkling gold brilliance—prevents uneven "patches"! ● BRUNETTES—Discover rich new glittering highlights!

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## Catarrh Causes Head Noises and Deafness

GREAT EUROPEAN REMEDY OPENS UP CLOGGED NOSTRILS AND RELIEVES CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

Few people realize what a serious disease catarrh really is. If neglected, the damage it does is often irreparable. Deafness, lung troubles and head noises that drive the sufferer nearly frantic are frequently due to this insidious disease, whilst neglect of catarrh often makes its victim into a worn-out, run-down catarrhal wreck. What is catarrh to-day may soon be something far more serious. It is more than a trifling ailment—more than a disgusting disease. It's a dangerous one. Unchecked, it frequently destroys smell, taste and hearing, and slowly but surely undermines the general health.

If you have catarrh, go to your chemist and get an ounce of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a tablespoonful four times a day.

Catarrh being a disease of the blood, the only possible way to relieve it is by treating the blood itself. Drive the catarrhal poisons from the system by treating the blood, and the disease itself must vanish. Parmint has proved successful in so many cases because it acts directly upon the blood and mucous membrane.

To be able to breathe freely, to hear plainly, smell, taste, and arise in the morning refreshed and strong, and with the head and throat free from phlegm, are conditions that make life worth living. For your own sake give Parmint a trial—and with your whole system crying for relief you should start the treatment now.



## MOST ECONOMICAL




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## IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 25 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 3/-. Resent a substitute.


# FOR *Young Wives and* MOTHERS

## *Training in Cleanliness*

By MARY TRUBY KING

***Though it is very convenient for the mother or nurse to have baby so well trained that there are no soiled napkins after the first fortnight of life, it is often a convenience which is short-lived.***

IN general, there is far too much fuss made on the part of modern parents over rigid standards of cleanliness.

No attempt should be made to enforce adult standards of cleanliness upon an infant in arms. Rather rejoice that your baby has a normal action at the same time each day.

This does not mean that baby is not to be held out regularly at a set time each day; but it does mean that the mother should not become worried if nothing takes place.

It has been proved over and over again that those children of two years and over who have serious relapses in this connection are invariably those who were "over-trained" in babyhood.

It is better to let these things come about gradually and normally. Certainly the situation should not be allowed to develop into an emotional one, in place of a purely physical one. Innumerable mothers work themselves up over this natural daily procedure, blaming themselves for any lapses on the part of their infants, and imparting a tense emotional atmosphere which affects their babies subconsciously.

**It helps if mothers are calm and encouraging about the matter.**

**Scolding is worse than useless.**

Above all, do not think that the baby is "naughty" because he hasn't yet learned to perform at the right time, and in the right place.

Even the most model baby is apt to have a return to his early habits when teething, or when changing from liquid to solid food.

At all ages try to avoid constipation.

The following is a simple menu for women who tend to suffer from constipation:—

**On Waking:** Drink of hot water and an apple.

**Breakfast:** Well-cooked cereal with cream, or milk and sugar. Wholemeal bread and butter, and honey. Steamed fish, if liked. Weak tea, freshly made. Fresh raw fruit.

**Mid-morning:** Orange drink. Also drinks of water.

**Dinner:** Vegetable soup. Small helping of beef, mutton, lamb, liver, poultry, brains or fish. Two or three different kinds of vegetables. A very little potato (baked in its jacket is best). Fruit salad, or stewed fruit, or light steamed pudding. Glass of milk.

**During Afternoon:** Drinks of water, cup of weak tea. Nothing to eat.

**Evening Meal:** A salad made of green, leafy vegetables, tomatoes, grated raw carrot. A simple dressing. Wholemeal bread and butter. Oatcakes. A little home-made cake, if liked. Raw ripe fruit. Or stewed fruit and junket.

**Bedtime:** Drink of hot water. Dose of laxative fruit mixture. (Given in our issue of 12/6/37.)

### Miss a Day

OCCASIONALLY a perfectly healthy child will miss a day, but procure a normal action the next day. This is nothing to worry about. The ideal to aim at is two actions daily for the toddler.

A change of dwelling or a long journey will often temporarily upset the rhythm of the daily action. As soon as the child settles down and the diet is adjusted, matters will right themselves.

Always see that the toddler has plenty of water to drink between meals. It may be flavored with fruit juice if plain water is objected to.

Should 48 hours pass without an action, it is wise to give a dose of paraffin, or some simple remedy ordered by your doctor. The Laxative Fruit Mixture may be used for children as well as adults, providing the senna is omitted. Make sure the child is having a laxative diet, plenty of fresh air and sufficient daily exercise. Skilled massage of the abdomen is often useful.

Systematic training and watchfulness are essential when teaching cleanliness and regularity, but all emotional conflicts should be avoided.





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## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME



..BY A DOCTOR..

***PATIENT: What are the symptoms of mumps? Is the disease common among adults?***

MUMPS is a contagious disease in which a certain salivary gland is involved, namely, the parotid. Usually both parotids are diseased, one on each side of the neck. The other salivary glands may also become involved.

Exactly what the poison or germ may be that causes mumps remains unknown. But the infection spreads from one person coming into contact with another.

**Children and young adults are most often affected, especially those between the ages of four and fourteen. Infants seldom contract the malady.**

Mumps is a disease which seems to be more frequent in the spring and autumn, and more likely to appear in cities than in rural districts.

The length of time between the appearance of the symptoms and the infection—the so-called "incubation" period—varies. It may be three days or longer, up to twenty-three days.

After this, the fever starts, although in mild cases the swelling on one side of the neck may be the first sign.

### Below the Ear

AS regards this most characteristic swelling, pain is often noted when the jaws are moved before the swelling has assumed large proportions. This pain is felt below the ear.

It is rare for only one gland to become infected. Usually the enlargement of the first precedes the one on the other side of the neck by a day or two. Occasionally it takes a week or more.

Mumps is a disease in which the house or school or institution should be quarantined for three weeks. If a healthy child is exposed to a case of mumps, the chances are that the disease will be transmitted. Particularly is this true between brothers and sisters.


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WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
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# Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

## DELIGHTFUL NEW STYLES

Patterns Simple, Reliable and Cheap!

*Send In Now!*




### PLEASE NOTE

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

**NEW FEATURES**

**WW1650.**—The new high neck and pleated front are smart notes in this afternoon frock. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**CHILD'S FROCK**

**WW1653.**—Charming winter style for the little one. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Material required: 2 to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**




**NEW TUNIC**

**WW1646.**—Delightfully novel tunic ensemble, high-waisted with cravat. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**ENCHANTING BOLERO**

**WW1648.**—Dainty, unusual style for afternoon wear, with quaint bolero and contrast collar. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide and 3-8 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**SIMPLE AND SMART**

**WW1649.**—Make this in winter heavyweight material with relieving yoke of color, for a really smart simplicity. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**




**SOPHISTICATED MODE**

**WW1651.**—Definitely an alluring style with interesting bodice treatment. Make it in figured satin. Bust sizes: 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1½ yards contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**CHIC COSTUME**

**WW1647.**—Three-quarter-length suit, most popular wear for these cold days, and a mode right up to the minute. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**STRIKING BLOUSE**

**WW1652.**—Admirable for wearing under costume. Note quaint flap finish. Bust sizes: 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**







## *4-PIECE BABE'S LAYETTE—COSTS 3d.*

THE four dainty infant's garments shown at right may be cut from this week's splendid three-in-one concession pattern. It is obtainable in sizes infants to 12 months, and each three-in-one pattern in each one size costs 3d.

To obtain fill in coupon below, enclose 3d in stamps, and send to our offices.

Material required for No. 1 frock: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. For No. 2 petticoat, 1 yard. For No. 3 nightgown, 1½ yards. For No. 4 jacket, ¼ yard.

### *SPECIAL CONCESSION COUPON*

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 3884, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 498F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 4916, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4299YY, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.

Tasmanian readers may obtain patterns by writing to our Melbourne Office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Size ..... Pattern Coupon 26/6/37.

## OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



Knit It In . . .

# SCARLET and WHITE

## A Smart Jumper with Contrasting Cowl Collar

**Cosy and chic for winter is this long-sleeved white wool jumper. The decoration of scarlet dots and the cowl neck are most attractive.**

**MATERIALS REQUIRED:** 8oz. 4-ply fingering wool, white. 2oz. 3-ply fingering wool, scarlet. 2 prs. needles, Nos. 9 and 11.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 21 inches. Bust, 34 inches. Length of sleeve seams, 19 inches.

**Abbreviations:** K. knit. P. purl. Tog. together. St. stitch. St-st., stocking-stitch.

**Tension:** 7 sts. to 1 inch. 8 rows to 1 inch.

**BACK**

Using white wool and No. 11 needles cast on 108 sts. (k. into the back of cast on sts.) work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1 for 3 inches.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.-st. (k. 1 rpw, p. 1 row).

Work even for 2 inches, then increase 1 st. each end of next row, and every 8th row following 4 times (118 sts.)

Work even and when work measures 13½ inches, shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Decrease 1 st. each end of next 5 rows, then next 5 alternate rows.

Work even until armholes measure 7½ inches; shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows.

Cast off remaining sts.

**FRONT**

Work the same as the back until armhole shaping is reached. Then with the right side of work towards you, divide sts. for neck as follows:

**Next Row:** Cast off 5 sts., k. 53 (leave on spare needle), k. 2 tog., k. 58.

**Next Row:** Cast off 5 sts., p. to end of row.

**Next Row:** K. 2 tog., k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

**Next Row:** P. 2 tog., p. to end of row.

Decrease 1 st. at armhole edge of next 3 rows, then decrease 1 st. at armhole edge of next 5 alternate rows; at the same time decrease 1 st. at neck edge of every 2nd row.

When armhole shaping is completed work even at armhole edge, but continue to decrease at neck edge every 2nd row until 24 sts. remain.

Work even until armhole measures 7½ inches.

Shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole every 2nd row 4 times.

Join wool at neck edge, and work other shoulder to correspond.

**SLEEVES**

Using No. 11 needles and white wool, cast on 54 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.), work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1 for 3 inches.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. at each end of next row, and every 8th row following.

When work measures 19 inches, decrease 1 st. each end of every row until 20 sts. remain. Cast off.

**COWL YOKE**

Using scarlet wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 3 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.)

Work in garter-stitch (k. every row) increasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until increased to 131 sts. Work even for 2 inches. Cast off.

**TO MAKE UP**

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulders. Sew in yoke, fitting the point at centre-front, and joining seam at centre-back of neck.

Turn the top edge over to form fold. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves.

Using a darning needle and scarlet wool, embroider squares on front and sleeves. Work in satin st., taking 4 sts. across and 4 sts. down to each square, working 9 rows on front and 3 rows on sleeves, as shown in illustration.



*THIS ATTRACTIVE long-sleeved jumper is knitted in scarlet and white, and has a fascinating cowl collar and trimming of scarlet squares worked in satin-stitch. Instructions for making are given here.*

### To Graft Toe of Sock

**BREAK the wool and leave a length of wool about 16 inches long. Thread this into a darning needle. Begin on the front needle. *Pass the darning needle through the first stitch as though you were knitting it and slip it off. Pass the needle purlwise through the next on the same needle and leave it on. On the back needle purl the first stitch and take it off. Knit the second stitch and leave it on. Repeat from * until all the stitches are off the needles. Finish neatly on the wrong side.**





One cube makes a cup of delicious chicken broth

CHICKUBE

CHICKEN BROTH CUBE



Made by the makers of Anchovette. Harry Peck & Co., Ltd., London.



"PSORIASIS Permanently Banished"

INCLUDED among the remarkable number of successful treatments of skin diseases achieved by Mr. R. Richard Diamond, 1 his well - known chemist of Bondi, are long-standing cases of Psoriasis for which the patients had sought relief for many years.

Mrs. E. D. writes: "After only six weeks of my treatment, my complaint, Psoriasis, is completely cured. I think this is wonderful as I have had the complaint for over three years, during which period I was treated by several doctors and was told that the complaint was incurable, but I am now cured and am truly grateful."



MR. RICHARD DIAMOND.

Mr. Diamond's success with this phenomenally effective course of skin treatment has been responsible for the release from skin tortures of many grateful patients, not only in his district, but all over Australia. Many patients had previously spent pounds over a period of years in the hope of permanent cure.

Skin complaints successfully treated include Eczema, Psoriasis, Germ-underneath, Ulcers, Ringworm, Tinea, Acne, Boils, Pimples, Pruritis, Varicose Veins, and other irritating and disfiguring diseases. Every treatment is personal, and readers afflicted are advised to get in touch with Mr. R. RICHARD DIAMOND, Ph.C., M.I.O., 89W Hall Street, Bondi Beach, Sydney, N.S.W.






-thanks to her Friday night's

AMAMI SHAMPOO

Inexpensive Amami Shampoos pay for themselves over and over again. They will make your hair as soft as silk, free it from dandruff, prevent splitting, fading or falling, and bring out the lovely natural colour. Whatever your type there's an Amami Shampoo made specially for you: Amami No. 1 for Brunettes, No. 5 for Blondes (containing Lemon Rinse & Rosemary Tea), No. 7 for the very fair and the Special Henna application to brighten and fine dull hair, No. 12 for those who prefer a Soapless Shampoo.

Add Perfection's final touch with AMAMI WAVE-SET

*Just five minutes with this fragrant, non-oily, non-sticky, non-powdery lotion will give you charming little curls and deep, fascinating waves.*

Friday Night is Amami Night



# Acid In Your Blood Kills Health and Vigour Kidneys Usually to Blame

There is nothing that can so quickly undermine your health, strength and energy as an excess of Acid in your blood. Every time you move your hand, take a step, or use even the slightest amount of energy, cells are broken down in the body and create Acids. This process goes on even when you are asleep.

Fortunately, nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess Acids. To get rid of these Acids nature provides that your blood circulate 200 times an hour through 9 million tiny, delicate tubes, or filters, in your Kidneys. It is the function of the Kidneys to filter out these health-destroying Acids, and to purify the blood so that it can take energy and vitality to every part of your body. But if your Kidneys slow down and do not function properly, and remove approximately 3 pints of Acids, Poisons, and liquids from your blood every 24 hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned, making you feel old before your time, run-down, and worn-out.

## Causes Many Diseases

If Kidney troubles cause you to suffer from Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Circles Under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Vitality, or Burning, Itching and Smarting, don't waste time worrying and waiting. The natural thing to do is to help your Kidneys with the doctor's special Kidney prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex). Cystex works directly on the Kidneys and Bladder, and helps the Kidneys in their function of washing impurities and Acids from the system and in maintaining the purity of the blood. Don't try to overcome Acidity in your blood by taking medicines to offset the Acidity. The only way you can really get rid of the Acidity is by helping your Kidneys to function properly and thus remove the Acid from your system. The Acid is bound to stay there unless the Kidneys function properly.



Dr. G. B. Knight

Chemists and doctors in over 51 different countries throughout the world recommend Cystex for its purity and prompt action as a Kidney medicine. For instance, Dr. Geo. B. Knight, Physician of Camden, N.J., recently wrote: "Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome Kidney troubles. It is assimilated by the system in short order and starts its beneficial action almost immediately, yet Cystex contains no harmful or injurious ingredients." Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, another widely-known physician and Medical Examiner of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

## £2,000 Money-Back Bond

If you feel older than you are or suffer from any of the dangerous symptoms mentioned, your Kidneys may be the real cause of your trouble. Get the doctor's prescription Cystex today. Put it to the test and see the great good it can do in your own particular case. Cystex is offered under a written money-back guarantee that by helping your Kidneys it will make you feel Younger, Stronger, and more Vigorous and satisfy you completely and thoroughly in 8 days, or you merely return the empty package and your money is refunded immediately. Your word is final. This written money-back guarantee is backed by a fund of £2,000 deposited by the Knox Drug Company (Pty.) Ltd., manufacturers of Cystex, with the leading banks of the world, such as Westminster Bank, London, Eng., Bank of New South Wales, Sydney. You can't afford to endanger your Health—you cannot afford to waste time—and you can't afford to take chances with cheap, drastic, irritating drugs, which might injure your delicate Kidneys. Get the doctor's prescription Cystex from your chemist today, under the written money-back guarantee that it must make you feel well and strong and satisfy in every way or cost nothing.



MEET YOUR LOVER!

—In the "Serenade to Beauty".

Every Monday at 9.00 p.m., from 4BK-AK—2CH—6IX-WB. Every Wednesday from 3DB-LK at 8.15 p.m., and 5AD-MU-PI at 8.30 p.m.


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# WEANING TROUBLES AVOIDED



*A healthy youngster . . . weaned on Robinson's "Patent" Groats.*

Robinson's "Patent" Groats and milk is the ideal food for baby at the weaning stage. It should be gradually introduced into the diet after six months. Easily assimilated, Robinson's "Patent" Groats and milk contributes to the development of bone and muscle at a critical growing period.

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS

FREE—"Recipe Book" containing a collection of appetising, nutritive "Barley and Groats Recipes" will be sent post free if you write to Colman-Keen (A/sia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503 M.M., Sydney, N.S.W.



# She couldn't believe her eyes!




No matter how dainty the colours or how fine the fabric, Persil will wash it quite safely. The *secret* of Persil's washing lies simply in Persil's oxygen suds, which remove every speck of dirt *gently*—yet so efficiently that colours glow like new—fresh as the day you first saw them. *Beware of Imitations.*

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.




PERSIL KEEPS COLOURS FRESH AND BRIGHT


Needlework Notions

# GAY HOLLYHOCKS... *for the* TABLE

**Favorite old-time flowers in a new and charming design adorn lovely table linens.**

YOU can obtain these fresh linens all ready stamped with the charming hollyhock design and finished with either hemstitched or spokestitched edges from our Needlework Department.

This hollyhock cloth, which measures 54 x 54 inches, is one of the most delightful designs yet created.

If you have a weakness for fresh, colorful cloths, you won't be able to resist the one pictured here.

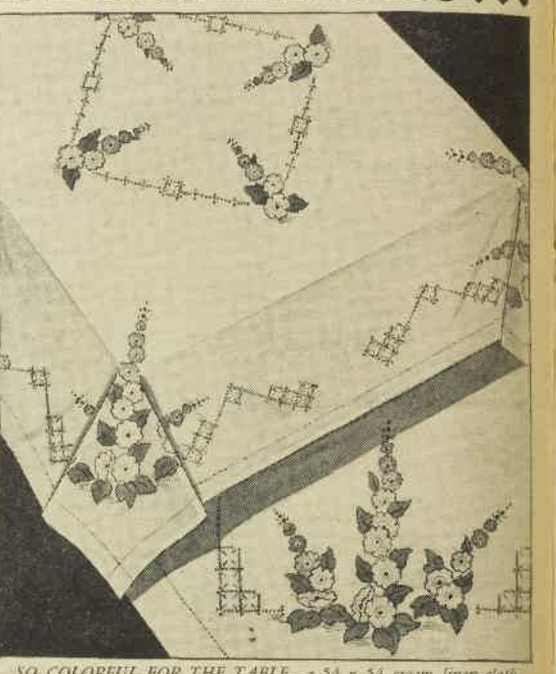
**The price of the cloth, size 54 by 54 inches in best quality cream linen stamped with design ready for working with either hemstitched or spokestitched edges, is 7/11.**

In addition, you are given with the cloth a complete color chart and full instructions for doing the embroidery as well as instructions for working some fascinating crochet edges.

Order now from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.

Other designs are also obtainable stamped on this 54 x 54-inch cream linen cloth. Particulars on application to our Needlework Department.

When ordering, state whether hemstitched or spokestitched edges are required.



*SO COLORFUL FOR THE TABLE—a 54 x 54 cream linen cloth with exquisite hollyhock design. The cloths are obtainable stamped with design ready for working from our Needlework Department.*

## NEAT SHAVING TIDY




*MADE OF ARRAS CLOTH with rubber lining. Pockets for brush, razor and paper. Stamped with design for working. The price from our Needlework Department is 1/11 each.*

# *New Gaiety in Linen Tea-Towels*

**Pure Irish linen towels hemmed and traced with attractive designs for working.**

THE designs include a tea-cup and wreath, water-jug and glass, and coffee-pot and cups

The towels are in natural linen with gay striped borders in blue, green or yellow.

The price of the tea-towels, size 24 by 34 inches, obtainable from our Needlework Department stamped with designs ready for working and hemmed, is 1/11 each posted.

The designs should be worked in colors to harmonise with the striped borders.

You could outline the cup and saucer in blue, with a blue satin-stitched handle, and satin-stitch the band within the rim of the cup and the saucer. Work the berries on the cup and in the wreath in buttonholing in two shades of red—light and dark.

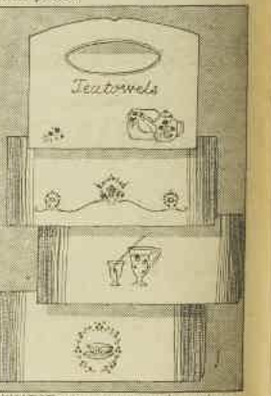
In the coffee-pot and cups design fill cups and pot in solid with satin-stitch, buttonhole the berries, do leaves in lazy daisy.

The water jug and glass design has been inspired by the new lacquered glass sets, and is worked in outline with filled-in spots. On a yellow-edged towel, outline the glass and jug with deep orange and black spots, indicate the liquid in glass and jug with yellow stem-stitching and satin-stitch the straw in yellow.

To go with the tea-towels there is a useful tea-towel bag, also obtainable from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

Interstate postal addresses in pattern page.

The bags all complete, made of best quality crash and stamped with design for working, are priced at 2/6 each posted.




*THESE three tea-towels and tea-towel bag can be obtained hemmed and stamped for working from our Needlework Department.*




## Everyone admires the freshness of my skin

*My secret is Vivatone—the Perfect Skin Tonic*

Few women realize how much the right skin tonic contributes to the beauty of their skin. Those who do, always use Vivatone, the Perfect Skin Tonic. Vivatone is ideal for closing the pores after a thorough cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. It stimulates the circulation and gives you that fresh, youthful appearance everyone admires. Vivatone is excellent for a quick clean-up before applying new make-up. It is also recommended for neutralizing perspiration. Get a bottle today and see how firm and fresh it will make your skin.




Look your best with DAGGETT & RAMSDELL


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## FOR EVERY ILL
### Nature provides a remedy

*Mother Seigel's Syrup contains Twelve distinct Medicinal Herbs known for generations for Stomach and Liver Disorders.*

Mother Seigel's Syrup assists the Stomach to do its work thoroughly and efficiently, by toning and stimulating it to healthy activity. It also has a most beneficial effect upon the Liver and Bowels. Acidity, faulty Digestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headaches and other troubles arising from a Sluggish Liver and Disordered Stomach vanish after the first few doses.

Mother Seigel's Syrup has been world famous for more than 70 years — there is no better tonic for young or old. Try Mother Seigel's Syrup to-day. Sold in Trial Size, 1/9; Economy Size, 3/-.

*It is the special combination of extracts — found only in Mother Seigel's Syrup — which gives them their supreme medicinal value.*



## "Every Winter had Terrible Colds"
### Nurse's Grateful Letter

"I want to thank you for the wonderful cough and cold medicine, Buckley's Canadiol Mixture. I bought the first bottle last winter, for the old gentleman whom I am taking care of, for he has had terrible colds every winter. The first dose helped, and after the third dose cold was gone——it does such quick work. Mrs. C. Davis."

Don't take chances. For even the most stubborn, racking cough swiftly yields to the powerful influence of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting), the largest selling medicine for coughs, colds and bronchitis in bitterly cold Canada.

Get a 2/3 bottle at any chemists. Safe and guaranteed always.



Get rid of the Curse of the
## DRINK HABIT
by the famous "EUCRASY" Remedy

Thousands of wretched homes have been made once again happy by the simple but SURE use of Eucrasy. Can be given with absolute secrecy, by wife or mother, or taken voluntarily. NOT COSTLY. Write or call for FREE SAMPLE. Booklet and hundreds of testimonials Dept. B EUCRASY CO., 99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

ESTABLISHED 41 YEARS



## FAULDING'S
Honey & Almond Cream



is a boon to the outdoor girl. Prevents wind-burn, cracked lips, and skin roughness. Keep a bottle in your handbag.

4½d., 9d., 1/6.



IT'S FAULDINGS . . IT'S PURE


MOLLY read her letter through twice, although it was not long and was written in a sufficiently clear, if somewhat jerky, hand. It was from Vivian Swift. He wrote:

Dear Mrs. Davis: Thought I'd let you know that I discontinued several days ago the rental of the room in town which Mimi was using. Found it a bit difficult to see, up in view of the momentarily depleted state of my finances. Perhaps at some later date I might be able to take on something of the sort again. Meantime, I know that you and her mother were never particularly pleased about it, so will now shed no tears.

"The impudence!" muttered Molly.

"What's it all about, grandma?" asked Raymond curiously.

Molly thrust the letter in the bosom of her dress and turned towards the dining-room. "Come on, my boy, your lunch will be cold."

She was more than usually tired that day, so slept more than her usual time in the afternoon, waking unrefreshed and weighted with a feeling of lethargy unfamiliar to her. Dusk came with a feel of snow in the air.

"Gosh!" said Raymond between blasts of dinner music from the radio. "Hope we got something good to-night. I could eat—boy I could eat!" When Molly delayed dinner because half-past six came and no Mimi, he was impatient. "You let that girl run this whole house, grandma. I'd show her who's boss!"

"You'd do a lot of things," said Molly good-naturedly. Hard not to reveal her growing uneasiness.

Seven came with Susy at the dining-room door. "Dinner's gonna be spoiled, Miz Davis."

"Can't be helped, Susy. I'm expecting Miss Mimi any moment."

A quarter of an hour later, with Raymond suddenly resentful, Susy frankly rebellious, Molly commanded her forces and ordered dinner brought in. "I can't think what's keeping your Cousin Mimi."

"Don't expect to find out, do you?" Raymond was too hungry even to pretend a civility he did not feel. "Who's Mimi's New York sweetie?" he inquired between mouthfuls.

"Mind your own business," said his grandmother, acutely apprehensive of such adolescent clear-sightedness.

"All right," said Raymond darkly, "all right—but I know women."

Pleased with the results of his shot in the dark, he came back several times in the course of a wretched evening to the incontrovertible fact of Mimi's absence at an unseemly hour from the family hearthstone. "You ought to come down on her like a ton of bricks," he said virtuously. "Grandma, you don't know what a lot of trouble a girl can get into."

Molly told him that Mimi had probably decided to stay in town with her father.

"You swallow that stuff?" inquired Raymond with what he fondly intended for a knowing leer.

AT last Molly made him go to bed. So much authority, at least, remained to her.

But when Raymond had unwillingly taken himself above stairs Molly sat with empty hands and watched the fire dwindle and die. Somebody had to look after Meg's child, and who was there to do it except Molly? Certainly not Mimi's father. He had for once shown sense in taking the room in New York away from Mimi, but Molly was not for a moment deceived by talk of his depleted finances. Mimi had been found out in something—something undesirable, something to do with that wretched Alan Wythe—and Swift, while correcting his own mistake, was also saving Mimi's face for her. The fire sank to ashes. Hands folded in her lap, Molly dozed.

She woke with the clock on the mantel chiming two. Stiffly she jerked herself upright in her chair, pressed her fingers hard upon her eyelids. Two o'clock. Mimi must surely have come in—there was one train after midnight. She must have slipped up the stairs. Slowly and with painful noiselessness Molly climbed to Mimi's room. It was empty. Slowly and with noiselessness no less painful Molly came down again. She went straight to the telephone.

When she had got her number the signal sounded clearly and repeatedly at the other end of the wire for some moments without interruption. Molly held on. "If he's not there," she thought, "Mimi's not there. If anyone at all is there I'll get 'em to the telephone. No one can let it go on forever."

With violent abruptness her unhappy reasoning was justified. "Hello-o!" Vivian Swift snarled sleepily.

Molly began with a touch of unwilling apology. "I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Swift—this is Mrs. Davis."

There was a pause in which she heard him yawn like a great cat—could almost see him try to shake himself into attention. "All right—what's up?" he asked grudgingly, too sleepy to concentrate.

"Is Mimi with you?" asked Molly curtly.

His deep blurred voice began to clear. "Mimi? She is not."

"SHE went into New York before noon," said Molly.

She heard him curse. He said, "You had my note—about the room?"

"That's what's worrying me," said Molly.

"Had she told you anything about it herself?"

"No—except for your letter I shouldn't have known a thing."

"Any idea what she was going in for?"

"Someone called her this morning. She almost ran herself to death getting off. Said she'd call me if she were going to be late getting back."

"Nice work!" said Swift grimly. "Meg still in England?"

"I expect her back about the tenth of next month."

# THE *Four* MARYS

*Continued from Page 36*

"Better cable her and tell her to come home sooner. Keep an eye on her daughter. You understand, of course, I've no possible way of locating Mimi to-night."

"I know that. I only called you on the chance she might be with you."

"If she were, she'd hear a few cold facts she wouldn't enjoy listening to. Get that cable off to-morrow—whether Mimi blows in about breakfast time with some swell explanation or not. She's Meg's child. Meg ought to be on the job."

"I'll get it off to-night," said Molly. "I can telephone it from here."

In London Meg and Brook Avery had been making an evening of it. They had been to dinner at the Savoy, gone on to the Russian Ballet, where to the ravishment of their eyes and ears they had seen and heard "Prince Igor," where Chopin's "Sylphides" had charmed and "Giselle" had delightfully, because ephemerally, saddened them. After the ballet Brook had suggested supper club, but Meg had held out for going home.

"We can have a fire and something to eat and drink there—without a band in our laps."

"Suits me," Brook had conceded pleasantly. "Question is, how is the commissary?"

"Come along and see," Meg had told him proudly.

*Please turn to Page 50*


## It's easy

to get every scrap of dirt, grease or burnt in substance off aluminium. Use Steelo . . it polishes also. A packet contains 5 pad and special soap—enough for 5 weeks

## STEELO





## Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.***






SCHOOLDAYS, they say, are the happiest days of one's life. Schooldays are certainly the *busiest* days of a *child's* life. Why? Because during schooldays children are working, playing *and* growing.

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| AUG. 18 | LORD HOWE | Returning Sept. 7 | From | £14 0 0 |
| OCT. 21 | NEW ZEALAND | Returning Nov. 3 | From | £13 13 0 |
| NOV. 12 | NEW ZEALAND | Returning Nov. 25 | From | £13 13 0 |
| OCT. 30 | LORD HOWE | Returning Nov. 8 | From | £13 5 0 |
| NOV. 11 | LORD HOWE | Returning Nov. 20 | From | £16 15 0 |
| DEC. 22 | LORD HOWE | Returning Jan. 11 | From | £16 15 0 |
| DEC. 24 | NEW ZEALAND | Returning Jan. 7 | From | £16 10 0 |
| DEC. 25 | Parlor Coach Party to Melbourne, via coast | | | £15 10 0 |

Return via Canberra, 8 days Melbourne, with sightseeing. Return, Jan. 3, 5.30 p.m.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
ST. JAMES BLDG., ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

# THE *Four* MARYS

*Continued from Page 49*

NOT the first time they had gone back to her sitting-room after a play. She kept a small supply of cheese and biscuits and sherry against just such happy emergency. It was like home—as the house in Connecticut had never been like home to her, because there she had not been able to be alone with Brook so unobserved, so entirely and satisfyingly forgotten of the world.

She had not until the past few weeks known what companionship with a man who loved her could mean to a woman. Companionship she had had with more than one man; love, of a sort, she had known briefly with Vivian Swift; but love and companionship together had shown her heaven. She knew already that always, after this, solitude for her would be a dreary thing.

However, on that night she was not fearing solitude. They sat on the rug before the small grate, in which the coal fire, already laid, had needed only the spurt of a match to set it going, and talked over the ballet.

Meg said, "My head's still reeling with that splendid savage dancing."

"Such a smooth, silky head it is too," said Brook. "You're looking very beautiful to-night." He lifted his glass to her gravely.

Meg flushed, lifting hers to him. "I'm terribly happy"—explaining to herself what beauty he might see in her. She was in a low-cut black gown which had seen a good two years' wear. She knew that her waist was slim, that the gown had always suited her, but beauty—she flushed, absurdly shy.

"Are you really happy?" he asked her.

Meg said, "I never knew before what it meant."

"We've been together rather constantly the past few weeks and you still feel that?"

"More all the time, Brook."

"You like England, don't you, Meg?"

She nodded, wordless, because there were no words that wouldn't sound glib and effusive to say how she liked England. What she felt went deeper than that. It was all mixed up with the way she felt about Brook. England was quiet and steady and strong—as he was.

"Take your eyes off the fire and look at me," said Brook. He stood up, put his glass away and took hers from her. Then he drew her to her feet and stood looking at her long and tenderly. "Do you like it well enough to stay?" he said. "The firm wants to keep me on here. Will you stay with me, Meg, and marry me?"

"Not to go back?" said Meg faintly. Her heart seemed about to stop beating.

"Of course, go back—you silly child," said Brook, smiling. He put him arms around her, spoke with his lips against her hair. "Go back sometime to see your mother—and Mimi—but now, will you stay with me?"

To Meg's ears time went by in that quiet room like a rushing wind before she could bring herself to answer. Things formed and dissolved in her mind like waves creating and toppling forward into the sea from which they arose. London! To live in London; ride scarlet buses in Piccadilly instead of green ones on Fifth Avenue; hear the calm voice of Big Ben tell the hours; walk in Green Park; have Crabbe Spencer for cousin, his dry pleasant talk in place, say, of Jimmy Kilmartin's acutely factual wise-cracking. She liked Crabbe Spencer—Brook's only available kinsman. She had grown amazingly fond of young Crabbe too. She was at home with him and his father—even with English people whom she had met more casually. She wouldn't be Ruth amid the alien corn.

"What are you thinking, darling?" said Brook. "You've known for some time I want to marry you."

"Yes," said Meg, "but that was in New York."

"There's rather a nice old cottage in the New Forest I might be able to get," said Brook. "With a small car I could get into town every day. You could go on with your book. The book means more to you than the column and the reviews, anyhow, doesn't it?"

"Yes—oh, yes" said Meg. The story of Lucy Cowan had grown by fits and starts, with only odd absorbed hours for working on it, until now it had the makings of a novel fairly well projected. She and Brook had talked it over more than once and he had been urging her to get on with it. Still Meg hesitated; why, she couldn't have said. Her heart ached to have done with hesitation.

"Think it over to-night," said Brook. "I'm going now." He kissed her, holding her hard and close. "You love me, don't you, Meg?"

"I love you," she told him in a breathless whisper.

"And I love you. I'll call you in the morning. Remember—I've never wanted any woman in the world but you for my wife."

She wanted to say, "Don't let me wait to think it over," but was too ridiculously shy. She let him go, and, when he had gone, sat down and began a letter to Mimi. That, she knew, would commit her more definitely than anything she could do, and she meant now to commit herself.

"My darling," she wrote, "don't be startled or angry or unhappy about this. I have decided to marry Brook Avery." She went on from that to speak of Brook's plans, which would now be her own. It was not a long letter, but as decisive as words could make it. When she had finished she sealed and stamped it and left it on her table ready for the morning post.

At half-past eight every morning a maid brought her breakfast on a tray. At ten Brook was accustomed to call her. At ten minutes past eight on the morning after her letter to Mimi, the doorbell of the little flat rang sharply. Meg was warmly asleep. Her decision once made, happiness had possessed her—the ultimate anodyne. She struggled into dressing-gown and slippers and went blinking to the door.

THE housemaid stood there. "Telegram just come for you, madam."

Meg took the cable and went away. For a moment she did not open it. "Mother," she was thinking in premonitory terror. Stairs—icy pavements—a tired heart. With a nervous laugh she steadied herself and slit the envelope.

Her first relieved glance showed that it was signed by Molly herself. The second look was less heartening. It read: "Return immediately. Mimi not safe. Refuse responsibility, consequences her actions."

Meg went over to the window, walking like an automaton, and looked out into the morning. Sky, rarely blue; no fog, no mist, only sheer wind-blown scarves of cloud. When she had seen the pale perfection of the day she went back into the room and dropped her mother's cable, which she still held, upon the table.

It fell and lay beside the letter to Mimi which she had written the night before. She looked at the clock on the mantelshelf. Not that time mattered greatly now. Only that at ten Brook would call her. "Well, darling?" he would say.

*(To Be Continued)*

## GIRLIGAGS



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| Creamy ☐ | Grey ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ | Oily ☐ |
| Medium ☐ | Hazel ☐ | BROWNETTE | Normal ☐ |
| Ruddy ☐ | Brown ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ | LIPS |
| Olive ☐ | Black ☐ | BRUNETTE | Moist ☐ |
| Sun Tan ☐ | LASHES | Light ☐ Dark ☐ | Dry ☐ |
| | Light ☐ | REDHEAD | AGE |
| | Dark ☐ | Light ☐ Dark ☐ | |

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THE MOVIE WORLD

June 26, 1937. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page One

# Calling Australia!

## Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY

*from Hollywood and London*

### *Muni Retiring*

THE screen is going to lose one of its finest actors, Paul Muni—or so he says.

After acting for 30 years—he commenced his career when he was 11, and is now 41 — Muni declares that he has had enough of work; he wants to loaf.

At present working on "Emile Zola," this star has played some memorable roles, chief among them being the magnificent characterisation of Louis Pasteur, which won him the Academy Award for 1936.

"Emile Zola," Muni announces, will be his last picture.

### Blonde Starlet's Tragic Death

● *Shocking to all who knew and heard of her was the untimely death of 18-year-old Helen Burgess, the blonde little actress who jumped from obscurity to a featured role in "The Plainsman." She died one week after contracting a cold while working in a new picture.*

*A month before her death she had her 3-hour marriage to Herbert Rutherford, her piano teacher, annulled. She claimed that he had married her to spite another woman, and immediately after the ceremony ordered her home to her parents.*

### *Juvenile News*

THE clever young Bonita Granville, of "These Three" fame, has left the freelance field and signed a fat contract with Warners. Being only fourteen, Bonita had to toddle off to court this week to have the agreement approved by the judge.

Another minor who visited the courts for contract approval was seventeen-year-old Lana Turner, a local high-school girl discovered by producer Mervyn LeRoy as she sat at a drug store counter sipping a malted milk, and signed up by him.

Lana has never done any acting, but her screen test came out so well that she will be given a nice role in Mervyn's film, "In the Deep South."



*Henry Fonda and Annabella*

*Appearing together in "Wings of the Morning"*

### *Clocks Thrown*

ADRIENNE AMES won a divorce from Bruce Cabot when she testified that he threw a metal clock at her in a drunken rage. She also won the custody of her 13-year-old daughter by a former marriage, whom Cabot had adopted.

"Bruce has always been extremely humiliating to me," said Adrienne in court. "He would come home violently intoxicated, fly into rages, destroy the furniture and threaten me with bodily harm. On one occasion he threw a chromium-plated clock at me, which came entirely too close for comfort."

### *Powell Baffled*

WILLIAM POWELL confesses himself baffled. Several nights ago, while his motor was parked directly in front of his home in the exclusive Bel Air district, all the tyres were slashed with a sharp knife, as if by a vicious enemy.

The all-knowing detective of the screen cannot supply the name of a suspect, or even guess at a motive.

Studio executives think that the damage may be the work of a crank, someone, perhaps, who has sent begging letters to the star, been ignored, and is taking this method of avenging himself.

### *Norma Signs Up*

NORMA SHEARER is definitely back in pictures, and for a long time, too. She has just completed arrangements for a new deal with M.-G.-M. It seems that her old contract automatically ended with the death of her husband, Irving Thalberg.

There is some doubt as to what will be the first Shearer production. It might be "Pride and Prejudice," and, it might be "Marie Antoinette," but at the moment it looks as if the famous novel by Jane Austen will get Norma's first attention.

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# THEY Still HAVE TEMPERAMENT

## Stars' Tantrums Are Not Yet Ancient History

*By JEANNETTE MacMAHON*

**THOSE days of temperamental outbursts from our screen worthies, when fur and feathers flew, to the tune of "I won't do it, unless there's more cash," or "That story's punk, I won't play in it!" Are they but a memory of the brave old days when screen vamps really earned the name, and movie heroes posed for minutes at a time for the benefit of a toothbrush smile?**

***Or, like the rich, are they still with us, despite the fact that Hollywood has graduated and is no longer a fledgling feeling its way towards talkie greatness?***



● *RIGHT: Simone Simon, who, from the moment of her arrival in America, made a name for herself as a wild-cat.*

THEY'RE still with us. Just so long as we have our Hepburns, our Sullavans, our Bennetts, and our Simons, that evil monster, Temperament, will still rear its ugly head in the cinema capital.

There was a time when a temperamental star was "good copy" for Hollywood's press-agents. An outburst on the set was always good for a front-page news story which, in all probability, did the star concerned more good than harm, because it effectively demonstrated her importance. And, after all, only the important ones can afford to flare up—with the others, it's a matter of "take it, or else!!"

Nowadays, however, with talkie production such a smooth-running, well-oiled piece of systematic machinery, the publicity of our temperamental outbursts is definitely taboo among press-agents. Rather do they suppress any such event which may jeopardise the reputation of their charges as being "sweet and simple girls and boys, so easy to get along with!" And besides, there's so much other "good copy" to talk about.

### A Fiery Feud

THIS week, however, I'm going to grit my teeth defiantly and say "rot" to what the press-agents are trying so hard to keep right under their tight-fitting chapeaux! These old eyes of mine have seen sufficient over the past few months to make me want to stand right up and shout "phooey" to many of those stars upon whom public adulation is showered so lavishly.

Let's talk first of all about Margie Sullavan, because she comes pretty close to top honors for Temperament! Not that she fights so much with her confreres on the set or with her producers. Any verbal warfare that may ensue in either of those quarters is but a workout for demure Margaret in comparison with her fiery feud with the nation's Press and photographers.

**Her favorite game is bashing photographers over the head with her umbrella, just like grandma used to do, and just like I saw Jessie Ralph doing in "After the Thin Man." And, consequently, the Press boys like to get their own back by snapping her in all kinds of unconventional and embarrassing poses . . . all of which bring great delight to the newspapers, and squeals of joy from those fans who see their idol in a situation that doesn't look at all like a glamorous movie star.**

On the set Luise Rainer is, for the most part, quiet, obedient to her director, and ever-ready to learn. But I recall one "leetle" outburst while they were making "The Great Ziegfeld" that is interesting. If you remember, Luise had to wear a tightly corseted gown for her role of Anna Held. She rehearsed two full days in costume in preparation for her appearance before the camera on the third.

But then, lo and behold, she appeared in front of director Robert Z. Leonard clad nonchalantly in a pair of slacks, with the explanation that—"Zose corsets, zey are so uncomfortable. I am sick to-day, I cannot work." And that was that . . . the scene had to be held over until the next day, with the consequent loss of a few thousand dollars to the studio.



● *Another European, Francis Lederer. His "temperament" is expressed in more pleasant fashion, and could be called eccentricity.*

Francis Lederer is another Continental who's looming large in filmdom, bringing with him temperamental customs that are as strange to us as our nonchalance probably is to him. Not that the dapper European is a great deal of trouble with his producers—rather to the contrary! But there's so much to be done before he'll attempt to emote in front of the cameras.

For instance: Immediately upon arriving at the studio, there are certain rituals to be observed, such as walking around the set three times, tapping on pieces of wood, bowing deferentially to his fellow artists and thinking for five minutes about the frame of mind in which he must be for the forthcoming "shot." Then he's right . . . that is, if there are no personal friends watching him from behind the camera.

That's one thing that the Lederer will NOT tolerate. He doesn't mind all the electricians, carpenters, and others of the vast army of movie workers watching him from the lines. But if it's a close pal, then . . . no work until his friend is outside the building. He puts it down to innate self-consciousness, though I think you'll agree with me that of all the film stars who could quite easily be self-conscious, Francis is certainly not one of them.

### She's Dynamite

**ADVANCE advertisements for "Girls' Dormitory" told the world outside Hollywood to pronounce the name of Simone Simon "See-moan See-moan." But those executives in the "front office," as the directorial location is called, have learned to pronounce this little French lass's name as "Problem Child"—because past experiences have proved that hidden in her five-feet-one of Continental coquetry is enough dynamite to blast down the entire sound stage.**

I, along with lots of others, blame Twentieth-Century-Fox for the trouble that's been caused by Simone. Because this is the set-up as we all see it. They grab a little French lass who's been doing fairly well for herself! They groom in her the sure knowledge that she's made of starring stuff!

Then boom! Out goes a million dollars' worth of advance publicity, with world-wide coverage, all of the type that would turn anybody's head, let alone a little French girl with no previous Hollywood experience. Well, she went the way of all flesh, as do most stars who read and believe their own publicity. She went completely high-hat and now after three pictures—I'm including "Seventh Heaven"—she's absolutely impossible to handle.

Needless to say, there are many others who suffer from lapses from their even-keel of good-humor, but space makes the telling impossible. Enough be it to say that even movie-stars are human, and when things aren't on the up and up they certainly know how to dish it out.

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# SUCH Are the STARS

## Honest Analysis Of Film Famous

*By JOHN C. RICHARDS*
*From Hollywood*

HOLLYWOOD film stars are unquestionably interesting people — especially to psychologists — but ninety-nine per cent. of them are not, and never will be, great people. They cannot help being glamorous since the peculiar nature of the business makes them exempt from all the ordinary rules of sense, efficiency, and normally-patterned life.

***This, together with two even stronger factors—the mental immaturity of the average star and the horrible insecurity of his job—must make him different from ordinary mortals.***

WILLIAM MORRIS, the famous theatrical agent through whose hands have passed hundreds of past, present and future stars, makes an interesting observation:

"Film players are a pathetic group of poorly-educated children, driven by forces incomprehensible to them, madly seeking diversion and the security of their spot in the firmament. And yet it can be explained and understood. If you'd never had anything but a wardrobe-trunk and a dingy second-rate hotel room to call home, you might spread yourself, too."

Learned psychologists, as well as many of us who once held down important newspaper jobs but now hash up stuff for the movies, agree that the average intelligence of screen players oscillates around fifteen or sixteen years.

### Nothing Guaranteed

THERE are exceptions, of course. People like Walter Huston, Gladys George, and Paul Muni, who were truly great stars on the legitimate stage before being lured into pictures, and who refuse to live in Hollywood longer than the time required to complete a role. But such as they are few and mighty far between.

Coupled with the mental juvenility of screen players is the rati.er shaky foundation upon which their careers rest—a powerful influence in the matter of conduct. The only thing in Hollywood that is guaranteed for a year is a calendar.

Everything is run on the option system here—a cruel scheme, but who can blame the big movie magnates for employing it with a team of irresponsible people to control? Let's explain the process from the beginning.

When a studio becomes interested in a young player, that individual is actually signed to a long-term contract. However, although this contract binds the player for a number of years, it provides the studio with a neat loophole in the form of three-monthly option periods. Thus at the end of each quarter the company is privileged to renew or cancel the agreement, while the unfortunate aspirant awaits the decision with badly-frayed nerves.

**Having to work under such perilous conditions would be absolutely intolerable to the average normal person, but the film colonists don't seem to mind it. Their childlike belief in good fairies and their unshakable faith in their own importance—wrongly formed as a result of reading their own advance publicity build-ups, issued by the studio hot-air merchants—convinces them that, although the axe must fall, it could never be on them. They can even joke about the other fellow's misfortune.**

When the axe descends on a young featured player, the spectacle is sad enough indeed, but the sacking of a star is a major tragedy. The featured player drifts gradually down the scale, from big studios to small ones, to quickie outfits, with the slowly dawning realisation that he or she is definitely washed up.

The star, on the other hand, will accept no convincing that his or her career is coming to an end. Few, if any, have the sense to retire at the height of fame and popularity. Instead they subject themselves to months or even years of torture and humiliation before realisation finally comes.

Strangely enough, or obviously enough, depending upon your point of view, feminine stars die the most painful deaths. The average male star needs several severe jolts to his professional pride before accepting the inevitable and retiring as gracefully as ignominous defeat will permit, but the women fight to the last gasp, and until not a shred of conceit can remain.

The process of declining stardom presents an interesting study, and as all waning feminine stars journey over the identical path we will take a hypothetical case for illustration.

When the last option day arrives and no word of renewal comes from the studio, the star is struck dumb with incredulous amazement. It is unbelievable that she should have been dropped at last.

The first throbbing of panic is replaced by the assurance that other studios will rush her with offers now that she is free. She awaits this flood of beseeching producers with child-like conviction. A week passes by, and so do the offers.

**Frightened now, the star gets in touch either with William Morris or Myron Selznick, two of Hollywood's most famous agents. More time passes, and finally the agent rings up to announce enthusiastically that he has procured her the lead in a forthcoming independent film. She is to receive £6000 for the picture. The agent is jubilant, and wants her to rush over to the studio right away for a test.**

### They Turn Haughty

IMAGINE the agent's surprise when this offer is coldly turned down, with the haughty remark that the star couldn't consider working for that figure—she's always received at least double that for a picture. He hangs up grumbling.

More time passes, and with it some of her assurance. With a juvenile belief in show, she entertains more lavishly than ever; becomes gayer, snobbier, and talks more extravagantly. She lets it be known that she is having a well-earned rest. Nobody believes her, but none refuses her hospitality. The local newspaper gossip columns carry flattering notices of her parties. These she avidly reads, convincing herself that they are irrefutable proof of her continued popularity.

Once again the agent rings. Is she ready to consider an offer now? Yes, she feels ready to work again. This time, however, the price has fallen to £3000. Once more she refuses indignantly.

Finally inactivity and Hollywood become unbearable. She decides to make a trip East. At New York she tells a group of mildly interested reporters that she might do a play, provided a suitable vehicle is found for her. The suitable play never materialises, nor does an interested producer.

England is the next step. With pride now at a dangerously low ebb, she storms the British studios, intent on sweeping all before her, and proving to Hollywood that it passed up a gold mine when it let her out. It is regrettable, however, that no matter how successful her work in England, Hollywood remains unimpressed. Hollywood has a short memory for names and faces.

If the star is wise—but few are—she will remain on the other side of the Atlantic and enjoy a prolonged twilight to a fading career. If she, or he, is vain and foolish—and most of them are—she or he will return to Hollywood to be snubbed again, to suffer hurt pride and deep humiliation with the bewilderment of a tortured child.

There is no need to concoct stories about Hollywood's people. Each is an intriguing story in himself—if the truth were told.



GALLERY OF STARS

*Virginia Bruce*

*Now appearing in Columbia pictures.*

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## DOTS... and DASHES

● Loretta Young superseding Simone Simon for the feminine lead in "Jean." ● Charles Boyer getting all set to produce and act in "The Man With Twelve Models." ● Spencer Tracy's double, a "bit" player, being besieged for autographs—Tracy's autograph. ● Garbo still refusing to take the King of Sweden's medal, [redacted] redecorating her dressing-room — all white this time. ● Mickey Rooney driving his first car.

# HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

*From BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY, Our Hollywood and London Representatives.*

**David Niven wouldn't say a word about his intentions before he sailed for England, but those interested in affairs of the heart suspect his visit may mean the resumption of his romance with Merle Oberon.**

***After signing with Sam Goldwyn for a third year, he airplained out of Hollywood for a three months' vacation, most of it to be spent in England.***

***Merle is now recovering from the serious injuries she suffered in a recent automobile accident.***

❖ ❖ ❖

FRED MacMURRAY told me this one on the set—and it's true!

He and Frances Farmer were doing scenes for "Exclusive" outdoors on a Hollywood street. The director set up his cameras, Fred and Frances piled into a taxi and were driven around a corner out of view. The taxi driver was supposed to dash madly round the corner and along in front of the camera.

With everything set, the director called "Action" and waited for the cab to appear. Nothing happened. After five minutes he went to investigate. It seems a sharp-eyed traffic cop had spotted the speeding cab and stopped it to give the driver a ticket! The explanation that they were only doing it for a picture made no difference, and the ticket had to be paid!

❖ ❖ ❖

**IN case Robert Taylor fans are interested—your idol has been found to be the possessor of a "photographic eye." Seems his director wondered why Bob never blew up on his lines and did a little investigating. Discovered the star just looks at a page of dialogue, gets a photographic impression of it in his mind, and never misses. It should be handy for some of our other players, but unfortunately one must be born with it.**

❖ ❖ ❖

*Kay Francis is a good secret keeper. Six months ago she purchased a house in Beverly Hills for her mother and had it entirely modernised. Mamma didn't know about it till the other day when Kay drove her over and presented it to her.*

❖ ❖ ❖

MOVIE cameras and movie men assigned to film the various Coronation rehearsals were rehearsed themselves.

Under the critical eye of the Earl Marshal, the five newsreel units assigned to film the Coronation took up their positions and filmed the empty benches. A few changes, making the cameras and operators even more unobtrusive, resulted from the rehearsal, and everything was set for the "big shots."

❖ ❖ ❖

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S beauty is temporarily marred by a nasty cut across her nose that required no fewer than 18 stitches. The skilful surgeon assures her that there will be no mark after the wound heals. She was frightened at first that her nose was broken. Now she hopes to go ahead in a week or so with her new picture, "Dead End."

The accident occurred in a beauty parlor. She was wearing shoes with very high heels when she tripped and fell against a glass table.

❖ ❖ ❖

**HE-MAN George Raft will open a pie shop! Yes, honestly! Georgie and his bodyguard-pal, Mack Gray, stopped at a little cafe late the other evening for dinner. The home-made pies were so good, he did some investigating.**

**The result—George will open a pie shop with the cafe owner and his daughter, who whips up the delicacies. Just another movielite to go into business so that rainy day won't come.**

❖ ❖ ❖

*George Arliss, back from a Monte Carlo holiday, is getting ready for harness once again.*

*This time he is leaving dukes and statesmen alone and is becoming a old-time smuggler for the Gainsborough production of "Dr. Syn."*




*After Dark* ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Poise, dignity and charm — essential to "after dark" occasions — depend so much on correct accessories . . . To complete a distinguished ensemble you must choose form-fitting Hand-cut Lingerie and exquisitely clear Ultra Dull Sheer Stockings by Prestige . . . . . .

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# MORE BING











★ *Paramount introduce Bing Crosby once again in "Waikiki Wedding." With the crooner (top left) is Shirley Ross. Also in the picture are Bob Burns and Martha Raye (centre). The dancer (top right) is part of the local color.*

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## THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

**Pardon me if I appear proud! But I think this is the first time in my chats to the folks that I've mentioned my acquisition of the Sydney "Liberty" Theatre. And if you knew just what I had up my sleeve for both the "Liberty" and the "St. James," then you'd see my pride is quite justified.**

★ ★ ★ ★

First of all, I needed another theatre in Sydney . . . thanks to you good people! You just didn't want such Great Hits as "Libelled Lady," "Rose Marie," "Camille," "Born to Dance" and plenty more to leave the St. James when they did, as was evidenced by the pressure on ol' man box-office. But those films just had to go to make way for their equally sensational successors!

★ ★ ★ ★

**Believe me, it was an embarrassing situation . . . but one which I am happy to say will be alleviated by the Liberty.**

★ ★ ★ ★

The first great M-G-M attraction to screen at the Liberty will be "The Good Earth," about which you already know plenty, and which will be acclaimed as The Greatest Picture Ever Made!

★ ★ ★ ★

**July 7th is the commencement date . . . a day which will be remembered for months to come as giving Sydney two great events —the Liberty under M-G-M's regime, and the opening day of "The Good Earth." Starring Paul Muni and Luise Rainer.**

★ ★ ★ ★

Co-starred in "The Good Earth" are Paul Muni and Luise Rainer—both of whom won the coveted award for 1936 from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences! Imagine, if you can, what they're like TOGETHER in this production . . . and then realise exactly why the critics of the world are shouting to the housetops that "The Good Earth" marks a new era in film brilliance!

★ ★ ★ ★

**"The Good Earth" at the Liberty, "After the Thin Man" at the St. James, "Camille" at Melbourne Metro, "Rose Marie" at Brisbane Cremorne. No wonder I am proud to sign myself.**

**Yours for entertainment,**
**LEO, of M-G-M.**

P.S.: See you at the Liberty, July 7th.

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# PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

### ★★★CALL IT A DAY

**Olivia de Havilland, Ian Hunter. (Warners.)**

HERE is something right out of the blue, a picture which has come to these shores with no fanfare of trumpets, no advance publicity, and which, as I write, has not, to my knowledge, even been booked into a single theatre. But what an excellent piece of entertainment it is: a domestic comedy for grown-up people, a film which will be accepted enthusiastically by all those who enjoyed "Dodsworth."

Not that there is any flavor of "Dodsworth" in this offering. But it will appeal to the same type of audience—the audience which occasionally likes something different to the usual saccharine tosh turned out for boy and girl entertainment.

Although Olivia de Havilland is the big name in the opus, acting honors go to Ian Hunter, and charming Frieda Inescourt; these two do splendid work, with everybody in the cast—Alice Brady, Olivia de Havilland, Roland Young and Bonita Granville more particularly—backing them up in fine fashion.

This delightful story of the spring day temptations of two long-married people, to say nothing of the emotional conflicts of their three children, has been excellently directed by Archie Mayo. And the dialogue! Whoever may be responsible deserves a medal. It is brilliant in parts. There are enough good lines in this opus to stock six ordinary pictures.

My advice is: Don't miss it!—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

### ★★ HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT

**Charles Boyer, Jean Arthur. (United Artists.)**

IF this picture, as a whole, were only as good as some of its moments, it would receive, without any hesitation, its three stars. As it stands, it is a good job: good romance, good comedy, not quite so good drama except at the end—when the drama becomes intense and excellent.

The jealousy of shipping magnate Bruce Vail causes him to pin a charge of murder on Paul Dumond, the man with whom his divorced wife, Irene, has fallen in love. This insensate jealousy dominates the whole picture, keeping the lovers apart, and, finally, causing the wreck of a fine ship at the close of the story.

Frank Borzage, the director, has scored heavily with his management of the comedy in this offering, finely done by Leo Carillo, and more particularly with his handling of the wreck scenes in the final sequences. The moment when a huge iceberg is seen looming up before the onrushing liner is unforgettable, as is, too, the scene when men left aboard the ship, and certain of death, hear that the ship will float until help comes.

Boyer, as Dumond, is excellent. Jean Arthur, as Irene Vail, is not seen at her best. The picture's second weakness is a slump in the middle. One feels that it is going to end, and then, presto! it takes on a new lease of life and continues for a few more reels.—Plaza; showing.

### ★★WAIKIKI WEDDING

**Bing Crosby, Shirley Ross. (Paramount.)**

HERE you have entertainment of the romantic South Seas, hula-girl, wailing guitar variety, the whole being leavened by songs from Bing Crosby and Shirley Ross, with comedy by Bob Burns and Martha Raye thrown in. The result is a picture which makes a two-star grading, and should amuse average film fans who do not demand "art" on every programme.

Possibly influenced by Columbia's handling of the mellifluous Bing in "Pennies From Heaven," Paramount have made of this star a more likeable and masculine figure than he has been in his earlier pictures from this studio. Bob Burns, too (without the bazooka, the Gods be praised!) is more entertaining than usual. Martha Raye is still raucous, and still gives one a bad feeling at the pit of the stomach on occasion, but she has been toned down a trifle in this offering, and isn't bad enough to spoil it.

If you feel like a visit to the romantic Hawaii of fiction writers, there to enjoy vicarious love and misunderstanding, and to laugh in the intervals between heart-throbs, this should suit.—Prince Edward; showing.

### ★OLD HUTCH

**Wallace Beery. (M.-G.-M.)**

A FAIRLY entertaining little picture which depends entirely on Wallace Beery's characterisation as Hutch, the loafer of a small American town. Those who admire Beery's work will get a fair measure of entertainment out of the offering—those who don't may as well stay away.

The tale tells of the discovery by Old Hutch, when fishing, of a treasure amounting to no less than 100,000 dollars. Unhappily, the hoard is made up of 1000-dollar bills, so that, in order to change some of this wealth, Hutch has to go to work. The assumption is, of course, that a farmer could become possessed of a thousand-dollar bill without awakening suspicion, but a loafer trying to pass a note of this value would be gaoled immediately.

From this situation develops a series of happenings mildly humorous, sentimental and melodramatic. Combined, they make a picture which is average entertainment.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

### ★AREN'T MEN BEASTS

**Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton. (B.I.P.)**

THIS picture has its laughable moments, but they are, unhappily, separated by long patches of dreary English efforts to be funny, with Alfred Drayton and Billy Milton going on like a pair of tenth-rate, vaudeville cross-talk comedians, and Mr. Hare hovering unhappily in the background.

The author (or authors) and the director are mainly responsible for this film's weakness. The script gives few chances to the actors in general and to timid Mr. Hare in particular; the director has put virtually no subtlety or inspiration into his handling of weak situations.

Robertson Hare is cast as a dentist who, on his son's wedding day, finds himself arrested on a charge of assaulting a lovely lady who appears in his surgery just before the marriage ceremony takes place. Billy Milton, as the son, has quite a few fair but frail damsels in his past, and it is the assumption that the assaultee is one of these that leads to the misunderstandings which make up this picture.

As one of the famous Walls-Lynn-Hare trio, Robertson Hare is excellent. On his own, however, with a poor scenario and inadequate support, he can hardly be called a riot.—Mayfair; showing.

### ★PANIC ON THE AIR

**Lew Ayres, Florence Rice (Columbia.)**

A CAPABLE and nicely-balanced little job. It has a murder, some mystery, excitement, mildly amusing satire, an attractive romance, all neatly interpolated with each other, the whole ably and evenly acted.

Lew Ayres is a radio sports commentator on a series of broadcasts, sponsored by Gordon Garters (they won't let you down). Always anxious to get an exclusive story for his broadcasts, he gets hold of a five-dollar bill on which appears a cryptic message in code. Following its trail, he comes to a beautiful girl in whose apartment he discovers the body of a murdered woman. By putting two and two together he finally effects the capture of the gang of crooks responsible by directing the police by radio to where they are, thus winning a fat contract and a beautiful wife at one and the same time.

Lew Ayres gives a capable, amusing interpretation of the radio commentator. Florence Rice has never been seen to better advantage. The things that jarred were Benny Baker, Ayres' stooge, who rarely raises a laugh, and Baker and Ayres' harsh American accents in concert.—Lyric; showing.

### ★HER HUSBAND LIES

**Ricardo Cortez, Gail Patrick. (Paramount.)**

A FIRST-RATE one-starrer, with Ricardo Cortez doing the good-hearted big-time gambler very convincingly and pleasantly, and Akim Tamiroff lurking in the background and furnishing most of the heavy drama.

The dramatic climax comes when Cortez, after having promised his screen wife (Gail Patrick) to give up gambling, is forced back to the old racket by the indiscretion of his young brother. This return costs the reformed gambler his life.

Despite its melodrama, it is a good little story, well handled by the cast. Paramount are to be congratulated, too, on having resisted what is always a terrific temptation to drag in a happy ending—by the scruff of its neck, if necessary.—Prince Edward; showing.

### ★THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

**Jane Wyatt, Louis Hayward. (Universal.)**

A MILDLY entertaining comedy the main purpose of which is to confirm an impression given by "Lost Horizon," to wit, that Jane Wyatt has a long path to tread before she reaches the dizzy heights of film popularity.

In this opus she appears as a rich girl who goes to New York to prove to her father that she can live on a bare £38 a month. Struggling to keep alive on this paltry sum, she meets Tony (Louis Hayward), with the inevitable result that the two of them fall in love. Comes the equally inevitable quarrel, when Tony, who earns a mere pittance of £50 a month, discovers that the girl of his dreams is really a rich young woman in disguise, but, as you may guess, the two do not remain separated for more than a couple of hundred feet of celluloid.

Eugene Pallette and Nat Pendleton do their best to enliven a pretty mediocre offering which has not been improved by the surgical operation performed on it here in Australia. The cut which has been made in the picture, towards the end, is one of the clumsiest I've seen.—Plaza; showing.

### ★SENSATION

**John Lodge, Margaret Vyner. (B.I.P.)**

AN f.a.q. little job, combining a reasonable amount of entertainment with a slap at the methods adopted by unscrupulous, sensational newspapers in their handling of murder stories.

John Lodge is starred as an ace crime reporter—you know, the fictional type who is always about six jumps ahead of the police, and who doesn't hesitate to cook up evidence against a man once he is convinced of that man's guilt. He does a good job of work, managing to keep the sympathy of the onlooker despite the dubious quality of many of his actions.

As a murder mystery this film will not puzzle many: it will be a poor amateur sleuth who will not spot the killer very early in the piece. Fortunately, the interest does not depend on mystery so much as on the ethics, or lack of them, in the newspaper approach to tragedy of this nature.

Coming to our Margaret Vyner—this picture still gives no answer to those who may want to know whether she'll succeed as an actress. She appears briefly, for decorative purposes, that's all. She and her role could quite easily have been dropped out of the picture; neither would have been missed.—Mayfair; showing.

### OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

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★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

*No stars . . . no good.*

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# SHOULD A WIFE *Keep Destitute* HUSBAND?

## Unusual Case Emphasises Legal Responsibilities of Marriage

**"For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer——"**

**So runs the wedding vow. But Australian law applied it in an unusual way when recently it ordered a wife in Adelaide to provide for her husband, because of his destitute circumstances.**

***Opinions of well-known women support the legal finding that in special circumstances a wife should financially provide for her husband's welfare.***

THE case, as briefly reported in the daily papers, has attracted a great deal of public interest everywhere.

**It has made Australian women realise that they must share the responsibilities as well as the privileges of their growing equality with men in the eyes of the law and the world.**

While frequently the law is called upon to make a man keep his wedding vow to provide and keep his wife, cases in which the positions are reversed are rarely heard in the courts, although a leading lawyer explained that many such cases are settled privately.

In the latest example a married woman who had left her husband and was living in the country was arrested and brought back to Adelaide and charged with "being the wife of a poor and destitute person without means of support."

She was ordered to pay £2/3/4 a month to support her husband.

Complaint under Section 20 of the Married Women's Act of 1883-1884 alleged that the husband "was a poor and destitute person without means of support, and that the said wife had separate means of her own and was liable to contribute to the maintenance of the complainant."

An order was made by consent.



*MRS. P. A. CAMERON, who endorses the court's decision.*

### Some Opinions

COMMENTING on the case, Mrs. Ruby Duncan, vice-president of the N.S.W. Housewives' Association, doesn't believe a wife should be expected to support a husband, except in very special circumstances.

**"Even if the law says that a man must provide for his wife, I don't think the reverse should apply," she said.**

"Women who are left penniless find it difficult to support themselves, but a man should be able to fend for himself. Few men would care to take money from their wives.

"I think the best plan would be for such cases to come before a Court of Family Adjustment, so that the rights of the case could be correctly determined."

Mrs. P. A. Cameron, president of the N.S.W. Feminist Club, endorsed the court's decision.

"I wouldn't understand a woman who would not support a man, who had once been her husband, and who was destitute. Of course there might well be circumstances where the woman should be under no obligation to support her husband.

**"But, in general, if women demand equal rights, I think they should be prepared to put up with equal disadvantages," she said.**

Mrs. E. S. Levinson, a keen worker for the equality of the sexes, believes that if all-round equality is to be gained a wife who has money of her own should support her husband in the case where circumstances render him incapable of supporting himself.

"I consider that this should be a matter for mutual agreement between the persons concerned," she said, "as individual cases sometimes call for different arrangements.

**"The main principle is that the one who has money should be responsible for the welfare of the other."**

### Should Men Sue?

MRS. JULIA RAPKE, Victorian vice-president of the Australian Federation of Women Voters, commended the court's decision.

"I am a true equalitarian," she said. "I am afraid South Australia is the only State that has legislation to make a wife pay like this. We have no such legislation in Victoria anyway.

**"We need it, if only for the few cases where a husband has to suffer.**

"A woman can sue her husband for support. I cannot see why a man should not sue his wife in the same way, if she has separate property."

MRS. JOAN ROSANOVE, prominent Melbourne divorce lawyer, herself happily married to a well-known doctor, says that maintenance should be a community arrangement between husband and wife, according to their respective incomes.

"Unfortunately, Victoria has the worst maintenance laws of any State," she said. "There is provision in the Divorce Act that a husband can get maintenance from his wife, but without divorce he has no legal claim."

Another well-known solicitor said an Act to compel a woman with means to support a destitute husband seemed a necessity, as there had been cases when the husband had put all his life's savings into a bank under his wife's name, and later found himself destitute, while the wife had means and would not help him.



*MRS. JOAN ROSANOVE, lawyer, says maintenance is a community matter.*






*Wild cheers from the crowd as Dick leads his team off the field! They had a great win..thanks to him!*



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HEAR those cheers? They're for Dick! He played the game of his life to-day—and scored the winning goal! They call him the "one-man team." And once he was an awful weakling—always the first down with colds and sicknesses. But now! Dick's using Lifebuoy Health Soap and he's *captain* of the football team! Gee, it shows what a difference good health makes to a fellow . . . and that reminds me, I must take some Lifebuoy home—we're nearly out of it.


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# BEECHAM'S PILLS

*are "Worth a Guinea a Box"*


# WRITTEN IN THE STARS

## ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

*President Astrological Research Society*

## *People Who Don't Know Themselves*

**People may think they know and understand Gemini people (those born between May 22 and June 22), but they soon find out their mistake.**

***How can outsiders really know a Geminian when he seldom knows or understands himself?***

GEMINIANS are "twins" by nature. They usually express two distinctly different natures, and often make their livings by working along two different channels at the same time.

They are essentially of the "mental" type. Capable, versatile and adaptable, they often prove to be their own worst enemies by failing to develop the attributes of concentration, reliability, and liking for steady or unexciting work.

They shine at their brightest when their clever and versatile brains are working in co-operation with their hands.

THERE is a clever streak in their natures which should be cultivated continually. They can be really brilliant in work requiring mental expression, such as writing, designing, selling, law, commercial art, or lecturing.

They are quick-witted and can express themselves clearly and logically. They are good storytellers and sometimes earn a name as "chatterboxes."

They are usually interested in all that goes on in the life about them, and will willingly and cheerfully come to the aid of those in distress.

They love all that is beautiful or appealing to the emotions.

But at times they are far too changeable and lacking in continuity and forcefulness. As a result, they can lose many opportunities for advancement.

Many famous people belong to this "dual" sign of the zodiac. Among the names most famous are: Queen Victoria, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Geminians seem to excel as actors or artists, too, for Clive Brook, Jeannette MacDonald, and Richard Wagner were all born within this versatile, expressive, and interesting sign.

### The Daily Diary

TRY to use this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Live cautiously on June 22 (after 4 p.m.), 23, and 24; following days also poor.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Fair on June 24, 25, and 26.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Be especially optimistic and confident on June 23 (after 4 p.m. only), 24, and 25. Get important matters started then if humanly possible. But live quietly on June 21 (p.m.) and 22.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Poor on June 22, 23, and 24; fair on June 25 and 26. Let important affairs wait for a week or so.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Quite fair for you on June 23 (after 4 p.m.) and 24.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Caution is still advised for you, especially on June 22 (after 2 p.m.) and 23. Better next week.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): June 23 (p.m.), 24, and 25 can produce important conditions for you. Work hard; be optimistic and confident. Seek promotions or changes. Affairs started now have a splendid chance of proving successful.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Better times are coming. June 22, 23, and 24 (to dusk) quite fair.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Your difficult time should begin to ease out now. If caution is exercised, June 22 (after 3 p.m.) can prove worth-while, and June 23 is quite good.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Just fair on June 22 and till noon on June 23. Poor thereafter.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Do not waste time. Try to begin any important ventures you have in mind. Ask favors, make changes. Be alive to your opportunities.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Better times come for you very soon. Continue to live cautiously on June 22 and 23, though June 25 and 26 and daylight of 27 may bring worth-while changes.

*(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)*

***KEEP a Geminian busy and you keep him out of mischief. A restricted or dissatisfied Geminian is of little use to himself or others, whereas a busy and interested person can achieve wonders.***

### *Floodlit Ears*

**(By Air Mail from Our Special Correspondent in Paris).**

**PARIS has gone all-electric—even to the ears.**

**Latest fashion for the Exposition is floodlit ears—so that "e.l." applies to ears as well as houses.**

**Tiny electric light globes, fixed behind the ear, take the place of ear-rings, and can be switched on and off, to make your ears and face look like some of the floodlit statuary of Paris.**





## HARSH SCOURERS SCRATCH THE DIRT OFF

Some women make the mistake of thinking that harsh-scourers clean sinks and baths efficiently because at first they seem to clean *easily*. But all the while, harsh scourers are ruining the delicate porcelain surface — covering it with scratches in which particles of dirt congregate. Soon the surface becomes old-looking and hard to clean.




**. . . BUT VIM CLEANS AND POLISHES**

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# BODY BEAUTIFUL By EVELYN

## THE "Daily Dozen" UP TO DATE

### For figure beauty do these graceful exercises every morning

FADS and diets come and go, but exercise still remains a sure and safe way of attaining beauty and grace of figure.

IT slims down the overweight. It fills out the too-thin. It gives greater health and it raises your spirits by leaps and bounds.

Sounds miraculous but it's true, for the effect of exercise is to wear away superfluous tissue, tighten up slack muscles, improve under-developed muscles, increase the circulation and help the system to get rid of dead tissues and acidity.



(3) THIS WILL tone up your back. With arms held out straight bend first to the left, then to the right, keeping the back flat and legs steady.



(2) FOR SLIMMING ankles and thighs. Each leg is raised in turn to hip height and stretched straight with toes pointing downwards. This exercise should be done very slowly.



(1) PLACE the hands behind the head, force the elbows back, and bend over to the left. Follow the movement through to the right. Then straighten up and repeat the exercise. Excellent for loosening up the arms and slimming down the waistline.



(4) THE OLD FAVORITE, "touch your toes," is more effective if you breathe in first, then swing to one side, making hip and leg muscles work.



(5) A FINE TONIC for hip and stomach muscles. Lie flat on the floor and do the cycling movements with the legs, stretching toes and ankles.

The first exercise should be one to relax the muscles and put them into condition for active service.

Have you ever seen a cat awaken? First, he puts out one paw, then the other until all have been stretched, then braces his feet, flexes his claws, and stretches every muscle in his body.

This is a good guide for starting off the "daily dozen."

Lie flat on the back on the floor, stretch each arm in turn to its fullest extent. Stretch each leg in turn as far as possible and then stretch your whole body from the top of your head, your neck, your shoulders, your spine, your thighs, your abdomen, calves of the legs, ankles, and the feet.

Now you are ready to go through the exercises pictured on this page.

(1) Placing the hands behind the head and forcing the elbows back as far as possible bend over to the left. Then follow the movement through to the right; then straighten to the upright position and round again. This exercise loosens up the arms and slims down the waistline.

(2) With hands carried easily on the hips raise the right knee to hip height, the foot stretched downwards. The left leg is kept quite straight and the body should be steadily balanced. Hold the position for a moment, then replace the foot on the floor. Repeat with the other foot, exercising very slowly. An excellent exercise for slimming ankles and thighs.

(3) With heels together and shoulders back, raise the arms to shoulder height. Bend first to the left and then to the right, making sure to keep the back flat and the legs steady. Splendid for toning up the small of the back.

(4) "Touch your toes" is an old favorite, but it is particularly effective if you breathe in first, then swing over, making the hips work as much as the leg muscles.

(5) Lie flat on the floor, then, supporting the back with the hands, swing the legs into the air and cycle, stretching the toes and ankles to the full. This is a fine tonic for hip and stomach muscles.

(6) Sit on the floor with the legs stretched out flat. Swing over and touch the right foot, then swing back till you are lying on the floor, the arms by the sides. Then swing up to sitting position and over again to touch the left foot. Another hip and stomach exercise.

Finish off with two or three good breathing exercises and you will start off the day in the pink of condition and good spirits.



(6) ANOTHER exercise for hip and stomach muscles. Sit on the floor, swing over and touch the right foot, then swing back till you are lying on the floor again. Repeat, touching left foot.


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Pears Original TRANSPARENT SOAP

ECONOMY NOTE



*There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.*

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# It's new! it's really tasty - Kraft Old English



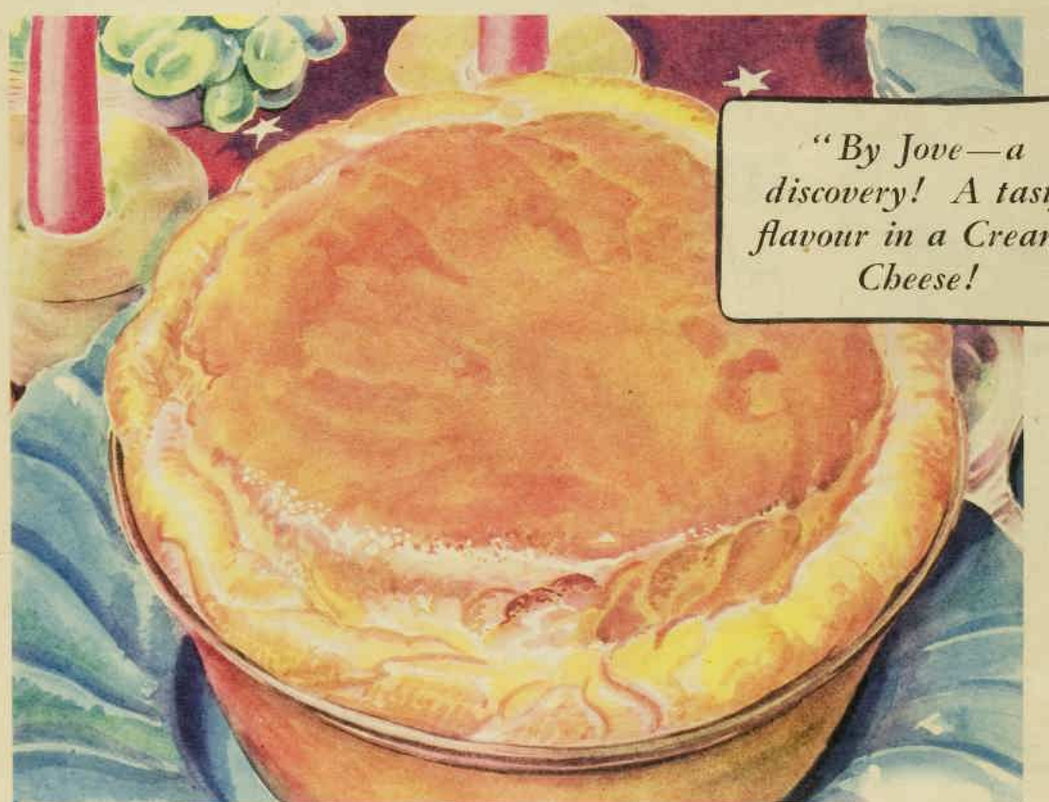

WANT to please your husband to-night — give him a special surprise to warm the cockles of his heart? Then pop down to the nearest food shop and get a packet of the new Old English —that tasty, tingly, creamy Cheddar with the rich, full-bodied flavour that real cheese-lovers call perfection! It's just the cheese to serve if you're particular about your entertaining, too — shows you know good food!

Of course, if you like a milder cheese, there's Kraft Cheddar, so lusciously smooth and delicious. There's Kraft Pimento, too — Cheddar flavoured with palate-teasing Spanish Pimento; and Kraft Welsh Rarebit, the work-saver — all seasoned and ready to melt into the most mouth-watering Rarebit you ever tasted!

## Kraft Cheese Essential to Diet

All Kraft Cheeses are exceptionally rich in calcium and phosphorus — the minerals we must have for strong teeth and bones—and in proteins, energy-units and Vitamins. For family health serve Kraft Cheese every day. Plan your menus around Kraft Cheese Dishes several times a week—they'll make all your meals more interesting!





*"By Jove—a discovery! A tasty flavour in a Creamy Cheese!*

### Try Old English in this gorgeous Soufflé

*2 tablespoons butter — Dash of cayenne — 2 tablespoons flour — ½ lb. Kraft Old English Cheese — ¾ cup hot milk — ½ teaspoon salt — 4 eggs.*

Make a sauce with the butter, flour, milk and seasonings. When thickened and smooth, add the cheese, sliced. Stir occasionally until cheese is melted. Add beaten yolks of eggs. Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, and pour into eight-inch casserole. Bake very slowly 1 hour and 10 minutes in very moderate oven. Serve at once.

**FREE RECIPE BOOK.** Send to the Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Riverside Ave., Melbourne, 58 Clarence St., Sydney, or 74 Eagle St., Brisbane, for the recipe book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve it." It's full of tempting new cookery ideas and it's *free*.




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creamy-smooth, mellow and mild but full of luscious flavour. Children and grown-ups love it!




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Kraft Cheddar temptingly flavoured with Spanish Pimento. A cheese with a Creole fascination.




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# So Many Worlds

BY . . .

*Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith*

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY



FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.

COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

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# SO MANY WORLDS

## By MRS. HARRY PUGH SMITH



"THE traffic light was against you, Miss," murmured the young man on the motor-cycle, keeping his hand on the roadster's sleek fender while he fished a book of tickets from the pocket of his uniform.

Coralie Reed watched him with bored blue eyes, and the small fluffy dog beside her, a French poodle in a smart black and silver knitted coat, frankly yawned. The roadster was black and silver also. It looked expensive. It had a variety of gleaming chromium gadgets and the latest streamlined effects. The girl at the wheel was tall and slender and very pretty. She was wearing an extreme black-and-white ensemble and she, too, looked like the newest streamlined model of her kind.

"We have laws about these things," explained the officer with heat.

It was beginning to get on his nerves, the completely disinterested stare directed at him by the languid young lady who had just driven across a crowded street intersection with superb disregard for the red light on the corner. And it was not only the girl, he told himself. The thing which really burned him up was the supercilious expression on the face of the small dog at her side.

The French poodle yawned again.

"Of course, if it will make you feel any better, you may write me a ticket," murmured Coralie in a languid voice. "I don't mind. You see, they always tear them up when dad speaks to them. I'm Coralie Reed."

"Dallas Reed's daughter?"

Coralie nodded. The traffic cop squirmed uncomfortably on his roaring motor-cycle, and Coralie felt a little sorry for him. She supposed he was merely doing his duty, only he should have recognised her car, she thought. She decided he was new in the neighborhood. The regulars never bothered to give her tickets any more. They knew it was a waste of her time and theirs.

"I'm rather in a hurry," she said gently. "I have to walk Suzette around the block before dinner. I shan't hold it against you this time, but don't let it happen again."

It seemed to Officer James that the small French poodle grinned at him.

"Listen," he said, enunciating with great distinctness, "it doesn't make the least difference whose daughter you are. You haven't any right to drive against a traffic light, risking the lives and property of other people."

"I'm afraid I haven't time to discuss the question," Coralie said. Her blue eyes flashed slightly, and quite suddenly her cheeks too were scarlet. "If you'll take your hand off my car, I'll drive on."

However, Officer James did not release the roadster's shining fender. He was not so new to the police force as Coralie suspected, but he was quite good-looking as she took time at last to notice. His natty blue uniform fitted him magnificently, and he was tall and lithe with unusually broad shoulders and a narrow waist and straight black hair. His grey eyes seemed a little startling in his lean bronzed face.

"Maybe they'll tear up this ticket," he said, "and maybe you haven't time to discuss the question, but you're going to. At least I'm going to tell you a lot of things for the good of your soul, supposing you to have one, and you're going to listen because you can't help yourself."

Coralie sat up very straight. "Take your hands off my car," she said crisply.

Duke James scowled. "Just because your dad's made gobs of money, you think you can get by with anything from manslaughter to corrupting the police force. "Here you are, you and your little dog, all dolled up like Queens of Sheba and going nowhere. But you've got to get there all of a sudden to take dear little Suzette walking before dinner. It doesn't make any difference to you how many laws you break. You're a privileged character. Your dad has money. He can get tickets torn up or pay the fine or something. Probably he can even have the rude policeman fired who held you up for risking the lives of people worth a flock of little flibberty-gibbets like you."

He paused for breath and Coralie seized her opportunity.

"Thanks for the suggestion. Perhaps dad can do something about—about your insufferable, your absolutely unendurable ——."

"I'll save you the trouble," interrupted Officer James. "I'm resigning to-night. I've been planning to for some time. Only I meant to hang on till spring. But it's worth two months' pay, believe it or not, to get a few things off my chest. I'm funny that way."

"You're about as funny as strychnine."

"You can tell your dad that Duke James has gone back to the tall timbers where at least the big bad wolf doesn't drive a twelve-cylinder car."

Coralie was startled. "You know my father?"

"Everybody down my way knows Dallas Reed. He's the pride of the old home town, the local boy who made the big city jump through his hoop. We cut our teeth on how he shook the dust of the farm off his brogans at sixteen and never stopped till he had his patent leather heels on the throat of a million-dollar industry. He's roosting plenty high, isn't he? He should agitate himself about the folks he passed on the way up."

Coralie flushed. "My dad is a perfectly swell person, and I do not intend to sit here and have him sneered at by a—a common traffic cop."

He winced. "I asked for that, didn't I?"

"I was glad to accommodate."

He drew a long breath. "I didn't mean to sneer at Dallas Reed. He's a swell guy. Only he's worked himself to death for years to keep his family in luxury. Maybe you like holding a man's nose to the grindstone though. I guess that's what a girl like you is trained to."

They glared at each other for a moment and then, unexpectedly, Duke James laughed. Coralie caught her breath. She hadn't quite realised how handsome he was.

"So you think I'm yellow," he drawled. "You think I'm running home with my tail between my legs because the city's whipped me. You simply can't imagine anyone turning his back on the fleshpots because he loathes them, can you?"

"No."

"Poor little snooty rich girl who doesn't know what it's all about and never will!" murmured Duke James.

Coralie gasped. "How—how dare you!" To her horror her blue eyes filled with burning tears. One even ran swiftly down her cheek.

Duke James' handsome face looked stricken. "I'm sorry," he said huskily.

"Give me your old ticket!" she said in a choked voice.

Again he looked stricken. "I—er—" he stammered.

Coralie reached out and snatched the piece of paper from his hand. "Get out of the way," she said fiercely. She sent the black-and-silver roadster ahead with a jerk. She glanced into the windshield mirror before she turned the corner, however. The young man on the motor-cycle was still staring after her, his bronzed face painfully red.

"Pig!" said Coralie violently.

HER vanity had received a shock. She was still seething with resentment when she drove into the garage. The Reeds lived in the swankiest apartment hotel in town. They occupied a six-room suite with three baths on the eleventh floor. They had four automobiles, one apiece, and their monthly bill ran close to four figures. Moreover, they were prodigal in the matter of tips. The black and silver roadster no sooner thrust its elongated nose inside the garage doors than half a dozen smiling attendants leaped forward to relieve Coralie of the onerous task of parking her own machine in the stall where it belonged.

"Good afternoon, Miss Reed!"

"Good afternoon, Miss Reed!"

It made Coralie feel very important to have people leaping all over themselves to spare her inconvenience. She thought it was lovely to live in an expensive hotel where she never had to open a door for herself unless she felt so inclined. She collected the French poodle under one arm, bestowed a patronising smile on the garage employee who was waiting to relieve her at the wheel and strolled into the ornate lobby of the hotel. A couple of bellboys promptly skipped forward, but Coralie waved them aside with a negligent hand. They looked disappointed. Coralie was sorry she had no bundles or anything for them to carry. They were so anxious to do things for her.

"Good afternoon, Miss Reed," murmured the clerk at the information desk.

He, too, was eager to perform a service

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for Dallas Reed's daughter. Coralie began to feel herself again. She sauntered over to the switchboard. The young woman in charge surveyed her anxiously. Guests were not supposed to use the office telephone. There were booths for that sort of thing, but Coralie hated them. And, anyway, rules were made for ordinary people, or so she believed, not for Miss Coralie Reed.

"Please get my father's office on the wire," she directed.

The girl at the board hesitated. Coralie looked at her, and the girl flushed. "Certainly, Miss Reed," she faltered.

Coralie picked up the office telephone. There was some delay in the connection, but finally she recognised the clipped, efficient voice of her father's secretary.

"I want to speak to dad, Miss Fisher," said Coralie.

"Your father's too busy to be interrupted."

Coralie yawned. She did not like Miss Fisher. None of Dallas Reed's family did. "I'm going to speak to dad, Miss Fisher, whether you approve or not."

From experience Miss Fisher knew it was useless to argue. "Very well," she said unpleasantly.

"What now?" groaned her father at the other end.

Coralie giggled. "Is that nice?" she asked. "Couldn't I possibly call up my own dear daddy unless I was in some sort of jam?"

Dallas Reed laughed. "You could, but you never do."

However, he did not sound cross. He never did. Coralie knew he did not really mind her extravagances. He liked to have a giddy young daughter who was very pretty and very expensive.

"Come to think of it," she admitted, "I did draw a ticket just now for driving through a traffic light."

"Again?"

"But that isn't what I called up about."

"Have you bought another ermine jacket or just a trifle like one of the Russian crown jewels?"

"Don't be like that," laughed Coralie. "I crave information."

"You!"

"Oh, I don't pretend to know everything," said Coralie airily. Dallas Reed laughed. "No, honest, Dad, did you ever hear of a fellow named Duke James, a—a common whoosis of a traffic cop?"

"Duke James? A traffic cop? You have your signals mixed, young one. I know a Duke James, his dad and I were kids together. His uncle's City Commissioner of Police. Young Duke's been holding down a fancy job in the administration for the pastt wo years, so I understand, one of those political plums you read about where somebody else does all the work and the pay's tremendous. He may be in the traffic department but he's no common cop, you can be positive."

"Oh!" said Coralie blankly.

"As near as I can figure out, the young man's on the Gravy Train, and headed for the barn."

Coralie colored. "But he isn't. He's resigning. He told me so."

"He must have been having you on."

"I don't think so."

"Fellows don't quit when they have the earth by the tail on a downhill pull."

"Has he?" faltered Coralie in astonishment.

"Rather! Most up-and-coming young fellow in the present machine, everybody says. Slated for a long ride and a rich haul."

"Oh!" said Coralie again.

"I wouldn't mind having him in my organisation, but naturally I couldn't offer him half what he stands to make where he is."

"I think he's horrid!" blazed Coralie.

Dallas Reed whistled. "How did he manage to step on your high hat?"

"Pretending to be a motor-cycle cop and arresting me!"

"Did he?"

"Yes, and he called me a parasite!"

Dallas Reed chuckled. "That's one for Ripley."

"And then he said——" she drew a long breath. "Of course, it doesn't matter. He's just—just something I'll never think about again."

"Is that all, young 'un?" asked Dallas Reed rather wearily.

Coralie hesitated. "Yes, except——"

"How much?"



SHE laughed. "I am a little short of cash, Daddy. I just can't think where my allowance goes, can you?"

"I suspect Miss Fisher has an idea," said Dallas Reed indulgently. "If I have her deposit another fifty in your account tomorrow, will that do?"

"You are the sweetest Dad on earth!" cried Coralie.

Dallas Reed laughed. "If that's all you have on your mind, I've four gentlemen waiting for me who are about ready to paw the floor."

"But you'll nail them to the mast before you're done with them, won't you?"

"Maybe I'm not that good."

"You are. Everybody says so!" insisted Coralie.

Dallas Reed laughed again and hung up. Coralie smiled to herself. She thought it was very clever of her to have a father who could tie other business men in knots. She tucked Suzette under her arm and started for the door. The uniformed attendant swept it open for her with a flourish. Coralie gave him a gracious smile.

She deposited the French poodle on the sidewalk. They strolled languidly around the block. Coralie observed their reflection from time to time in various show windows as they passed. Suzette had tiny dainty feet. So had Coralie, for that matter. She thought they looked very chic, she and Suzette, and very, very sophisticated.

"Parasites, indeed!" she muttered indignantly."

. . . . . .

"The home is the barometer of any nation. When the standard of the home drops, the nation feels the shock in every nerve."

Ruth Reed sighed, regarded her pen thoughtfully and sighed again. She was writing a paper for her literary club. At least in the beginning the Wednesday Literary Club had been literary, but that was a generation ago. Everybody still aspired to belong to the club because it was the oldest and most distinguished in the city. The members now, however, were far more interested in the new rules for contract bridge or in the latest scandal among their numbers than in anything else, and said so frankly.

Ruth supposed she was silly to fret over the article she was to read at the next meeting. No one would listen anyway. She might as well have copied a page or two on the subject out of a magazine, the way the others did, and thought no more about it, but she could not rid herself of a nagging sense of responsibility. It seemed to her that there was a great deal to be said on the topic which she and the Wednesday Literary Club needed to hear.

"The downfall of every civilisation," wrote Ruth firmly, has been preceded by the crash of homes."

And then she paused to listen. Like everything else about the Park Plaza Apartment Hotel, the elevators were costly. They were supposed to be quite noiseless. But Ruth had a keen ear for the soft metallic whisper of their brazen doors, and she recognised the quick impetuous step in the tiled corridor. She drew a breath of relief. Lately she seemed always to be strung up to a nervous pitch, unable to relax.

"Hi, Moms," sang out Coralie from the vestibule.

"Hello, darling, come in, won't you?"

Coralie was already half-way down the hall to her own room, but she came slowly back, her vivid mouth slightly rebellious. "I can't stay a minute," she said. "It's after five and I have to dress."

The curly French poodle under Coralie's arm stared at Ruth steadily and then yawned in her face. Ruth flushed. She could not bear the little beast. She glanced at her daughter. Coralie had slumped down into a deeply cushioned chair.

"Are you going out again to-night?" asked Ruth, trying not to sound like a nagging parent.

"Of course," said Coralie briefly, fondling the poodle's silky ears. "Isn't Suzette a darling, Moms?"

Ruth bit her lip. She did not think Suzette was darling, and she could remember the time when Coralie would not have thought so either. Coralie had been a rowdy youngster, probably because she had no sisters. She had put in sixteen strenuous years tagging after her brothers, striving desperately to live down the fact that she was a girl. But in the past year Coralie had changed.

Ruth sighed. "To tell the truth, darling, Suzette seems a bit unnecessary to me."

"Really, Mother," Coralie said with an edge to her voice, "I didn't expect you to be stuffy, I mean, you aren't usually. Was that all you wanted of me, just to be sarcastic about Suzette?"

"Maybe I just yearned to chat awhile," suggested Ruth. "We haven't in ages, you know."

Coralie looked uncomfortable. "But I told you I have to dress, Mother."

"I know. What I really hoped was that you'd stay home for dinner to-night," Ruth said hurriedly because Coralie was already edging towards the door. "Your father will be here. And there's an excellent concert at the Odeon. I thought we might all go together."

Coralie shook her head. "Sorry. No can do. The gang's having dinner, Dutch treat, at Tony's before the dance at the Jefferson. I'm going with Smead Peyton."

"Smead Peyton!"

Ruth could not quite conceal her dismay. Coralie's face darkened. Her fresh young lips took on the obstinate line which Ruth had learned to dread. Oh, dear, she thought, now I've put her on the defensive.

"Yes," said Coralie, "I've a date with Smead. What of it?"

Ruth knew it was useless to enumerate all the reasons she had to disapprove of Smead Peyton. The more any one said against the fellow, the more Coralie felt called upon to champion him. Coralie was

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not in love with him yet. But she needed no impulse in that direction. Ruth managed to smile.

"I must confess I'm not crazy about him," she said. "But at eighteen I probably would have thought him too divine."

Coralie stared at her suspiciously. "Now you're trying to disgust me with him by making him out ridiculous."

Ruth felt a little helpless. To her relief at that moment the outer door opened with a bang.

"Hello, everybody!" yodelled Allan.

He paused in the doorway to grin at them, a lithe young fellow with handsome black eyes and a reckless black head and a sardonic mouth.

"Why not come in and light awhile?" remarked Ruth. "I don't seem to have seen you lately except on the wing."

"For that smart-crack, you're going to need a new waterwave," said Allan, ruffling her thick dark hair.

"Darling, don't," pleaded Ruth, laughing.

"All right." Allan perched on the arm of her chair. "I'll let you off this time, but you want to watch your footwork. I'm determined to bring my parents up to be a credit to their children, if it kills them."

"Idiot!" said Ruth affectionately.

Allan was staring at his sister. "Good grief, he exclaimed, "haven't you drowned that animated powder-puff yet? How's tricks, Susie?"

He reached over and tweaked one of Suzette's fluffy ears.

"Allan!" protested Coralie furiously.

Suzette squeaked.

"As I live and breathe," scoffed Allan, "it even makes a noise like a dog."

Coralie glared at him. "Is that supposed to be wit?"

ALLAN scowled. "Gosh, Sis, six months ago you wouldn't have given that ant house room."

Coralie's blue eyes flashed. "Wouldn't I?"

"Just because Smead Peyton wished the nasty little brute off on you, you have to act as if you love it."

Coralie's red lips tightened. "Is that so?"

"Yes, it's so," growled Allan. "And it makes me sick."

"How sad!" drawled Coralie, her cheeks flaming.

"If you have to get crazy about somebody, for heaven's sake pick on something the family can be proud of. Smead Peyton's moth-eaten!"

"But Peggy Neale's everything she ought to be!" retorted Coralie.

A light went out behind Allan's black eyes. "You're right," he muttered. "I haven't a lot of room to talk."

Ruth's heart cramped. She wanted to say something, but she was afraid to speak. It is so easy to make the wrong remark. Youth is sensitive and quick to take offence. She could not afford to alienate either of them. It was difficult enough to surprise their confidence at the best. She took refuge in a change of subject.

"Will you be home for dinner, Allan?" she asked.

"Sorry, Moms, I have a date." He glanced at Coralie defiantly. "With Peggy."

Ruth tried to conceal her disappointment. "Your father will be here, and for once there won't be any other guests. I'd looked forward to it. We don't ever seem to be together any more, the family, I mean. I've planned to go to the concert at the Odeon afterwards. I think you'd like it, Allan."

"Sorry, Moms, I have a date."

Like Coralie, Allan was manoeuvring towards the door. It seemed to Ruth her children had become quicksilver, always slipping through her fingers. She started as the telephone rang, and her hands were not quite steady when she picked up the receiver.

"Hello," said Ruth in her soft, well-bred voice. "Yes, Miss Fisher, this is Mrs. Reed." In the mirror over her desk she saw Allan and Coralie exchange a glance, one that gave Ruth a turn. She realised that she was not listening to the cool, noncommittal tones of her husband's secretary. "What did you say, Miss Fisher?" she was compelled to ask, and then rather blankly, "Oh, yes, I understand. Thank you."

Ruth put the telephone back on the stand. She tried to sound as if it did not matter, but her lips were a little stiff.

"Your father won't be here for dinner after all," she said. "That was Miss Fisher. She called to say he had some out-of-town customers arriving on the seven o'clock train. The kind who have to be met and entertained with the usual ballyhoo. Isn't that Nick's voice outside?"

"Nobody else's but," called her first-born, throwing open the door. "Hi, Moms, hi, Brats!"

"Hello, Methuselah," said Allan and made a pass at him.

But Nick was big and fair like his father and as quick on his feet as a cat. Allan had to take to his heels in self-defence.

"Where's Gina?" inquired Coralie without much interest.

"Bringing up the rear as usual," groaned Nick's wife. "Do my feet hurt?"

"You ought to try going to bed some night," said Coralie.

"The same right back at you," murmured Gina, as Coralie vanished down the hall. Gina limped over to a couch and sprawled like a limp rag doll among the cushions. There were dark circles, like smudges, on her olive cheeks.

"Aren't you well, Gina?" asked Ruth anxiously.

She was fond of her daughter-in-law. Nick and Gina had been married two years, two rather hectic years, everything considered, but Ruth did not blame Gina for that. Nick had all the excess energy of a young typhoon and a great deal of it was as misdirected.

"I'm all right, Moms," said Gina with a wry grin. "Just temporarily tuckered out from keeping up with that fair-haired boy of yours."

Nick scowled. "Don't lay it on me," he said angrily. "You didn't have to go along this afternoon if you didn't want to. You could have stayed at the apartment and slept or soaked your head or something."

Gina's black eyes narrowed. "Maybe you'd rather I had."

"Maybe," muttered Nick.

It made Ruth feel a little ill when Nick and Gina snapped at each other. They had been so in love two years ago. But lately they seemed to carry over from one quarrel to another, or perhaps it was the same one under different guises.

"Didn't you work this afternoon, Nick?" asked Ruth.

Nick frowned. "Carol and Howard Eubanks threw a poker party out at the club. I'm trying to sell Howard a new de luxe sedan. I didn't go to the office this afternoon, Moms, if that's what you mean. But I did give Howard a sales talk, and how!"

"And you lost fifty dollars in the penny-ante game," put in Gina.

Ruth's throat ached. So that was why Nick had come. He needed money. She might have guessed, she thought.

"I'll sell Howard eventually," Nick went on in a dogged voice. "After all, he can't drive that old ice waggon he has forever. But in the meanwhile," he gave his mother a rueful grin. "It's six days till the first of the month, and I seem to be broker than usual, Moms. Could you give your big boy a small lift, lady?"

Nick was not lazy. He was only twenty-three, and he made quite a good salary as city salesman for one of the more expensive makes of cars. He intended to have his own agency some day, or so he was always saying. But unfortunately Nick's earnings never quite equalled the upkeep on his job. He and Gina ran with a racy crowd. Nick contended it was good business. All his friends were heavy spenders. He sold them, off and on, a number of costly machines. Nick insisted he had to keep in the swim to hold his own. So far, however, Nick's commissions had never yet held their own with his expenses.

"NICK," said Ruth, praying for exactly the right word, "I think you and Gina would be happier if you cut out your gang, as you call it. I'm sorry, but I don't believe I'll lend you any more money, Nick, ever."

It sounded quite dreadful, put in words. Nick gulped, and Ruth almost weakened. It was not easy to deny Nick. It never had been. He had his father's eyes. Ruth thought of Dal, and her heart squeezed with pain.

"Won't you and Gina stay for dinner?" she asked gently. "There's a—a musicale at the Odeon. You might enjoy it."

"We promised the gang to help them open a new tavern out on Olive Street Road," said Nick. He glanced at his watch. "We'd better step on it, Gina, if we want to get there in time for the fireworks."

Gina struggled up from the couch. "Sorry about the musicale, Mother."

"That's all right," said Ruth and tried to smile.

Nick stooped and kissed her. Her arms tightened about his neck. "No hard feelings?" she whispered.

Nick grinned and patted her shoulder. Like Dal, Nick could never nurse a grudge. "Nope," he said.

Ruth sat down at her desk again. She picked up her pen and tried to concentrate on her article, but the words refused to come. After a while Allan came swiftly down the hall.

"Night, Moms," he called as he let himself out.

"Good-night, darling."

The telephone rang. "Mr. Peyton is downstairs for Miss Reed," announced the desk clerk.

"All right," said Ruth, making a face at herself in the glass.

Coralie must have been listening for the call, because she made her appearance at once, very smart and lovely in blue chiffon which swirled about her tall, silver heels in a thousand tiny ruffles. She carried a short brocaded evening wrap over her arm. It had a tall, fantastic collar of white ostrich feathers.

"Night, Mother."

"Good night, darling."

The apartment was terribly still. Ruth caught herself listening to the "roar on the other side of the silence." The suite had a fair-sized dining-room and a tiny kitchenette. But there was a smart restaurant downstairs and the Reeds somehow never found it convenient to dine in their rooms.

On this night, especially, Ruth shrank from sitting down at her own table alone. It would be livelier in the cafe, she thought.

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That was why Dallas insisted on a hotel apartment. He had to be away a lot. He said it was less lonely for Ruth in a hotel, now that the children were grown.

Someone was always saying Ruth Reed could pass for her children's older sister. She was slender and exquisitely groomed. Her skin was flawless, her dark hair beautifully cut. Her husband said people accused him of robbing the cradle every time he took her out.

"The family is the nucleus of the state," wrote Ruth Reed. "And when the home crumbles, it is the beginning of the end."

The last word had to be crossed out and re-written.

It was blotted by a tear.

GOING down in the elevator, Coralie Reed was guilty of a pucker between her level black eyebrows. There was a fishhook in her conscience and it bothered her more than she cared to admit. Her mother's good night had sounded forlorn. She was disappointed about the musicale, Coralie decided, and sighed.

Her mother was such a lovely person. Coralie tried to console herself with the fact that Ruth was accustomed to having her plans disrupted at the last minute. Dallas Reed said that was the price of success, and Coralie thought her father should know if anyone did. He had all the earmarks of success. Coralie was proud of him when she thought about it. All his children were. He, too, was a grand person. Only—but Coralie never let herself dwell on that angle if possible. It was just one of those things, as Allan said. Allan could be almost cynical about it.

"Love's the bunk," he declared. "The everlasting kind, I mean. Gosh, if two grand people like Dad and Moms can't keep the spark alive, nobody can."

Suddenly Coralie wished she were a little girl again, too young to read between the lines, or worry about what lay behind her mother's steady smile which nowadays seemed always a little fixed.

"Coralie!"

The young man who had been waiting in one of the lounge chairs came forward to meet her, quite eagerly for him. Smead Peyton was fair and very thin, and very elegant, and he made sport of people who let their youthful enthusiasms run away with them.

Coralie had constantly to be on her guard. Smead liked girls who were sophisticated, girls who did not go into ecstasies over anything, and were rather listless, and Coralie was not listless, naturally.

Coralie thought he was clever about life. Of course, he was older, almost thirty, and he had been around. No wonder he was fascinating. It gave Coralie a thrill to go out with Smead. He was a man of the world. He had even been married, years ago when he was very young, to a woman much older than himself. His father had had a lot of money at that time. Smead and his wife separated almost at once.

Coralie felt dreadfully sorry for him. He came of an excellent family, and was invited everywhere. However, since his father's death, Smead had almost no money, though he managed to keep up appearances somehow, very bravely, Coralie thought.

"You look chic to-night," he murmured as they passed through the revolving door.

Coralie smiled with pleasure. "You don't think this dress is a little old for me, do you?" she asked anxiously. "Mother said it needed a lot of experience to carry off."

Smead grinned. "Mothers always want to keep their daughters in baby clothes."

Coralie flushed. "But mother has lovely taste."

"I know," said Smead hastily. "I wasn't criticising your mother. Heaven forbid!" he laughed. "You aren't quite adult yet, are you, not at least where your family is concerned?"

Coralie winced. "It's so ingenuous, isn't it, to fly all to pieces when people pick on someone you like? But I can't seem to help it."

"Are you like that about me, too?" he said softly. "I mean do you fight my battles when people say things about me, Coralie?"

"Yes," admitted Coralie, "and I nearly scratch their eyes out."

"You don't believe all the things you hear, Coralie, do you?" asked Smead.

"About you? Of course not!"

Smead's hand tightened over hers for a moment. "If I'd had you to believe in me, Coralie, I might have been very different," murmured Smead Peyton.

"I do believe in you," said Coralie, a little tremulous with earnestness.

"I know. And when you look at me like that, I wish it wasn't too late to do things about the past."

They had reached Tony's Place and there was no chance for further confidences. The crowd fell on their necks. It was always like that. Coralie was popular. She never had many minutes alone with anyone. Nobody had a chance to monopolise her. Smead said she was the hardest girl in town to make a date with.



TONY'S place was crowded and dingy, and it smelled of garlic and stale cigarette smoke. The small wooden tables had checked tablecloths, not too clean, and the china was heavy, the glasses thick. Nevertheless Coralie's crowd liked to meet at Tony's for dinner before a dance.

"How many dances are you saving for me, beautiful?" bleated Martin Hayes as soon as Coralie and Smead appeared.

She merely smiled languidly and slid into the place someone had saved for her. She hardly knew when she first became aware of the prolonged stare of the blonde woman in the alcove. Coralie was used to being stared at.

"Do you know who that is?" she asked Smead at last.

He glanced towards the alcove, flushed, and looked quickly away.

"You do know her!" cried Coralie in a startled voice.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I married her once."

"Oh!" whispered Coralie and shrank back.

"Yes," said Smead bitterly, "that's Millicent."

Coralie could scarcely get her breath. She laid her hand on his arm. "I'm terribly sorry, Smead."

"Thanks, Coralie."

Coralie stared defiantly at the woman in the too elaborate yellow dress. So that was the wife who had shattered Smead's life. On the way out she looked into the other woman's eyes and let her lips curl with disdain.

"Maybe you'd rather not have anything more to do with me, Coralie," muttered Smead when he and Coralie were dancing at the Jefferson. "Now that you've seen her. It brings it home, doesn't it? I shan't blame you, if you drop me. Everyone does, sooner or later."

"No, no!" whispered Coralie. "I'll never——"

But then someone cut in. Coralie scowled. It was always like that. She never made it twice around the room with the same partner. Usually she was crazy about a stag line, but suddenly she did not care at all to be the most popular girl on the floor. She just wanted to dance with Smead, no one else.

Coralie grinned, then sobered. Was she falling in love with Smead Peyton? She was trembling when they started home. For some reason she did not feel quite so adequate to an emergency as she usually did. However, Smead did not say good-night at the elevator on this occasion. He accompanied her clear to the door of the suite. It was very late, almost two. Coralie's knees quivered when Smead put out his hand.

"You've been so terribly sweet," he said. His voice was caressing.

"Good-night," she whispered.

"Darling," said Smead, and drew her gently to him. He kissed her.

"Oh!" cried Coralie. "You mustn't."

But Smead had gone. She used her latch key to unlock the door. Her cheeks were blazing but her hands felt cold and stiff. She stumbled on the way to her room.

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Allan Reed glanced at the clock. It was exactly like Peggy to tell him to come early and then keep him waiting over half-an-hour in a lobby full of old ladies, who seemed to have nothing to do except stare at him. It was Peggy's turn to stay with her maternal grandmother, who lived in a sedate, residential hotel.

Peggy's parents were divorced and each of them had remarried. The courts had apportioned Peggy's time. She spent so many months each year with her father and his second wife, so many with her mother and her new husband, unless one or the other shunted her off onto her various grandparents.

Allan scowled and shifted his hat to the other hand. He was tempted to beat it and leave Peggy high and dry. She had a genius for exasperating him. But he knew she would not care if he left. Peggy did not care about anything.

Nevertheless, Allan had walked as far as the door when Peggy finally stepped out of the old-fashioned elevator. She began to grin the moment she saw his face. Allan wished he could conceal the way she made him feel. It only amused Peggy because she could drive him half out of his head.

"Is he all sore again, the itsy bitsy darling?" she cooed, standing on tiptoes to gaze meltingly into his eyes.

"Cut it out!" growled Allan, agonisingly aware of their interested audience.

Peggy was also perfectly aware of the shocked stare of the elderly ladies.

"Dear, dear," she said, her voice full of crocodile tears, "now I've hurt the nice little boy's feelings. Isn't that too bad? But I know how to make it well. Does you want a kiss, sweet thing?"

She put up her lips and Allan's brow began to perspire. "You little devil!" he groaned, caught her arm, and yanked her out the door.

Peggy was weak with laughter. She tottered across the sidewalk to Allan's roadster. When he jerked open the door, she collapsed on the wide seat, and giggled till the tears came.

Scowling, Allan went around to his own side of the car and slid under the wheel.

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Peggy sniggered. Allan ignored her. It was his only defence. When Peggy put on the thumb-screws, Allan retired into sulky silence as long as possible.

She was a tiny creature, but she was all T.N.T. so far as Allan was concerned. He did not understand it. He knew dozens of prettier girls. But somehow the lack of beauty was no handicap to Peggy. She even capitalised it.

Peggy, who was carefully applying fresh lipstick, cocked her small head on one side and grinned at him.

"Snap out of it, precious," she said. "You'll never get anywhere disciplining me."

"YOU'RE telling me," said Allan, with a scowl.

Nevertheless he could not snap out of it. He glowered all during dinner. He had expected to have Peggy to himself. In fact, he had made a point of it over the telephone and Peggy had promised. It may not have been her fault, but almost before they had ordered, people began to drift over to their table. Allan scowled. It seemed as if everyone he did not like was at the Castilla that night. But then he did not like many of Peggy's friends and he hung out no welcome sign at their approach. Peggy, however, made up for his lack of enthusiasm. It ended, as it always did, by their becoming the centre of the most uproarious party in the room.

Allan watched her going out of her way to shock the middle-aged couple at the next table. They were acquaintances of his mother, which made no difference to Peggy. She did not care whether Allan's mother liked her or not. Peggy said the older generation gave her a violent pain, her own parents included.

Allan had not intended to polish off the evening at a night club, though as a rule that was where he and Peggy landed before the evening was over. He had wanted to talk, and he was fed up with trying to out-shout a jazz orchestra. However, as he was paying the cheque, Peggy promised to meet the crowd at a new hot spot in half an hour, and that was that. But at least he had her to himself for a few minutes in the roadster.

"I wouldn't care if I never saw another head waiter, or a table d'hote dinner as long as I live!" he burst out angrily.

Peggy shrugged her shoulders. "Got the whoopee blues?" she inquired.

"Yes!" cried Allan savagely.

Peggy giggled. "Sfunny," she said, "nobody likes anything long. Everything lovely for a while, then blooey, indigestion!"

Allan flushed. "Let's get married, Peggy. Right away."

Peggy did not turn a hair. "All right."

Allan's hands tightened on the wheel. "I'm serious," he said thickly. "We might make a go of it, don't you think?"

Peggy laughed. "I'll try even matrimony once. If it doesn't take, there's always Reno."

Allan went a little white. "Must we arrange for a divorce before we get engaged?"

"Don't be a goop," said Peggy. "People fall in love, then they fall out. It's swell while it lasts, but it doesn't last. The only way to beat the racket is to take it in your stride. You know, squeeze out all the fun as you go, and then when the smash comes, say adios with no regrets."

For a minute Allan looked at her as if he hated her. "Would you marry me if dad wasn't in the big money?"

Peggy giggled. "If you must know, I'm sure I'd be terrible in the love-in-a-cottage sequence. Honestly now the odds are rotten at the best. Why waste time on a hundred to one shot?"

Allan's hands tightened on the wheel. "Suppose I don't stay in dad's office?"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm drawing a fancy salary, but as a salesman of asphalt roofing I'm just the boss' son, fresh out of college and not dry behind the ears yet. Suppose I walked out some day? Just up and quit the job dad's wet-nursing for me? Would you stand by, Peggy, until I found what, if anything, I'm cut out for?"

Peggy smothered a tiny yawn. "I'm afraid, out of sight's out of mind with me, darling. Sorry. I'm just not the faithful-unto-the-grave kind."

And then they were at the night club and Peggy began at once to be the life of the party again. There was a great deal of noise and shrill laughter. Allan's head ached, or maybe, it was his heart.

"Must you be such a wet blanket?" demanded Peggy.

"No," said Allan.

He ordered a round of cocktails, and then another, and another. After a while he felt quite gay. He and Peggy danced together a lot. She had also had too many cocktails. But she was like a flower in his arms, a taunting scarlet flower with an intoxicating perfume.

"I love you!" he cried.

Peggy tilted back her head, and he kissed her until they were both breathless.

"Swonderful while it lasts," she murmured.

"Yes," groaned Allan.

. . . . . .

Nick Reed threw his last chip down on the table and hoped nobody noticed how his hand shook, but Gina noticed. She would, thought Nick bitterly.

"I'm looking down your throat, Nick," laughed Joe Eubanks.

"Can you beat a couple of queens?"

"Read 'em and weep!" murmured Joe, spreading out his hand.

"That cleans me," said Nick and rose to his feet.

"Your I.O.U.'s still good."

Nick grinned ruefully. "No, thanks," he said. "You guys have already taken me for half my next month's salary. Want to dance, Gina?"

Gina shrugged her shoulders. Nick scowled at her.

The Blue Hour Tavern was doing very well for itself on opening night. The crowd was three deep at the modernistic bar on the first floor. Dancing had become nothing less than a survival of the strongest. The Blue Hour insisted on discretion in gambling, although it was generally known that the upper floor had everything in the nature of high-class gambling devices including a roulette wheel with a real croupier from Monte Carlo.

Nick and Gina passed Carol Eubanks on their way to the dance floor. "Have you been upstairs, Nick?" she inquired.

Nick shook his head. "Didn't have to. Your husband relieved me of my little wad."

Carol laughed. "That's good news. Baby needs a new pair of shoes," she murmured, and laid her hand caressingly on Nick's arm.

"I suppose you have to flirt with Joe Eubanks' wife, too, in order to sell him a car," said Gina later.

Nick flushed. "Let's not start that again," he said.

Gina's mouth twisted. "Maybe you'd rather dance with her."

Nick groaned. "Will you never get it through your head that I have to do certain things for business reasons?"

"The same old alibi'" scoffed Gina.

However, Nick did not hear. He was staring past her towards a group descending the stairs at the rear. "There's dad!" he exclaimed.

Dallas Reed smiled and nodded. He seated his party of four men, important people from out of town, at a table, then he came over to his son. "Hello, Nick. How are you, Gina?"

Dallas Reed was a big man and very fair, and he had a dynamic personality. He looked more like a professional playboy than head of one of the largest businesses in the city, thought Nick.

"Have any luck upstairs, Dad?" he asked.

His father grinned. "Thank Heaven, the visiting firemen got enough before I ran out of bat-hides."

"I bet you make that up before you're through with them," boasted Nick.

Dallas Reed smiled. "I have managed to sell a couple of carloads of asphalt roofing since dinner. I keep a jump ahead of the hounds at any rate."

Nick shifted uneasily. "That's more than I can do," he confessed.

"Need a boost?"

Nick flushed. "I hate to hit you so soon again, Dad. I thought that last hundred you let me have would stretch like elastic. Only it didn't."

Dallas Reed patted his shoulder. "I'll have Miss Fisher mail you a cheque in the morning, Nick."

"Tell her to send it special delivery," exclaimed Nick eagerly. "The gang's going to the races to-morrow afternoon. And—I—er—that is, I think I'm going to sell Joe Eubanks a car if I don't let him cool off on the deal. Don't forget to have old Fisher send the cheque special delivery, Dad, or maybe I'd better drop by the office?"

"That might be better. I'm going to have to go out of town to-night."

DALLAS REED returned to his own table. But for some reason he found it an effort to be the genial host he usually was on such occasions. He had been hitting the ball steadily for years and it did not get easier. On the contrary, the pressure increased, if anything.

He had come to town, a big, overgrown country boy of sixteen with no pull or backing, determined to hack out a future for himself. He had lived in a flop-house for a while, at a quarter a night. Then he went to work regularly for the Byron Roofing Company at eight dollars a week, running errands, emptying waste baskets, anything. But he was a born salesman, and first of all he sold himself to old Byron, the head of the firm.

"The old man," as everyone called him, was a wizard at making shingles, first cedar, later chemically prepared, then asphalt. But he had an acid disposition and a talent for offending prospective customers. The day he made young Dallas Reed sales manager of the Byron Roofing Company, the concern took its first step into major finance. In ten years' time old Byron was a millionaire.

He was not ungrateful. He paid Dallas Reed well for his services. At forty-eight Dallas owned a large block of the company stock, although the controlling share remained in old Byron's name and he kept a jealous hand on the factory and on the purse strings. Dallas Reed was still the salesman extraordinary of the firm, although he was now dignified by the title of vice-president in charge of operations. But old Byron could still make the younger man

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feel like a glorified office boy on occasion.

"Fine-looking boy you have there, Reed," murmured one of the men at the table.

Dal Reed smiled. "Nick's a great kid!"

He threw back his shoulders, and the small lines of fatigue eased out of his face. Nick was a splendid lad, thought his father, in spite of what "the old man" said. Dallas Reed had never quite forgiven his employer for refusing to take Nick into the roofing business. Colonel Byron said Nick was too extravagant a luxury for the Byron Roofing Company to absorb.

Dallas Reed frowned, then relaxed with a sheepish grin. He admitted he had spoiled the boy a little. He had had a difficult time himself as a youngster. Sometimes he had not known when he could afford to eat again. He had often gone hungry and cold and shabby. He knew what it meant not to have the price of a decent pair of shoes or a hair cut.

"Thank Heaven," Dallas Reed told himself, "my kids don't have to have it as tough as I did."

. . . . .

Ruth Reed knew it did no good to lie awake and worry. Nevertheless she could not sleep. Her thoughts were like a small angry drill, dabbing at her nerves. They gave her no rest.

She had turned on the small table-lamp between the twin beds. It had a glazed white parchment shade by way of contrast to the mulberry drapes at the windows and pale apple green walls. She began to pace the floor, but the thick nap of the deep taupe carpet smothered her restless footsteps. She watched the ormolu clock on her dressing-table. At one the elevator stopped on her floor. Ruth held her breath. Someone laughed in the corridor, but it was a stranger, a young woman, decidedly the worse for drink.

Ruth shivered.

She tried to tell herself she was overimaginative, but she did not succeed in riding down her uneasiness. It was like a choking miasma, always waiting to overwhelm her. Stubbornly she enumerated all the reasons she had not to fret. Financially the Reeds were the envy of their acquaintances. Her husband was a tremendously successful man.

Ruth stared at her slender fingers. She was wearing a huge diamond set in emeralds. Dallas had given it to her on their twentieth anniversary. Ruth began to pace the floor again. She was the daughter of a wealthy man. He had opposed her marriage to Dallas Reed. Her father had said that Dallas would be unable to keep his wife in the style to which Ruth was accustomed. The old gentleman erred. He died a pauper as the result of a series of bad investments, but Dallas Reed's wife had never suffered for luxuries. Dallas joked about it.

"My father-in-law thought I was a bad bet, but I raised the ante on him, didn't I, old lady?"

It exhilarated him because he had improved on the style to which his wife was accustomed. It had been a point of honor with him from the first to give Ruth as elegant a home as the one from which he had taken her.

"By George, I want my family to have the best," he always said.

Ruth's eyes blurred. He had been like that all along. The winter Nick was a baby, Dallas had gone without an overcoat but he had bought his little son the most expensive perambulator on the market. Dallas Reed never spared himself. He was in the habit of making whirlwind trips out to the field. When he returned, his work at the home office had piled up in a tangle. He was always rushed to death between the two, and it grew worse. It seemed to Ruth they had been living in the apex of a whirlpool for years. There was never time to talk, to sit down and discuss anything. And there were so many things which Ruth thought needed to be discussed between her husband and herself.

She heard the elevator again, and paused to listen. The color came swiftly into her sensitive face. It was Dallas. She knew his step, quick, imperious, confident. Her heart ached. He was so sure of his values, so proud of his accomplishments. To imply that he might after all have failed where he believed himself most successful would be a blow at his very roots.

"Ruth, still up?" he stared at her with concern. "Aren't you well?"

"I'm all right, Dal. I got up to get a drink of water and then I—I couldn't go back to sleep."

He smiled and patted her shoulder as he crossed the room.

"I wish I had a shot at a bed," he said cheerfully. "Right now I think I could sleep the clock around."



HE was digging his travelling bag out of the bottom of the clothes closet.

"Dal, are you going away again?"

He nodded. "Had a wire from young Jackson. There's a big contract to be let in Houston. I'm taking the Sunshine Special."

"But, Dal——"

She paused, bit her lip. He was standing at his chest of drawers, throwing things into the travelling bag. He had always packed like that, hit or miss. Yet somehow when he finished, everything was shipshape. Ruth watched him helplessly and wondered how many scenes like this they had lived through.

Dal believed in his own success. He had made every sacrifice toward it. How could she tell him she was heartsick with misgivings? He looked tired. She could not slap him in the face with her doubts. She could not tell him that his wife entertained a ghastly fear in her heart, the fear that in everything which mattered she and Dallas Reed between them were achieving a dismal failure.

"When will you be back, Dallas?"

He was getting into his overcoat again. "Heaven knows," he said, grinning at her over his shoulder. "I'll keep in touch with the office every day. You might call Miss Fisher. She'll be able to tell you."

Ruth's slim white hands twisted together. She suddenly hated her husband's precise, efficient secretary. She saw a great deal more of Dallas Reed than did his wife or children. She was closer to him in practically everything.

"But the eleventh's my birthday, Dal," faltered Ruth. "I'd planned to have dinner upstairs, just the children and you and I. We never seem to—to get together any more. Home shouldn't be just the place everybody takes off from on his way somewhere else. We—Dal, we ought to take time to get acquainted with each other, the family, I mean."

Dallas Reed laughed. "All right," he said. "I may have to break a couple of legs, but I'll be on hand in some shape for your party."

He stooped, brushed her cheek lightly with his lips, and was gone. Ruth stood very still, listening to his rapid footsteps until they vanished with the brazen purr of the elevator. She was trembling and very cold, although the radiator in the corner was quite warm. But steam heat could not reach that chilled empty spot deep in her heart. She crept into bed and lay staring at the dark. Perhaps Dallas was right, she thought. Maybe material success is worth everything it costs.

She heard Coralie's key click in the lock and caught her breath. Ruth shivered. Suppose Coralie decided she wanted Smead Peyton? He was an effete bounder, but he might fascinate a very young girl who was inclined to dramatise herself. Ruth listened to her daughter's step. It was not quite steady.

But neither was Allan's half-an-hour later. Ruth smothered a little rasp. He had been drinking again. Her eyes burned in the darkness. Peggy Neale did not believe in anything. One by one she was ripping Allan's illusions to pieces. And Nick—Ruth felt frantic. Nick and Gina were making mincemeat of their happiness.

Dallas Reed imagined his family was sitting on top of the world, but in his wife's soul there was panic. She could not believe in their prosperity. It lacked substance, this home of theirs from which their children ran away in search of thrills.

. . . . .

"I've been drifting for years, Coralie, not giving a darn where I landed," said Smead Peyton.

"I know," murmured Coralie.

They were in her car on the bluff above the lagoon in Forest Park. It was a raw, dingy February afternoon. They had the park to themselves.

"I don't know that I could be different now if I tried," he went on sadly.

"You could," breathed Coralie. "I'm willing to gamble on you, if that means anything."

"Darling!"

He leaned towards her, and Coralie's heart trembled. Then he drew back.

"I've no right to make love to you," he said, crossing his arms on his breast. "It's uncanny the power you have over me, Coralie. When I'm with you, I feel as if some day I might actually measure up to all the wonderful things you expect of me."

"You will, Smead. I know you will."

He gazed at her intently. "I don't know what would become of me if you taught me to hope and then let me down. Perhaps it isn't fair to hold a child like you responsible for my immortal soul, but that's how it is."

"I'm not so awfully young," stammered Coralie, feeling suddenly very young indeed, as well as helpless and frightened.

"Do you love me, Coralie?"

Coralie swallowed hard. "Yes."

He put his arms about her and kissed her. Coralie recoiled. She was positive she was in love with Smead, and yet——

"Darling, don't turn your head," he murmured reproachfully. "It makes me think you don't like my kisses."

To tell the truth, she didn't especially, but she made an heroic effort and lifted her lips to his.

"You really meant all the lovely things you've said to me, didn't you, Coralie? Will you marry me, Coralie?"

She gasped. Up to that very minute her affair with Smead had been everything she desired. Coralie had had a tremendous

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kick out of her role and Smead was an ideal leading man. He had not missed a cue. But all at once it was no longer a play. He was asking her to marry him, and Coralie felt a little dizzy.

She opened her eyes very wide and immediately became aware of the things she preferred not to notice about Smead, such as the little pouches under his eyes and the way his chin drooped and the thin places on his temples where the hair was receding. Allan had said Smead was moth-eaten. Coralie suppressed a hysterical desire to giggle. When one looked at him very closely Smead did look slightly mildewed around the edges.

"You haven't answered me, Coralie," he said. "Will you marry me? I have the licence in my pocket."

"I—I——"

He smiled bitterly. "So you have just been amusing yourself at my expense. If you love me, Coralie, marry me. If you don't, say so, and let me go merrily to hell. Will you marry me?"

Coralie's hands clenched. "Yes."

"Darling!"

"But I can't this afternoon," explained Coralie with haste. It's mother's birthday. She—she's having a dinner party, just the family."

"I'll make all the arrangements, Coralie, and call for you at nine."

"Arrangements to be—to be——"

"Married, darling. We'll take your car and drive somewhere for a honeymoon. We can telegraph back. You'll be the first in your crowd to elope."

"It seems a shabby trick to play on moms and dad," faltered Coralie, her eyes filling with tears.

Smead gave her a glance of pure anguish. "If you'd rather not see me again I'll remove myself from your life. Only please—please don't send flowers."

"Oh!" Coralie gasped. This is awful, perfectly awful, she thought. "I don't want to drop you, Smead," she said in a tremulous voice. "I'm terribly interested in helping you make something of yourself."

"Then marry me to-night."

He drew her to him. Coralie resisted feebly, but Smead paid no attention. "Trust me, darling," he said tenderly. "You'll have to take a handbag, I suppose. Have one of the bellboys take it down to the garage for you. I'll see to everything else. Oh, yes, you might have them fill the gasoline tank before they bring the car around."

The situation had taken itself completely out of Coralie's hands. She had not promised to elope with Smead that night. It had been thrilling, being the ennobling influence in a grown man's life, but as for marrying him, Coralie suddenly realised that Smead was shopworn. She had only been playing a game. But she had led Smead on until now his immortal soul and and even his life hinged on her, or so he said. It was a terrific responsibility, but Coralie did not know how to avoid it without appalling consequences.

"I'll call for you at nine, darling," murmured Smead.

"I always meant to have a bridal veil embroidered in seed pearls," she reminded herself later.

A wedding veil was out of the question. Nevertheless, Coralie did not propose to be cheated entirely of the thrill of acquiring a trousseau. She had an hour before the stores closed, and Coralie could do a great deal with an hour and an unlimited charge account. When she came out of the exclusive French shop downtown at five, her arms were overflowing with boxes and bundles of every size and shape. Ordinarily she would have had them delivered, but there was not time to trust to delivery service on this occasion.

"Worse luck," thought Coralie as the bulky grey box under her chin slipped.

When she made a frantic effort to retrieve the grey box, the oblong bundle under her right arm plunged away from her. With a little shriek Coralie teetered backward and sat down violently amid the debris of her shopping expedition.

"Are you hurt?" asked someone in a voice choked with laughter.

Coralie was too furious to see the speaker. She was too furious to answer. Not until a pair of strong arms had lifted her unceremoniously to her feet did she open her eyes, and then she wished she had kept them shut. She recognised the tall sunburned young man at once, although he was no longer wearing the natty uniform of a traffic cop. It was Duke James, who had called her a parasite at their other encounter.

CORALIE glared at Duke. He was thoroughly enjoying her present predicament. There was no doubt of that.

"You would think this is funny," she said bitterly.

He made an unsuccessful effort to restrain his mirth. "Sorry," he said, "but you'd have to see yourself to know just how comical you look in a temper."

Coralie's pretty mouth tightened. "Go on and laugh. I don't mind. Some people have that crude sort of humor. It's like knock-knees, born in them."

He reddened. "Let me help," he said, as Coralie began to collect her scattered property.

Coralie smiled with poisoned sweetness. "I really couldn't let you condescend to assist a—a—wasn't it a flibberty-gibbet you called me?"

His grey eyes flashed. "If I didn't, I should have."

Coralie gave him a withering glance and turned her back upon him. She picked up one bundle and promptly dropped two. Duke James scowled. "I'm afraid you'll never get ahead like that," he said impatiently. "Stand still, and I'll stack them up in your arms."

"I can manage," insisted Coralie haughtily.

Only it was perfectly plain that she could not manage alone. In the end she was forced to accept his assistance. He was thorough about it, but deliberately exasperating, or so it seemed to Coralie.

"I thought you had turned your back on the bold, bad city," she remarked accusingly.

"I have indeed. I'm just in town for the day to buy a load of calves which I'm driving down to my farm."

"So that's why the Tom Mix get-up," said Coralie, with a supercilious glance at his khaki riding breeches and laced boots.

"That's why," he admitted with a rueful grin.

Secretly she thought he looked like a Maxfield Parrish drawing, all long bronzed lines except for his black head and arresting grey eyes, but she had no intention of saying so.

"It's too bad you aren't still in the police force so you could arrest me for obstructing traffic. You would have loved that," she told him bitterly.

He flushed. "We do seem to be obstructing traffic, don't we? Where's you car?"

"Over there, and what of it?"

"I don't start anything I can't finish. Come on, I'll see you safely on your way before you happen to have a couple of other accidents. Somebody has to run around and pick up after you helpless creatures. The only thing I can't understand is why any man ever lets himself in for a life sentence of that kind of thing."

She had climbed into the roadster. He was piling the bundles on the seat beside her. Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes dangerously blue. "Strange as it seems, other men don't find me so hard to take," she said. "I don't suppose you're interested, but I'm going to be married—to-night."

He was standing at the door of the car. There was a breathless silence as they stared at each other. "Happy landing," he said at last in a voice that was curiously indistinct. He had turned on his heel and walked away. Coralie stared after him with furious resentment. She did not like him, she thought he was arrogant and insolent and maddeningly sure of himself. Nevertheless it gave her a pang when he strode out of her life without a backward glance.

. . . . . .

Ruth stood back and surveyed the dinner table anxiously. There was a centre-piece of pale mauve orchids with tiny white narcissus in a wide lavender bowl and tall white candles in lavender glass holders. The cloth was lace put together with narrow strips of linen, exquisitely embroidered. It belonged to Ruth, a wedding present, though she seldom had occasion to use it. She sighed, and moved a gold-encrusted service plate another inch to the right. The Park Plaza furnished everything, including china and silver, and both were expensive and extremely correct. The interior decorator saw to all such details.

Ruth sighed again.

She had toyed with the idea of preparing the dinner herself. But neither she nor the kitchenette was adequate to large parties. She remembered with a pang the cookbook she had bought along with her trousseau. She had meant to try out every one of the menus, but Dallas had laughed at her. He said Ruth never had done that sort of thing, and he did not propose that she should begin just because she was married to him. Right from the first he insisted on a maid. When the children were born he insisted on a nurse also. So Ruth's cookbook gathered dust on a table until it was finally thrown away during one of their many moves.

The telephone rang. "Package for you, Mrs. Reed. Shall we send it up?" asked the desk clerk.

"Yes, please."

She fumbled for a quarter in her purse to give the bellboy. He accepted it with the usual smirk. The box was long and slender. Ruth knew before she opened it that it contained three dozen expensive pink rosebuds with "To my Wife" on the card in Miss Fisher's neat handwriting. She had a desk calendar on which she jotted down all significant dates such as birthdays and anniversaries. It was part of her secretarial duties to do the appropriate thing on such occasions in her employer's name. Dallas Reed was a very busy man, and Miss Fisher had excellent taste. Ruth called herself a sentimental fool and tried not to mind, only she did.

The door opened and Coralie entered, followed by a bellboy laden with packages. "Hello, Moms," murmured Coralie, extending another slender florist's box.

More pink rosebuds, thought Ruth

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dreartly, but she achieved a smile. "Thanks, darling. They're lovely. I had some from your father also. Want to help me arrange them?"

"Sorry," said Coralie in a muffled voice. "I have to dress."

Ruth put the pink roses in a blue bowl and lit the gas logs on the hearth. She drew the rich brocaded hangings at the windows and turned on the twin floor-lamps at each end of the tapestried divan. Nevertheless the room still looked like a model in a smart furniture store.

"It takes a lot of living to make a home," she had read somewhere. She sighed. The Reeds had never lived in one place long enough to feel permanent. They had no scarred furniture or battered household goods. Every year or so they transplanted themselves. The possessions they had accumulated in their former quarters seldom fitted into the new apartment. Annually they disposed of "the old junk," as the family called it.

Ruth sighed again.

The door opened suddenly although she had not heard the elevator, and Allan came in, swaying slightly as he executed his way carefully past the small rug in the vestibule. He had been drinking again.

"Hi, Moms," he said, speaking very slowly to conceal a thickened tongue. "Here's sweets to the sweet on her umpteth birthday, and don't remind me you're on a diet."

He proffered an elaborate box of candy. He had purchased it in the shop downstairs. Ruth winced. She did not particularly care for candy, and the women in her set tabooed anything which threatened their girlish figures. Allan was aware of both facts. It had not occurred to him, however, to exert himself in the matter. The line of least resistance, thought Ruth with a sigh. She laid his offering beside the roses on the desk.

"HAVE you seen your father Allan?" asked Ruth.

He frowned. "Caught a flying glimpse when he came in this morning, but old Fisher was laying for him. You know how things conglomerate when he's been out of town. Whenever dad takes his finger off the pedals, the office goes screwy. It was more like a booby-hatch than usual when I took out around ten."

"You haven't been back?"

Allan scowled. "No. You guessed it. I've been milling about with Peggy all day, going places and seeing things."

"But, Allan——"

"Heck, Moms, I can stick around and stare at blank order sheets just so long, then I get the blind staggers."

"Don't you think it might be better if you tried something else?"

"Can you think of any way I could step into a fat salary overnight with my peculiar talents?"

"Is a fat salary absolutely essential?"

"Picture Peggy getting by on the kind of money I'd earn as an automobile mechanic."

Ruth tried to steady her voice. "But if she loves you——"

"She'd starve with me?" Allan laughed harshly. "Peggy's not the type, Moms. She doesn't even pretend to be. Who does any more? Women don't scrape along on nothing nowadays to help a man to a start. If he isn't a self-starter, that's his hard luck. The helpmate stuff's out, extinct, and they've scrapped the model. Peggy isn't marrying me for better or worse. Our generation doesn't. We've already looked up the trains to Reno in case matrimony throws us."

Ruth laid her hand on his sleeve. "It breaks my heart to see you so miserable and restless."

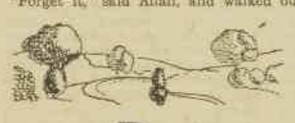
He moved from her hand. "I'll muddle through, Moms, don't worry. Nothing's worth getting all hot and bothered about."

"You're wrong, Allan. There are many things which are terrifically important. Life and—and love."

He gave her one look. "I imagine you and dad were in love—once."

Ruth found that she was trembling. "Allan, darling, you mustn't think because I—because your father——"

"Forget it," said Allan, and walked out.



RUTH stood very still in the middle of the room and listened to his retreating footsteps. What could she say? What could she do? Her throat ached from unshed tears.

It was almost seven. She had ordered dinner promptly on the hour, but Dallas had not appeared. He had not even telephoned. Ruth drew a painful breath. He was always very busy after a trip to the field. She kept telling herself that he would not disappoint her on her birthday. She looked up with an eager light in her eyes when the elevator stopped at her floor. But it was Gina and Nick, and they were quarrelling as usual.

"Sure I laughed when Bill Nabors pulled that crack at your expense," Nick was saying. "Why not? It was funny."

"If you must bray every time a customer gets off a stale joke, I wish you wouldn't do it in my presence. I'm fed up with that line of sales talk."

"Why don't you break down and admit you're fed up with me?" demanded Nick.

Oh, dear, thought Ruth, they must not say things like that. She knew they could not go on clawing each other without leaving wounds which they would never get over.

"Hello, Moms," said Nick, flinging open the door.

Ruth gave him a distressed look which he preferred to ignore. But for all his natural exuberance he had haggard lines about his mouth, and Gina's face might have been sharpened on a whetstone. They lived too hard and too fast. Naturally they were irritable and they took it out on each other.

"Happy birthday, Moms, and lots of them," said Gina, smothering a yawn.

"Here's something or other," murmured Nick. "Sorry it's not as gorgeous as you deserve. You oughtn't to have been born so near the fifteenth of the month, lady. Next time try to arrive on pay day."

"It's sweet," said Ruth, staring doubtfully at the object inside the square box.

Gina laughed unpleasantly. "I don't blame you, Moms. I told Nick he ought to label it. Know what it is? Believe it or not, it's a patent fork to fish olives out of bottles. I told Nick you had as much use for a gadget like that as a horse has for bumpers."

"Well—er——"

"But it cost a lot, and I only had a minute, Moms," protested Nick. "You know how you can never park outside a decent store."

"Hello, soaks!" exclaimed Allan from the doorway.

He had had a cold shower, but he was still none too steady on his feet. Nick looked him over, and laughed.

"When did they pour you in?" he asked.

Allan's handsome face darkened. "I'm as sober as you were when I met you in the Lennox Bar this afternoon with your friend, Bill Nabors. How can you go that guy?"

"Hadn't you heard?" inquired Gina sweetly. "Nick's going to sell Bill Nabors a five-thousand-dollar car after they get drunk together six or seven more times."

"But I do sell something occasionally," muttered Nick sullenly.

Allan flushed. "You mean I don't?"

"How's every little body?" inquired Coralie brightly, sauntering in.

She was wearing a white evening frock, and she had a vivid spot of color on each cheek. She looks just like a tall little girl dressed up in her mother's long skirts, thought Ruth with a wrench at her heart-strings.

"I rang for a bellboy," said Coralie. "Oh, there he is."

She made for the door with more precipitancy than was usual with her. They heard her giving the boy instructions in a lowered voice. She looked a little odd when she rejoined the others.

"Suzette hasn't been out," she explained.

It was unlike Coralie to explain her moves to the family. As a rule she carried her affairs off with a high hand. Ruth caught her breath. Coralie was tapping the floor impatiently with the toe of a narrow silver slipper. Nick was moving restlessly about the room. Gina huddled on the divan, but she was twisting her frail chiffon handkerchief between her nervous fingers. Allan kept lighting one cigarette from the butt of another. None of them could be still. Their faces had a hungry, unsatisfied look.

"Mother, isn't dinner awfully late?" complained Coralie. "I've an engagement at nine."

"So have I," put in Allan quickly.

"Gina and I promised to pick up Bill Nabors and his wife by nine-thirty," said Nick. "We're going on to the Woodalls' dance."

Ruth glanced from one to the other. They were bored and restless, eager to get away. No, she thought painfully, it was not working out.

"But your father hasn't come," she protested.

Nick scowled. "Good Lord, if we're going to wait on dad!"

They all stared at Ruth accusingly. Why should she expect them to inconvenience themselves for a whim of hers, she asked herself. Her children never had been required to put anyone's pleasure before their own. They were, just as Allan said, neurotic and self-centred.

"All right," said Ruth bleakly. "I'll have dinner served at once."

It was not a happy meal. Ruth was miserably conscious of that empty chair at the head of the table. No one had an appetite. The food was costly and gracefully served with sprigs of parsley to decorate the meat course and silver covers for everything hot. But one hotel dinner is very like another. Everybody toyed with the pale consomme, the sickly slices of tomato in Russian dressing, and the thin slabs of pistachio ice cream. No one ate very much and conversation limped.

They might all have been hostile strangers, each resenting any encroachment on his intimacy. Allan scowled moodily at his plate. Gina and Nick betrayed no enthusiasm except when they snapped at each other. Coralie was distrait, starting violently when addressed, answering only in monosyllables.

Nick consulted his wrist watch again as they were leaving the table. Ruth knew exactly what he was thinking. Another half hour to kill. Allan turned on the

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radio. Everybody shrieked at him to twist its tail. Someone was making a political speech about inflation and mortgage moratoria, but the Reeds never troubled themselves with what they called "heavy stuff." Allan, under the direction of the others, went around the dial until he located a jazz orchestra to which nobody objected. Unfortunately almost at once a crooner on the programme went into "Old Folks at Home."

"Turn that thing off!" cried Coralie fiercely. "Do you want to drive me mad?"

Nick scowled. "What's put you in such a twitter?" he demanded disagreeably.

Coralie flushed and turned away. She had almost convinced herself she wanted to marry Smead Peyton. She would be the first girl in her crowd to elope, she had been thinking with a thrill, when that song upset her.

Down on the street newsboys began to cry the morning papers.

"Nine o'clock," said Allan with a sharp sigh.

Coralie felt a little faint. Nine o'clock! Smead would be telephoning from downstairs in a moment. She began to quiver inside. The telephone bell did not ring, however, but a bellboy knocked at the door with a note from Smead. Coralie read the message twice and still did not know what it was all about. Smead said something had come up which necessitated a change in their p'ans. He sounded confused and vague. He had written the note in the lounge downstairs on hotel stationery. Coralie could not imagine what had caused him to alter their arrangements at the last minute, and Smead did not say. In fact, he said nothing definite except that he would be seeing her in a few days.

Nick laughed. "You look as if you'd been stood up, sister."

Coralie went a little white. "I even admit it."

Allan picked up his topcoat. "See you all here and there."

Gina made a grimace. "If you don't it won't be your fault. You and your girl friend do cover the waterfront, don't you? Is she strong for the hotcha stuff, or is she?"

Allan did not reply, but he slammed the door behind him. Nick produced Gina's wrap and held it out. She hobbled to her feet, wincing a little.

"Heaven help my falling arches this night!" she breathed.

Ruth told them good-night with the fixed smile which was becoming a habit with h . The end of a wrecked evening, she was thinking and had an idea that if she relaxed her lips her smile would fly into a thousand pieces.

"Good-night, Nick, good-night, Gina," she said. "It was good of you to come."

"Any time you need our help to celebrate something or other, ring the bell, Mrs. Reed," murmured Nick. He patted her arm. "Ready, Gina?"

However, just as Nick and his wife turned toward the door, it flew open with startling suddenness and Allan came in. He had a morning paper in his hand.

"Good grief," muttered Nick. "I thought you were half across town by now."

Allan stood just inside the door, staring at them.

"What the devil?" asked Nick sharply. "You look as if you'd stepped on the tail of a submarine."

Allan laughed. "Did you but know fella, the bottom's moved out from under."

Ruth uttered a little cry. "What's happened, Allan?"

Allan gave her a remorseful glance. "I'm sorry, Moms. I'd forgotte. how tou his is going to be on you."

He pointed silently to the flaring headlines which marched across the front page of the newspaper in his hand.

BYRON ROOFING COMPANY GONE BANKRUPT

"Bankrupt!" wailed Coralie. "But it can't be!"

"Ruined!" whispered Nick. "It means dad's ruined."

Ruth could not even speak.

"Yes," said someone behind Allan, "that's how it is."

Dallas Reed stood on the threshold. He looked years older. Even his big shoulders sagged as if he had taken a terrific beating and lacked the strength to straighten up. He tried to smile, his lips twisted away from his teeth. "I told you I'd be home in some sort of shape for your party, old lady. Here I am."

"Dal!" whispered Ruth and put out her hands.

Apparently he did not see them. His eyes had a strange blank expression. "A hell of a birthday gift, isn't it? Wiped out!" His drawn face quivered. He looked slowly from one to the other. "If you don't mind, I'd like to be alone."

He went down the hall to his bedroom and closed the door behind him.



CORALIE REED stood on one foot and then the other. The street car was crowded. People stepped on her heels, but if she moved an inch forward, someone trod on her insteps. Coralie bit her lip and steadily winked back the tears which had been stinging her eyelids all afternoon.

The day had begun with a cold, February drizzle, half-fog mixed with smoke, but the sky was no more dismal than Coralie's spirits. It was strange, she thought. That first night it had seemed rather thrilling to be bankrupt. She had not been able to care a lot. It was like a new game, quite exciting, but the whole business grew more depressing the farther it progressed.

That morning her roadster had gone, sold to pay debts. Coralie winced. Ruth's limousine had disappeared by the same route. Allan was hanging onto his machine as long as possible. He had no idea how long that would be. When the Byron Roofing Company collapsed like a gigantic smoke ring Allan's monthly pay check vanished along with a lot of other things.

"'Sfunny to think we can't even afford gasoline any more," thought Coralie. She was thinking of the meeting of the Junior League which she had attended that afternoon. It was a shock to discover that she was by no means so irresistibly attractive as she had supposed. It had been only two weeks since Dallas Reed's spectacular failure, but already the gang had ceased to follow Coralie's lead. That afternoon Coralie had been given cause to feel very much out of the running.

Even her best friends acted as if she had become extremely hard to locate in the crowd. Coralie swallowed painfully. She really had not known that her acquaintances had let her get by with arrogance and even insolence only because she was Dallas Reed's daughter with an unlimited allowance.

There had been nothing dramatic about the manner in which Smead Peyton had disappeared from Coralie's landscape. She could have forgiven him for everything had he staged a scene. If Smead had said that he must give her up for her sake, because neither of them had any money, Coralie could have played her part beautifully. But Smead had merely avoided Coralie on all counts.

The Dallas Reeds could no longer afford to live at the Park Plaza. The director of the hotel had called on Ruth the day before and offered to cancel the lease on the apartment. He pretended he was acting out of the largeness of his heart. He had been very suave about it, but Coralie, standing at the window, had felt the humiliation burning into her spine.

"What the heck," demanded Allan when he heard the news, "we'll probably be thrown out of worse places than this before we're through."

Allan had been like that from the first, defiant and sarcastic. Poor Allan, thought Coralie. Of course he was desperate. He had offered to release Peggy Neale from their engagement and she accepted her freedom without a quibble.

Coralie squared her chin before she entered the suite. She told herself it was no good to walk in with crepe on her shoulder.

"Hi, Moms," she murmured, pausing in the doorway of the living-room.

Her mother was at her desk, adding rows of figures on a neat pad. She glanced up with a wavering smile which made Coralie wince. "Hello, darling, have a nice afternoon?"

Coralie's young eyes darkened. She had had a thoroughly abominable afternoon, but she did not intend to say so. "Yes, certainly," she insisted too emphatically.

It was her mother's turn to wince. But a lie is sometimes gallant, so she did not call attention to what was plainly an evasion of the unpalatable truth.

"How are we doing," asked Coralie, eyeing the ominous column of figures on the page.

Ruth shook her head. "You can add them upside down and backward and they still don't come out even."

"Isn't it strange that things could be so bad, without dad having an idea?"

Ruth flushed. "You mustn't blame your father, Coralie. He knew business was bad, but he redoubled his efforts and sold a tremendous amount of roofing in the face of adverse conditions. What he didn't know is that every shingle Byron Roofing Company has produced in three years had cost more than he sold it for. Colonel Byron never allowed anyone to ask him questions about costs and finances. He seems to have been going bankrupt steadily for a long time, only he was too stubborn to let a soul in on the situation until he reached the end of his resources. Then it was too late."

"Dad doesn't deserve a break like this!" cried Coralie fiercely.

Ruth sighed. "If only he'd talk about it."

"Is—is he sleeping any better?" asked Coralie in a low voice.

Ruth's dark eyes blurred. "He never moves or speaks, but I don't believe he sleeps at all."

"Oh, dear!"

"He was so proud of the way he's always been able to give us the best of everything," said Ruth brokenly.

Coralie made an effort and grinned.

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"You mustn't let it get you down, Moms. We'll pull through somehow."

"Hello, fellows," sang out Allan from the doorway. "How's the road to the poorhouse?"

His black eyes blazed with recklessness.

Ruth shivered. "Any luck, darling?"

"Luck? Now where have I heard that word?" reflected Allan. "If you mean, did I persuade somebody to hire your son, I didn't."

"Thank Heaven, Nick never worked for the Byron Roofing Company," said Ruth. "At least he and Gina are safe."

"Except since when have they been able to live on his salary?" inquired Coralie.

"They will now—or else," remarked Allan with a grim smile.

"You're telling us," muttered Nick, himself coming in. "Hello, Moms. Gina thought we'd bring our sandwiches over and put them with yours."

"I don't guarantee them," said Gina quickly.

"Tush," protested Nick, "you can open a can as well as the next one. Besides, I tasted 'em. They're pretty swell."

Ruth's eyes stung. She had not heard Nick employ that tone with his wife for months.

"I thought we'd make coffee up here," suggested Gina. "You know misery loves company."

"Put my name on a sandwich," muttered Coralie.

Nick whistled softly. "Don't tell me you're not in demand any more?"

"Nary a demand," Coralie confessed with a wry smile.

Gina giggled. "You haven't anything on us. Have we been dropped from the crowd? I'd hate to tell you how hard we bounced."

NICK'S handsome face reddened. "Or maybe we dropped the crowd because we can't afford to run with that bunch any more."

"It all adds up to the same thing," concluded Gina. "We're moving," she told Ruth. "Did you know you can rent a whole house out in the suburbs for half what we've been paying for an efficiency apartment in the city? Of course, there's no service, and we won't be able to afford a maid, and we have to take care of the furnace ourselves."

Allan sniggered. "You'll have Nick mowing that front lawn yet."

Nick's chin acquired a belligerent angle. "I guess if I have to I can do a lot of little things."

Ruth rose abruptly to her feet. "I'll fix the coffee." She smiled at Coralie. "Do you think you could set the table, darling?"

"Of course!" cried Coralie indignantly. "Even a nitwit ought to be equal to that."

"That's what I thought when I tried to shine my own shoes this morning," remarked Allan. "But, take it from me, it's not so simple, all these nitwit jobs somebody else has always done for us."

"You said it," groaned Nick. "I didn't know until yesterday that there was any trick in the way to wash a car. I supposed you just turned on the hose and let nature take its course."

"But the car looked lovely when you finished," insisted Gina.

"Allan, would you please open this bottle of cream?" asked Ruth, from the kitchenette.

"That at least shouldn't require any previous training," said Allan. He produced his pocket-knife and stabbed at the paper cover. It promptly retaliated by shooting a stream of milk accurately at his left eye. Nick laughed until he was weak.

"How was I to know you had to sneak up on it like a bomb?" demanded Allan.

Coralie was surveying the table in the dining-room. "It doesn't look right," she muttered.

"You've forgotten the silver, darling," prompted her mother.

Both Allan and Nick sniggered. Coralie glared at them. "I'd have thought of that myself in a moment," she said with offended dignity.

Ruth suddenly became aware of Dallas standing in the doorway, his face gaunt and twisted. Even his lips were pallid.

"I've gummed the works for all of you, haven't I?" he asked in a lifeless voice.

Coralie sprang to her feet. "Dad! What do you think? I set the table! And I almost got it right the first time. Sit down and I'll locate you a plate and everything."

Allan pulled out his father's chair. "It's time they were giving you a chance to catch your breath," he said indignantly.

Dallas fumbled with his napkin. "Time is what I'll have scads of from here on. I finished with the receivers to-day."

"But you're certain to make a connection somewhere," cried Nick. "A man of your calibre! A dozen firms will be squabbling over your services."

"Think so?" murmured Dallas Reed. "Maybe I had the same impression—once. There doesn't seem to be any place in the business world of to-day for a man of fifty who's having to start all over again from scratch."

There was a blank silence. Nobody looked at anyone else.

"We can't afford to stay on here," said Dallas. "That, at least, is obvious."

"I cancelled the lease yesterday," murmured Ruth. "I told them we'd vacate by the first."

"But the first is only three days off!" exclaimed Coralie in a panicky voice.

Allan kicked her under the table. "An awful lot can happen in three days," he muttered.

Dallas Reed's bloodless face twitched with a grimace which was meant for a smile. "At least we'll be certain of a roof over our heads." They stared at him, but his eyes flinched away from theirs. "I still own that farm down State which my grandfather left me. It hasn't earned much more than the taxes for three years. This year I couldn't rent it. No wonder my creditors didn't want it. But there's a house of sorts on the place and——" his voice trailed off. "Go on, say it," he cried harshly.

"I think we're lucky to have a farm!" stammered Coralie.

Ruth could have kissed her. "I don't care about anything, Dallas, except you mustn't feel so dreadful."

"When do we start?" demanded Allan. "Heaven knows I've nothing to hang around here for."

Dallas Reed drew a labored breath. "I haven't seen the property in fifteen years. Renters never do a place any good. It's bound to be pretty dismal."

"What of it?" demanded Coralie stoutly. She came around the table and perched on the arm of her father's chair. "You can't scare me. I bet I'll be good on a farm."

"It will be spring soon," murmured Ruth. "And the country's lovely when the fruit trees bloom."

"We'll go fishing, Dad," said Allan. "You promised years ago to teach me to cast. Remember?"

"Yes," admitted Dallas Reed. His arm tightened about Coralie's shoulders. "I thought you'd all hate me," he said huskily.

"Of all things," cried Nick. "We think you're swell!"

"Of course we do!" chanted the others.

Dallas Reed had held on to his grandfather's farm for purely sentimental reasons. It had been in the family for three generations. Dallas had never expected to go back there to live. Nevertheless he had never reached the point where he felt like disposing of the property, although it had become of recent years more of a liability than otherwise. However, his grandfather had made a comfortable living there. He had reared his own family and given the orphaned Dallas a home until he was sixteen. The old man died shortly before Dallas married. Since then the farm had been leased, with the usual destructive results.

"I wired Halliday to fix the house up so we could at least live in it," Dallas explained on the way down that cold, raw, blustery first day of March. "He has a one-horse real estate agency in Blytheville, rents and sells. But no telling what we're likely to find. Halliday isn't the type to perform miracles."

"It'll be all right, Dal," insisted Ruth.

Coralie shivered. Dallas had bought a cheap, second-hand flivver. A light car was better for dirt roads, he explained, and, anyway, it was the best they could afford. They came to a worn-out gravelled pike which branched at right angles from the concrete highway.

"We turn here," said Dallas curtly, looking back to make sure that Allan did not miss the way. "The house is just over the hill."

"YOU mean, this is our land?" asked Ruth uncertainly.

"On the right, yes. Pretty mouldy, isn't it?" asked Dallas in a hard, tight voice. "I must have been crazy to think we could stick this."

Ruth's mouth quivered. "We can stick anything," she said. "I like it."

I have to, she was thinking to herself. They were over the hill at last.

"Home!" said Dallas in a jeering voice.

Coralie said nothing; she couldn't. Her father had tried to prepare her, but it was worse than she had been able to picture. There was a ramshackle picket fence off which most of the paint and pickets had peeled. The house stood well back from the road on the brow of the hill. Two huge gnarled trees, barren of leaves, guarded the wide plank gate which was propped up with a stick. Moss-grown stones framed a path to the sagging front porch. A shutter on the upper floor hung by one hinge and banged in the rising wind. Bricks had fallen from the broad chimney onto the ell of the roof.

"Grandad must turn over in his grave," muttered Dallas. "He always kept things shipshape."

"I'll open the gate!" exclaimed Coralie.

She had to do something. It was too awful to sit there and look on helplessly while her father's face wore that dreadful stricken expression. She was biting her lips to keep back the tears when Allan came to her rescue. Between them, they finally made it. Dallas and Ruth drove inside. Coralie clung to Allan's sleeve.

"I'm not crying!" she protested fiercely.

"Of course not!" said Allan in a gruff voice.

He did not look at her, and Coralie was grateful for his forbearance. She rode up to the house on the running-board of his car. Ruth was standing on the porch, while Dallas wrestled with the heavy front door. Allan, blundering up the wide steps with a

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load of baggage, stepped on a loose board. It flew up and sent him sprawling. Coralie laughed hysterically. Even Dallas had to grin.

"Are you hurt, darling?" asked Ruth, with a nervous giggle.

Allan picked himself up. "No," he said. "I'm not hurt. Walk this way."

He put on an exaggerated limp and led the way inside. He was deliberately being comic to relieve the strain which had them all by the throat. Allan's a peach, thought Coralie to herself and squeezed his arm. It was dark in the long narrow hall, and musty.

"Where on earth is the switch?" muttered Coralie, fumbling at the wall.

Dallas Reed laughed. "Wait till I strike a match. There ought to be a lamp."

Coralie smothered a gasp. She could not imagine not having electric lights. Her father's match made a pale flame in the darkness.

"Grandma's things have been in storage for years and years," he apologised. "And Halliday had only three days to get the house ready. I expect everything's in a jumble, but there used to be a hanging lamp. Ah! Here it is."

He pulled on a rusty chain, and an ancient glass lamp in an iron frame slid down within his reach. He lit it and released the chain. It returned creakingly to its former position.

"How quaint!" faltered Coralie.

"At that," declared Allan, "it doesn't put your eyes out like these here gaudy electrics."

Dallas looked from one to the other. "You're being the best sports in the world!" he cried huskily.

With the exception of the swinging lamp and a hat-rack, the hall was bare of furnishings, but there was a steep staircase which went straight up at the side, and a door in the exact centre of each wall.

"This used to be the parlor," remarked Dallas, opening the door to the left.

It was a square room with a brick fireplace over which someone had fastened a sheet of tin. A rusty stove stood in front of the hearth. A battered leather sofa and four worn leather chairs were piled together in one corner. A couple of gold-framed pictures lay face downward on the floor. On a huge marble-topped table there was a clutter of odds and ends, oil lamps, china ornaments, an ancient clock, a glass bowl.

Dallas swallowed painfully. "Grandma was always proud of her parlor set. She and grandad saved for five years to buy it, so she said. But I had to store things in the loft of the post office; it's the only space I could rent just for storage, and—and I'm afraid the stuff's hopeless now. Maybe it always was, only when I was a kid I thought this was the prettiest room on earth with the firelight flickering over it."

"Whoever closed up the fireplace?" asked Ruth indignantly.

"Renters," muttered Dallas. "Stoves consume less wood."

"But you've acres of wood on the place. It doesn't cost a thing."

"It takes energy to cut it," Dallas reminded her. "Over here is the dining-room."

It, too, was a square room with a boarded-up fireplace. There was another hanging lamp over the round dining-table, and a broken-down couch under the front window.

"We used to sit in here a lot," muttered Dallas, "but I guess the kitchen was the heart of the house."

He flung open the other door, and then drew back, going a little white.

"Grandma's kitchen never looked like this," he said like a hurt, small boy. "You could have eaten off her cook-stove, it was that clean, and she always had cookies in a jar and geraniums on the window-sills."

"Darling," whispered Ruth, "I'll fix everything just the way she had it. Truly, I will, Dallas."

She seemed to have forgotten everyone except him, and her voice was vibrant with tenderness. Coralie's eyes met Allan's. They felt abashed, as if they had listened in on something they had no right to hear. Their father's arm was about their mother.

"I never meant you to drudge," he said.

She smiled up at him. "Do you know, I think I've always had a suppressed desire to see what I could do with a cake of soap and a scrub-brush."

"You could find plenty of use for both in this place," muttered Dallas, eyeing the huge range with its blackened lids and the tin tub, piled with pots and pans and dishes, underneath it. "Want to look around upstairs?" he asked drearily. "Might as well get the ordeal over."

He took the glass lamp off the kitchen table, lit it, and led the way up the steep stairs. There were three square rooms above, exactly like those on the first floor, except the ceilings sloped towards the windows to accommodate the slant of the roof.

"No bathroom," thought Coralie, and wondered if it were possible to exist without a shower and worlds of hot water.

IT seemed there was more to it than just piling pine needles and short pieces of wood in the kitchen range, but Dallas had spent sixteen years in that old farmhouse. He knew about dampers and how to make the blaze draw. He also knew how to prime the pump on the back porch. However, it was Allan who brought in armfuls of dry kindling which he split in the back yard. He was slightly breathless before he had filled one of the boxes, and he had succeeded in raising a couple of blisters on his right hand. Coralie thought they must hurt like the very dickens. Allan laughed at her.

"Be your age," he said. "What's a bruise or two? I worked off a lot of what have you on that old wood pile. You ought to try it for what ails you."

"Coralie's going to wash up the skillets and things," said Ruth.

Coralie started. For a minute she felt exactly like Suzette. Then she swallowed hard and screwed her face into a grin.

"Leave me at them," she said feebly.

Allan sniggered. Coralie ignored him. She hung her short fur coat and her jaunty straw hat on a nail in the pantry. Once started, the kitchen range threw out plenty of heat. Gingerly Coralie rolled up the sleeves of her blue jersey dress, and tackled the cooking vessels heaped up in a large dish-pan on the kitchen table. The water was not very hot. The coarse soap made her hands sting. The skillets and the coffee-pot and the bread-pan had not been used in years.

"This is awful," thought Coralie.

Ruth had a book propped p beside the lamp on the shelf by the stove.

"I bought it yesterday," she explained. "It guarantees to tell you how to cook anything. I hope I can depend on that."

Dallas cleared his throat. "I'll peel the potatoes. We can have broiled ham and French fries and hot biscuits."

Ruth flushed. "Not to-night," she said. "When I attempt biscuits I'll need plenty of elbow-room and oceans of time and no audience."

"I'll get a woman in to-morrow to do the heavy work," muttered Dallas.

"No," said Ruth, in an even voice, "you won't. We need every penny we have for other things, and a little dish-water will not hurt Coralie." She rummaged in the old-fashioned kitchen safe. "There doesn't seem to be any tablecloth or napkins," she said.

"I forgot to tell Halliday about table linen," murmured Dallas humbly. "Grandma had stacks of hand-made things, but Heaven knows what's become of them."

"We can't eat without napkins," exclaimed Coralie hopefully. "We'll have to go to the hotel after all."

"No," murmured Ruth, "we'll use towels. Run upstairs, Coralie and get them out of the bundle."

Coralie flung her a reproachful glance. "I—I feel a little faint."

"Get the towels, darling," said Ruth as if she expected to be obeyed.

"I'll do it, Moms," offered Allan.

Ruth shook her head. "Coralie will get them."

Coralie tucked Suzette under one arm and went slowly up the steep staircase. It would have been difficult to tell which of the two looked more dejected.

"Poor kid," muttered Dallas. "This is plenty hard on her."

Ruth smiled. "I'm not sure but that it's a break for Coralie and for all of us."

Upstairs Suzette broke into wild yapping. "Shut up, you zany!" they heard Coralie say. "It's only a—a spider."

"She's scared pink," muttered Dallas. "I think I'd better go up."

"Let her alone," said Ruth.

Coralie reappeared with an armful of towels. "Suzette saw a spider," she giggled. "You'd have thought it was a mountain lion, the way she carried on."

Allan laughed. "You weren't too sure it wasn't a lion yourself, were you?"

Coralie turned up her nose at him. "Don't be silly," she said. "I didn't even jump—much. O-o-o-h, that ham smells grand."

They ate by lamplight in the kitchen. Outside it was very still and very dark. Coralie caught herself listening for the roar of traffic, for street cars and taxi-cabs and a policeman's whistle. But the only sounds were the wail of the wind and from far away the melancholy howl of a hound-dog.

"It's—it's awfully nice and peaceful, isn't it?" she faltered.

"Yes," said Dallas. "A feller feels as if he might let go and relax."

Ruth glanced at his haggard face and bloodshot eyes. "I'm glad there's no elevator to listen for!" she said and drew a long breath.

"You mean telephone," said Allan. "Thank Heaven, even if you were tempted to call somebody up, you couldn't."

His hand clenched on the edge of the table. They knew he was thinking of Peggy Neale.

"This will be your room, Coralie," said Ruth when they went upstairs, indicating the bedroom across the hall. "Allan will have the one above the kitchen, and dad and I the one over the dining-room."

"All right," said Coralie.

"Pleasant dreams," murmured Ruth.

Coralie winced. She did not think she could have anything less than a nightmare in that dingy, depressing room. Allan had made a fire. He had also brought up a bucket of water to heat on top of the stove. An oil lamp burned on a big old-fashioned square table by the window. The wall-paper was faded and dingy. There was matting on the floor. Coralie thought of her futuristic bedroom at home with the satinwood furniture and the gay cherry silk drapes and the black and silver boudoir lamps and the thick mauve carpet and the

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private bath with running ice water and a shower and fleecy towels and mat.

Tears were sliding down her cheeks when she crawled into the big wooden bed. She buried her face in her pillow and wept violently. On the floor Suzette whimpered in her silk-lined basket.

Down the hall Allan rolled and tossed. He could not get to sleep. He wished he could forget Peggy Neale. She was not worth eating out his heart about, but he could not get over her. She was a fever for which he seemed unable to find an antidote. He wondered whom she was with at that moment, who was being tantalised by her little tricks.

"I can't stand it," thought Allan, "only I've got to."

Dallas was not asleep. Ruth knew that, although he lay rigid beside her, not moving or speaking. She put out her hand timidly and drew his head down to her shoulder.

"Dearest," she whispered, "we haven't lost anything except money."

He clung to her like a child.

CORALIE discovered that breakfast at the farmhouse meant a variety of complications. Fires had to be started, water drawn and heated, the table set, coffee and toast made, bacon broiled, and grapefruit prepared. Coralie had never dreamed it was any trouble to get a grapefruit ready for its engagement at the table.

"I never eat breakfast myself," announced Coralie loftily.

"But aren't you hungry?" asked Allan, carrying in another bucket of water. "I don't remember ever being this famished."

"No," said Coralie firmly. "I never eat breakfast."

However, she allowed herself to nibble at a strip of bacon and a piece of toast. She even absent-mindedly reached for a second slice of toast. Allan was about to call attention to her oversight when Ruth nudged him.

"We're going to have company!" exclaimed Allan in a startled voice.

The Reeds laid down their knives and forks and stared. An old couple were coming down a path through the cornfield. A tall, thin, spare old man and a short, plump old lady, each carrying a basket covered with a snowy napkin.

"It's Pa and Ma Ash!" exclaimed Dallas, smiling broadly. "I haven't seen them for twenty years, but blessed if they've changed a bit."

"What can they want?" asked Coralie wonderingly.

Dallas gave her an odd look. "It's possible they want nothing except to be kind. People are like that in the country, only I'd forgotten. Come in, come in, folks!" he called from the kitchen door. "How are you, Ma Ash? It's good to see you, Pa Ash!"

"Thanky, my boy!" beamed Pa Ash pumping Dallas' hand vigorously. "Ma and I, we're just spryer than crickets, even if we be almost eighty years young."

"Eighty years," murmured Dallas. "I can't believe it."

"Yes," said Pa Ash, "it's a fine morning."

"You have to speak right peart to Pa," explained Ma Ash. "He don't hear so sharp."

"Ma," said the old man, "Dallas has got as purty a wife and daughter as you ever run across."

"You see," explained Ma Ash, 'my eyes ain't so good as they once was. But Pa always tells me what things look like and I tell him how everything sounds, and you'd be surprised how well we get along."

Ruth was aware of a lump in her throat. "Come in, and—and have some breakfast with us."

Pa Ash cackled. "Law, child, we et hours ago. Howsomever, we'll set and have a cup of coffee with you just to be neighborly."

"We brought along a few things," announced Ma Ash, modestly.

Pa Ash uncovered the baskets. There were four dozen fresh eggs, a crock of yellow butter, a jar of peach preserves, another jar of tomato relish, and a plate of doughnuts still hot and crusty with sugar.

"But—but you shouldn't have——" Ruth paused at a loss for words.

Ma Ash patted her shoulder. "'Tain't easy, I figure, moving into a new home." She smiled. "'Course I ain't never done it. Me and Pa have lived over there on the ridge sixty years come April."

"I been telling Ma," chirruped Pa Ash, "it shore will be pleasant-like to have a Reed farming this place the way it ought to be farmed."

Dallas cleared his throat. "I don't exactly plan to do any farming," he said, apologetically. "I expect almost any day to make a connection. That is, we don't intend to settle down here permanently."

Pa Ash looked disappointed. "You don't mean to just let the place lie here and go to seed, do you, Dallas? There ain't a prettier farm south of the Missouri River. Not when it's run right. A man and a hired hand can raise everything on earth he wants to eat, and a mite of corn to sell for what he needs to buy—and—" he paused.

"Come to think of it, Dallas, may be you wouldn't need no hired man with that fine strapping boy you got there. Son, if your name ain't Allan 't ought to be, cause you're the spit of your great-granpa Reed, and they never growed no smarter farmer than he was."



CORALIE again restrained a wild giggle. But when she glanced at Allan, his eyes were not laughing. He had misplaced his sardonic grin and was leaning a little forward in his chair, staring at Pa Ash.

"Grandpa Reed's log cabin is still standing," announced Pa Ash, suddenly. "The one him and Grandma Reed lived in when they homsteaded this place back in '69."

"Where?" asked Allan.

"Let's walk over that way," suggested Dallas. "I don't know when I've been over the farm."

They set off across the cornfield. Ma Ash regarded Ruth with a benignant smile. "If you need anything any time, you just got to step out your back door and holler, dearie."

"Ma Ash," said Ruth, earnestly, "do you think you could teach me to make biscuits."

Ma Ash nodded her silvery head. "My biscuits have took the blue ribbon every time I put them up at the county fair."

"I don't know how to do anything!" cried Ruth huskily.

Ma Ash peered at her through silver-rimmed spectacles. "Women never were meant to be useless," she observed gently.

"No," said Ruth with a little sob.

Seems as if idleness kind of brings out the worst in mules—and most humans," said Ma Ash.

"Yes!" cried Ruth.

Coralie picked up Suzette and stalked out of the kitchen. It was a sparklingly clear March morning. But Coralie was abandoned to woe. She and Suzette were not clodhoppers, she told herself furiously. She wanted to get right off the farm. Picking her way carefully Coralie walked down the muddy drive and let herself out the wide plank gate.

In a tiny copse just under the hill the first dogwood was in bloom, a frieze of white against a blue and gold sky. Suzette with great astonishment discovered a clump of wild violets in the shelter of a stone. She barked with excitement, then sheered off violently when a toad hopped out in her face. A little further into the woods a redbud tree was just betraying misty pink branches. A tiny creek meandered idly through the ravine. Coralie leaped it, Suzette stood on the other side, and whimpered.

"Jump," said Coralie ungraciously. Suzette did not move. "All right," muttered Coralie. If you want to be stubborn, just sit there and see if I care."

The ground sloped sharply upward again. Coralie was panting a little when she reached the top. Suddenly she heard a tremendous commotion behind her. She turned to stare. Suzette was yapping wildly. A few feet away crouched a long lanky hound dog with mustard-colored body. He had his nose to the ground and was baying as if he had treed some new kind of varmint.

"THE brute!" cried Coralie and began to run back to Suzette. But when she reached the brook she found the situation unchanged. The hound was crouched, his long melancholy head on his paws, staring at Suzette, and Suzette was quivering and squeaking quite beside herself with rage. Just behind the hound on a wiry calico pony, sat a man lounging sideways in the saddle, his sunburned face under his battered grey hat askew with a lazy grin.

"Oh!" cried Coralie and stopped short. "I forgot you lived down this way."

Duke James grinned. "If it isn't the poor little snooty rich girl."

Coralie gasped. "How dare you sit there and grin while your horrid brute of a dog murders my little Suzette?"

Duke James sniggered. "Lady," he drawled, "Slip wouldn't harm a hair on that critter's head. He's just been trying to find out what she is. You'd think from her racket that Slip was chewing her up by the ears. That's the way with spoiled little lapdogs."

"She isn't spoiled!" snapped Coralie. "I guess you wouldn't recognise it."

She flushed. "If you mean I'm spoiled too, you're entitled to your opinion." She elevated her nose haughtily. "But it just happens that I don't give a darn what you think. You make me so mad, I—I could die."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You don't exactly soothe me." He hesitated. "But you didn't get married."

Coralie went quite white. "No," she said, "the attraction was dad's money, and he lost it." She eyed him defiantly. "Go on and laugh. That should provide you with a lot of amusement."

He colored. "I suspect you had it coming to you."

Coralie winced. "At least I'm not whimpering about it."

He laughed, and the calico pony plunged skittishly. But Duke brought him swiftly to a stand. Coralie admitted resentfully that in the saddle Duke James was rather magnificent. She thought it was too pro-

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voking that he should be so good-looking. It made her feel queer just to look at him. She tucked Suzette under her arm and turned away.

Unfortunately her exit was slightly robbed of its dignity by the fact that Suzette continued to spit and yowl like an infuriated fishwife at the yellow hound while he stared after her with puzzled, mournful brown eyes.

"YES, sir," said Pa Ash, "here's where Grandpa Reed and his wife set up housekeeping when they homesteaded this farm."

Allan stared curiously at the old log house. There were two rooms connected by a wide hall, and a leanto. The walls still looked sturdy, but the flooring had vanished in spots and the chimney of native boulders had fallen into ruins. A small spring, choked with rubbish, bubbled weakly from under the side of the hill which shielded the cabin on the north.

"It's funny how things go around in circles," said Pa Ash. "Grandpa Reed built the big house over yonder because it faced the pike. Now the new concrete highway comes through and the cabin's right on it. Howsomever, this used to be a famous trail in the old covered waggon days."

The paving wound like a silver ribbon past the cabin.

Pa Ash chuckled. "Your great-grandfather had a knack of fixing things with his hands," he told Allan. "Did you know he did a lot of blacksmithing?"

Allan shook his head. Pa Ash chuckled again. "They wan't no automobiles in them days, but horses had to be shod and shafts mended and waggon wheels straightened, and the like of that. Grandpa Reed was a farmer, first and foremostly, but he did a heap of other things too when he was a young man getting a start."

Allan walked down to the highway and stood staring at the procession of automobiles skimming past.

"How far is it to town?" he asked abruptly.

Pa Ash scratched his head. "About two miles and seven-eighths, I calculate."

"I'll be seeing you," said Allan and set off down the road.

Dallas glanced over his shoulder at the dreary cornfield which stretched back towards the main house.

"It would take a lot of doing to put this farm back on its feet," he said. "Even if you made only the most necessary repairs, it would require a year or so to put things back to where they should be."

"Didn't get this way in a day," said Pa Ash dryly.

They walked back to the house in silence. Ma Ash was waiting at the cross path. Dallas stood watching the old couple trudge over the hill. When he came soberly into the kitchen, Ruth had her skirts pinned up and was digging away with soap and water at the blackened range. She smiled up at him.

"I want to go to town after lunch, Dal. We need a lot of things; a scrubbing-brush and cleaning powders and dishcloths and furniture polish."

He came over and put his hand on her shoulder. "It's no use," he said harshly. "We can't make a go of this. I was a fool to think we could—even for a while. I'm certain to get on somewhere eventually."

She put her arm around him. "Let's don't kid ourselves, Dallas. We have to face realities, but we have a chance here at least to make an honest living. It won't be easy. Nothing worth-while is. If we succeed, we'll have to work, all of us, but——" her voice broke. "Oh, Dallas, let's buck it together this time. Before it was all your success. I had no share in it. Now I want to help."

He shivered. "It will cut our capital in two if I plant any sort of crop. We'll need a lot of things. I'll have to hire men to have ploughing done. Seed costs money."

"We'll want a cow and chickens."

He stared at her. "Do you realise that if we lay out anything on this place, we'll have no choice? We'll be forced to stick it out till something turns up to pay me a salary. It'll be burning our bridges behind us!"

She laid her cheek against his. "At least we can stay here as long as we like. No one can request us to move out."

Coralie appeared in the doorway. "Look!" she exclaimed tragically and extended a slim bronze pump, weighted down with mud.

"That's something else we must buy when we go to town this afternoon," said Ruth, making a note. "Low-heeled walking shoes and house aprons."

Coralie stared from one to the other. "That sounds as if we were going to stay," she said in a quivering voice. She slipped away upstairs and flung herself face downwards across her bed. She cried bitterly for ten minutes and felt better, but she loathed the farm. She luxuriated in feeling sorry for herself as she set her teeth and made her bed which persisted in being lumpy, no matter how hard she tried to smooth out the covers. Suzette hopped up on the window sill in the sun. Coralie stared at her with morose blue eyes.

"You have cockleburs in your ears," she said coldly, "but what of it? We've got to be hicks now, and like it."



"CORALIE," called Ruth from below, "it's time to set the table for lunch."

"Oh, heck," thought Coralie. She resented every step she took down the stairs. She refused to admit that the kitchen with the sunlight streaming in looked less dingy than the night before. She had to bite her lips to keep from slamming plates and cups and saucers down on the table. She kept telling herself she must grin and bear it, but her lips felt stiff and mutinous.

"We'll have to depend on canned goods until our garden comes up," said Ruth.

Coralie's lip curled. "Are we going to have a garden?"

"Absolutely!"

Coralie stared bitterly at the roughened place on her left hand. "That'll be nice," she said weakly.

Her mother smiled. "You'll have to learn to churn, darling."

Coralie started violently. "Who, me?"

Allan, just coming in by the back door, laughed. "What's the matter, kid? Can't you take it?"

Coralie sniffed. "What have you been doing to look so proud of yourself?"

"You'd be astonished," remarked Allan, with a sparkle in his eyes.

Their father was engaged in nailing down a loose board on the rear porch. "Whatever you're cooking in there smells uptown," he called out.

Ruth dimpled. "It's just fried apples to go with the doughnuts Ma Ash brought. She showed me how to fix them."

"Have you et, Allan?" inquired Coralie maliciously.

Her father frowned. "Maybe the Ashes do butcher a little grammar when they talk," he said. "But I didn't notice any of our elegant city friends lining up to give us a hand-out when we hit bottom."

"I'm sorry," whispered Coralie humbly.

"Lunch is ready," announced her mother.

"I'm going into business," announced Allan abruptly. Everybody stared. "On a small scale," he explained, reddening. "There isn't a garage between here and town, not even a filling station. I walked it to find out. But I found an agent for one of the big oil companies who'll set me up with a pump and an air-compressor and a few tools. He took a note on my car for security."

Dallas leaned a little forward. "Over at the old cabin?" he asked.

Allan nodded. "I may not be able to work up much trade, but I don't see how I can lose anything except my time. I guess I'm a throwback to great-grandad Reed. He seems to have depended on brawn instead of brains."

"You have brains too!" flared Coralie.

Allan ruffled her short black curls. "Wait till you see me in the brown coveralls I'm going to buy."

"You're always taking your own cars to pieces," grinned his father, "but it seems to me you never failed to get them back together again."

"What I don't know about doctoring motors, I intend to learn," said Allan, his mouth setting in a hard, grim line.

CORALIE never forgot her first glimpse of Blytheville that afternoon. The highway travelled down the one main street. It alone was paved. The business section took up three blocks. Many of the stores were frame. Only their fronts were two-storied. However, there was a picture show. Coralie was surprised to find it advertising a picture she had seen at one of the leading city theatres only the week before. The old brick bank building had stately white columns in front, while one large mercantile store took up a quarter of a block.

"If you can't get it at Fakes, you can't get it anywhere," said Dallas when he stopped the sedan outside this establishment.

Coralie, with Suzette under her arm, stepped languidly out of the machine. She was wearing a smart blue suit to match her jaunty blue hat and she had taken a great deal of pain with her appearance. She had some idea of giving the natives a treat, but she was disconcerted to discover how many people knew Dallas Reed and stopped to wring his hand and welcome him back. He had trouble getting away. Coralie was astonished to learn that the portly gentleman in the baggy grey suit was Major Tom Fakes, president of the Fakes' Mercantile Store and of Blytheville's bank and head of a number of other things.

"Don't know when I've been so glad of anything, Dallas," he said with a wide smile, "as I am to hear you're back on the Reed farm. I'm chairman of the County Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Association, and we need a fellow like you on the board. We need him mighty bad." His blue eyes twinkled. "After all your experience with city slickers, maybe you can show us old hayseeds how not to get the worst of it when we sell our produce."

Dallas smiled. "If anybody can trim you on a trade, Tom, I'd like to see the whites of his eyes."

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Major Fakes chuckled. "All the same the board has called a meeting over at the bank Friday night, seven o'clock. Come in, won't you?"

Dallas nodded. "Delighted," he said.

Major Fakes smiled at Ruth. "It's been a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Reed. My wife will be calling on you." He smiled at Coralie also. "My daughter's having some kind of shindig to-morrow night. She'll want you and your brother to come. Around nine, I expect."

He swept Coralie and Ruth a courtly bow with his broad black Stetson hat, and dodged across the narrow cluttered street into the bank.

"Is that the town's leading citizen?" inquried Coralie with something perilously close to a sneer.

"He's one of the best," said Dallas curtly. "He had several chances to go into big city banks at his own salary. He always said he'd rather take it slower among the home folks and be his own man. He's been a godsend to this community. He's financed the schools, boosted farmers through the drought, and put in a lifetime being a darned good friend to a lot of people. Maybe that sort of thing doesn't mount up in dollars and cents, but how we need more bankers like him."

Coralie was staring at a girl who was coming down the street. She had on a green knitted dress and a silver fox fur and a chic small green hat.

"Irene! Irene Fakes!" called somebody.

The girl in the green dress turned around. "Must be Tom Fakes' daughter," muttered Dallas.

Coralie saw the color come quickly into the other girl's clear brunette cheeks. She's really lovely, thought Coralie, and then gave a sudden start. A tall, sunburned young man in khaki riding breeches and leather leggings had caught Irene Fakes' arm.

It was Duke James. He did not see Coralie. Apparently he had eyes for nothing except the serene, intelligent face of the girl beside him.

"ARE we going into this store?" demanded Coralie fiercely. "Or are we going to spend the afternoon on the sidewalk?"

Ruth started. "I think it's fun, the way everybody had time to stop and visit."

Fun, thought Coralie bitterly. She did not think it was fun. Her young face was tragic as she walked gloomily after Ruth into the big dingy general store. To Coralie it looked like nothing except a hodge-podge. She resented the familiarities of the clerks. No one was in a hurry. Miss Carrie Wells, the chatty, grey-haired woman who was showing Ruth bungalow aprons had gone to school with Dallas and acted like a reception committee.

It was no better when Ruth looked at table linens. Miss Carrie turned them over to her niece, Amy, a buxom young woman with pink cheeks and vivacious black eyes. She infuriated Coralie by remarking that it must be nice to get out of a dirty old city into a clean place like Blytheville. Such complacence, thought Coralie furiously.

"I'm afraid I'd as soon contend with soot as mud and cockleburs," she remarked in her curtest manner.

"We'll look at flower seeds now," said Ruth hastily.

Coralie turned away. She was not thrilled, far from it. Suzette in her arms suddenly began to bark furiously. In the twinkling of an eye she was transformed from a languid and bored disinterest in her surroundings into a writhing, yapping bundle of squirming white fur. She knocked Coralie's hat over one eye and otherwise behaved atrociously. Miss Carrie and her niece and the bald-headed man on the grocery side began to laugh. Coralie glared at the drooping yellow hound standing just inside the door, his bewildered brown eyes fastened on Suzette.

"Go away!" said Coralie loudly.

The tall young man behind the hound surveyed her with a lazy smile. "Come on, Slip," he said. "Don't you know your etiquette? We're annoying the ladies."

Miss Carrie's niece giggled. Coralie flung her glance of pure venom. Duke James and his dog Slip sauntered out. Suzette pursued them with cat calls.

"It's alive, ain't it?" queried Miss Carrie in naive surprise. "I thought it was a muff."

Coralie looked at Ruth. "I'll wait in the car."

"You made us both ridiculous!" she accused Suzette, depositing her none too gently on the sedan's rear seat. Suzette yawned.

"You're Coralie Reed, aren't you?" inquired a pleasant voice.

Coralie turned. The girl in the green dress had paused beside her.

"I'm Irene Fakes. I think father told you, I'm having a party to-morrow night." She smiled. "You and your brother must come."

"Thank you," said Coralie, but she did not commit herself.

A young man passed on a skittish calico pony, pursued by a yellow hound with flapping ears. The man lifted his grey slouch hat to Irene Fakes with an engaging grin. His teeth flashed in the sun. They were very white. Apparently Coralie was not there. At least he gave no sign of observing her.

"Do you ride?" asked Irene.

Coralie flushed. "No," she said shortly. "I prefer a car, one that will do seventy uphill. I don't mean this tin can!" she said quickly. "We're only driving 'his old struggle-buggy while we're rusticating."

Irene Fakes looked at her curiously. "Aren't you going to live here permanently?"

"Permanently?" repeated Coralie a little shrilly. "Heavens, no!"

She sounded as if she could not even contemplate such an idea without horror. Irene shrugged her shoulders.

"Don't forget about to-morrow night," she said abruptly and walked away.

The bald-headed clerk brought out Ruth's bundles. He appeared to think he had to be sociable. He lingered and talked. He asked a lot of personal questions. He even asked Coralie how she liked farming. She pretended not to hear. Dallas came across the street from the post office. More people stopped him. All of them wanted to be presented to his wife and daughter.

They asked questions, too. Each of them assured Coralie that she would love Blytheville. She merely looked at them and said nothing. Ruth promised to attend the meeting of the County Women's Democratic League. She also accepted an invitation to a silver tea at the Methodist Church the next week. Coralie shuddered.

Allan was waiting when they drove up to the farmhouse. He had removed the sheets of tin from the fireplaces in the parlor and in the dining-room. It was growing chilly again as the sun went down. Coralie reluctantly admitted that there was something cosy about the crackling open fires.

After dinner, although Ruth called it supper, they rearranged the furniture in the parlor. The old clock fitted on the wide mantel and when Dallas wound it, the pendulum began to swing with gentle dignity. Among the miscellany on the table, Coralie found two glass candlesticks with slender prisms.

"They'll look cute beside the clock," she said.

Ruth produced a bottle of furniture polish. Everybody selected a piece of the parlor set and rubbed it up. Dallas sang a lot of funny songs which he had known as a boy. He said you could always get more work out of folks when you sang a lively tune at them. Coralie had not dreamed her father knew all the words to "Casey Jones" and "Steamboat Bill."

"You ought to hear me blow a harmonica," he boasted.

Ruth giggled. "Can you really, Dallas?"

HE laughed. "If I can find one in town, I'll do 'Turkey in the Straw' for you."

"I always wondered where I got my musical talent," said Allan, and began to whistle "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," very much off key.

"Mercy!" cried Ruth, covering her ears. "Go and put on the coffee pot, Coralie. We'll feed them doughnuts in self-defence."

Coralie went into the kitchen and lit the lamp. There was a bed of coals in the range. She put in some wood and picked up the coffee can. The instructions were very plain. Coralie carefully measured cups of water and tablespoons of coffee. She opened one of the bundles they had brought home and spread a red-checked cloth on the kitchen table.

She set out the doughnuts and cream and sugar. After a while the percolator began to sing. Coralie consulted her wrist watch. The directions said from eight to ten minutes. She compromised on nine. She poured the hot black liquid into the cups and stepped to the parlor door.

"Coffee's ready," she said. "I—I hope it's fit to drink," she added unsteadily.

"Fit to drink!" exclaimed Allan. "Gal, it's perfect!"

Dallas patted her arm. "You've been keeping something from us. I didn't know you could cook and everything."

Coralie's heart swelled. "It—it was sort of fun," she confessed.

Ruth breathed a little prayer of gratitude to the god of mothers.

"Of course," said Dallas, "we probably won't be here to gather our crops, but I might as well be doing this as nothing till something turns up. I can't get hurt if I go at things a little at a time."

He was planning to put the big field in corn, not attempting more than he could handle himself. However, Allan insisted that he intended to cultivate the forty acres adjacent to the cabin. He figured he could divide his time between the land and the garage.

"I'm not likely to be overwhelmed with customers," he said, and flushed. "I ought to find time to hoe a few rows between times."

"At least we'll be able to eat if all those seeds you bought come up," Dallas told Ruth with a grin.

"With a roof over his head, and a garden, a man doesn't need a lot of cash," contended Allan.

"When do we start to plant?" inquired Ruth enthusiastically.

Dallas laughed. "Pa Ash and a couple of farmers have gone in together and bought a tractor. I can rent it and do what ploughing we need to do in three or four days."

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Coralie's blue eyes widened. "Do you know how to plough, Dad?"

He pinched her cheek. "I spent years and years, following old Beck. Do I know how to plough? Don't worry. I can do anything there is to do on a farm if I have to."

Coralie sighed, but Ruth's eyes were very bright. "Somebody has to fix up the hen-house for me. It's lost most of its boards."

"Going to set those eggs Ma Ash gave you?" chuckled Dallas.

"Just as soon as I can find a hen that's so inclined," said Ruth.

"I saw a place on the road, advertising chickens!" exclaimed Allan. "They were selling out. Hens, roosters, and everything."

Dallas smiled at Ruth. "I can't get the tractor till to-morrow. I'll fix up the hen-house to-day, if you say so."

She sprang to her feet. "Let's go see how many planks you'll need."

She caught his hand and they ran out of the kitchen door. Coralie was clearing the table of breakfast dishes. It was a gorgeous March morning. The sunlight streamed across the uneven floorboards and lingered on the red-checked tablecloth. On a branch of the crooked apple tree which brushed against the kitchen window a blue jay swung to and fro, sounding a sharp, ecstatic note because spring was in the air and already the buds on the apple tree were swelling.

Allan drew a long breath. "Makes you glad you're alive, doesn't it?" he asked.

Coralie glanced at him. He was wearing brown overalls and an old blue sweater. His black eyes were shining. He flexed the muscles in his arm as he rose to his feet. His cheeks were very bright. "I'm going over to the cabin. Want to clear away the rubbish and burn it. Fellow promised to deliver my equipment to-morrow. I'll be open for business the next day."

He went off whistling down the path through the cornfield. Ruth and Dallas were outside, figuring on planks and nails for the hen-house. Their voices drifted gaily in to Coralie. Her lips quivered. Everybody was in love with the day except herself. She filled the dish-pan with hot water from the kettle on the stove and making a wry face began to wash the dishes. In Coralie's opinion this back-to-nature movement was a cramp in the stomach. Suzette abandoned her basket, pattered over to the window, stood up on her hind feet and peered out, whining softly.

"I don't blame you," said Coralie bitterly. "I'd like to walk out from under, too."

Ruth tapped on the window-pane. "Darling, hurry and come out. It's too lovely to stay inside. Dad's going to dig a trench along the edge of the porch so I can plant morning glories. I'll let you help."

"I think I'll walk over and see how Allan's coming out," stammered Coralie.

She had to get away, she told herself; she simply could not stand it another minute. Her mother was wearing one of the new bungalow aprons. It was blue gingham and cheaply made, and she had a smudge of dirt on her cheek, and her dark hair was blown every way by the wild March wind. Dallas had come over to the pump for a drink of water. He was not wearing a coat, and his shirt was plastered to his shoulders with perspiration. The knees of his trousers bagged. His shoes were muddy.

This is awful, perfectly awful, thought Coralie disconsolately. She picked up Suzette and set off through the cornfield. Her whole family was degenerating, or so it appeared to her, going to pieces right before her eyes, and there was nothing she could do about it. Her round dimpled chin quivered, and in her arms Suzette whimpered softly. It seemed to Coralie that she and Suzette were the only ones who had preserved their perspectives.

"Hi!" said Allan. He had a broom and a rake, and he had not only swept the cabin, but the space in front, which ran down to the concrete. "Want a job?"

"I do not," said Coralie, and sat down on an empty box in the wide hall which ran between the two main rooms.

Allan stood in the front doorway. "They built houses to last in those days. Look at the thickness of these walls."

Coralie refused to be interested. Allan kicked at a loose board in the floor. "All it needs is some new window-panes and a little patching on the roof and a new floor and a gallon or so of whitewash."

Coralie yawned. "All it needs it to hoist it up and build a new house under it."

Allan flushed. "Wait till I finish with it and you'll sing another song."

She glanced at him curiously. "You've fallen hard for this old place, haven't you?"



ALLAN looked away, the muscles about his mouth drawn and white. "I can think of worse things than digging in here and making a go of things by the good old sweat of your brow."

Coralie sighed and rose to her feet. There was no comfort to be found in Allan. "I'll leave it with you," she said.

The March sun was hot. Coralie resented its ardent kiss. She thought she was probably acquiring freckles. She tramped lugubriously through the cornfield, turning off at the cross-path because she shrank from returning to the farmhouse. She had an idea she would burst into tears if she faced Ruth and Dallas at that moment.

An old-fashioned stile separated the Reed farm from the Ash property over the ridge, and Pa and his hired men were at work in the adjoining field with a disc and harrow. The old man waved his tattered, broad-brimmed straw hat at Coralie.

"Going up to see Ma?" he called out, and beamed. "She'll be plumb tickled."

Coralie had not intended to call on Ma Ash. However, she seemed to have let herself in for it. Ma Ash had heard Pa's halloo. She appeared on her back porch, beckoning to Coralie. There was nothing to do but carry on.

The Ash house was old and weather-beaten like its owners, yet it had a homely charm about it. Even Coralie admitted that the big, sunny kitchen was pleasant. A plump grey cat was washing its face beside the huge wood stove. Suzette eyed it nervously, but the cat continued its ablutions undisturbed. Ma Ash motioned Coralie to a low rocker near the window. Pink begonias were blooming in a jar on the sill. Ma Ash was cutting out cookies, and when she opened the oven door a heavenly odor of hot gingerbread filled the room.

"You're just in time to sample the first batch," said the old lady.

I'm not hungry," protested Coralie.

Ma Ash patted her shoulder. Nonsense! Young folks is always hungry."

She put three of the warm, spicy cookies on a blue plate. She trotted out to the well-house and produced a pitcher of cold milk, yellow with cream. Coralie rocked and nibbled. Ma Ash talked and cut another pan of cookies. Suzette lay in the sun and blinked. The cat curled up under the stove and slept. Outside in the barnyard fat chickens scratched and clucked. Coralie had a queer peaceful feeling. She could not remember ever being content before just to sit and listen.

Ma Ash was telling about how to bake gingerbread. Her recipe had been famous for fifty years. She showed Coralie the blue ribbons she had taken for mince pies and home-made tomato relish. Coralie pretended to be interested. She promised vaguely to come over some day and let Ma Ash teach her to put up strawberry jam.

"Sooner or later you'll be cooking for your husband," said Ma Ash, and there ain't nothing that helps a bride out like knowing how to fix up three square meals a day. It's up to the menfolks to get out and work and produce the raw materials, but it takes a woman to fix tasty dishes and keep d'oyleys and flowers on the centre table. She chuckled. I always feel right sorry for a feller that's baching. Take that James boy now."

Coralie stiffened. "He built him a new house down the road, and he's putting in some kind of model stock farm. He works from sunup to sundown riding herd on his cattle and horses, and then comes in nights and fries himself some fat meat and cornpone. Ought to have a wife waiting for him with the lamps lit and a hot supper, and a house all spick and span, I keep telling him."

Coralie set the empty blue plate on the table. Her cheeks were very hot. "Are you speaking of Duke James?" she asked.

Ma Ash nodded. "I've knowed him all his life. Knowed his folks before him. Finer boy never lived. Kind of hard-headed and set in his ways though."

Coralie's blue eyes flashed. "He lives near here?"

"Right across the road.

"He went up to the city for two, three years," continued Ma Ash, and chuckled again. "I thought he'd bring a wife back with him, but Duke's right laughable on the subject. He said he never found a girl in the city as he'd want around constant. Said most of them was better at plucking their eyebrows than picking a chicken for dinner. Claims he never saw so many downright useless females in his life."

OUTSIDE in the fierce March sunshine Coralie glared across the road. Duke James's house faced the pike. One side lacked paint, one side had no windows as yet. Coralie thought it looked horrid.

She was disconcerted, however, when she passed the last fence post to come face to face with Duke James himself. He was sawing boards with a handsaw. The mournful yellow hound lay asleep in the sun at his feet. It was Suzette's fierce yapping which gave advice of Coralie's approach. Duke James leaned back on his heels and grinned.

"Howdy, neighbor," he drawled, a wicked glint in his grey eyes.

Coralie gave him a withering glance and did not condescend to answer. Suzette squirmed in her arms and barked with fury. The droop-eared hound regarded her sheepishly. Duke James laughed.

"Seems as if she thinks he's a personal insult," he observed lazily.

Coralie's cheeks blazed. "Be quiet, Suzette," she said in a cross voice. "There's nothing to get excited about." She looked at Duke James. "Ma Ash has just been telling me what you think of city girls!" she flung at him.

He whistled softly. "So that's why you're all hot and bothered."

She colored with anger. "Don't be silly.

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It's nothing to me if you don't like plucked eyebrows. And, anyway, I don't pluck mine."

He laughed. "Just the same, I bet you couldn't pick a chicken to save your life."

"What of it?"

"Nothing as far as I'm concerned."

"Oh!" she cried furiously. "I think you are—are——"

"Impossible! Don't let me detain you," he said pleasantly.

"Oh!" gasped Coralie again and marched off.

Suzette continued to squirm and bark. The yellow hound stared after them with baffled brown eyes. The man apparently forgot their existence. Coralie seethed with anger. She was, in fact, so preoccupied with calling Duke James names under her breath she never saw the bundle of barbed wire in the hollow beside the road until she walked into it.

It was partially grown over with tall weeds and rusted from exposure. Nevertheless the prongs were sharp enough to hold, also to scratch. Any movement was painful as well as dangerous. She succeeded in demolishing one stocking completely and snagging several tiny places in her leg, which hurt abominably before she finally abandoned herself to the inevitable.

"Please, I—I'm in trouble!" she called. Suzette added a querulous wail to her mistress's feeble shouts. The yellow hound appeared suddenly and began to lope around the captives in a frenzied fashion.

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed Duke James, eyeing Coralie severely, "don't you know anything? Stand still or you'll be minus a dress."

He was big and strong and he had on leather boots laced to the knees. He stepped on the barbed wire and held it down. He worked rapidly and impatiently, as if he were thoroughly disgusted with the whole proceeding.

"I know you hate bothering with me," she said in a small, unsteady voice. "I realise I'm everything you don't admire."

"If you weren't so darned pretty!" he groaned.

She flinched, going a little white. He was pale, too, and his mouth had a strained look. He stooped suddenly and picked her up in his arms.

"Is this really necessary?" protested Coralie.

"Don't worry," he said, and set her down quickly outside the coil of barbed wire. "I'm only rescuing you, not flirting with you."

Her cheeks burned. "I ought to thank you, I suppose," she said on a hysterical note.

"Forget it," he snapped, and walked off.

Coralie stared after him, her blue eyes smarting with tears. In her arms Suzette whimpered. Neither the man nor the yellow hound looked back.

"I SUPPOSE they'll play clap in and clap out or maybe tiddlywinks," murmured Coralie disdainfully.

She and Allan were on their way to Irene Fakes' party in Allan's roadster and he was in none too pleasant a humor. He had put in a strenuous day of unaccustomed manual labor and he had developed kinks in muscles which he had forgotten he possessed.

"You're determined not to like anything about it, aren't you?" he asked.

Coralie flushed. "I expect to be bored, if that's what you mean."

Allan glanced at her and scowled uneasily. "I'm afraid you're going to be the dressed-uppest person there," he said.

Coralie sniffed. "Is that why you didn't wear your tux, for fear you'd be the only one who looked civilised?"

Allan laughed. "We aren't exactly in the jungles."

"It's all right with me if they don't like my style. I can't help it if I make others feel small-townish," she told Allan fiercely.

However, it was Coralie who was uncomfortable at the party from beginning to end. She had felt a strong urge to impress Irene Fakes, but Irene did not seem in the least overwhelmed by Coralie's magnificence. The Fakes lived in a large brick house at the edge of town. Irene herself received her guests at the front door. Her eyes widened slightly when she took Coralie's frivolous evening wrap. Irene was wearing a dark red dress of silk and wool mixture with long sleeves that ended in narrow cuffs. It was not even a dinner dress.

Coralie's cheeks began to burn unpleasantly. She suddenly seemed to be all bare arms and shoulders. Irene went out of her way to be cordial. As if she were sorry for me, thought Coralie furiously. She was led around and introduced to everybody. Coralie was astonished to encounter Amy Wells who clerked in the Mercantile, and also the young lady who worked in the post office. It was Coralie's first experience with the democracy of small communities. Apparently although Irene was the banker's daughter, she was on intimate terms with her father's employees, also with the young man who jerked soda in the drug-store.

Major Fakes mingled with the young people. He knew them all and they liked him. He moved about, joking with this one and that. Mrs. Fakes, a matronly-looking woman with iron grey hair and her daughter's pleasant smile, also circulated around the room, chatting with the guests. Coralie was not accustomed to parties where the parents felt called on to promote the merrymaking. She sat on the edge of her chair and wondered how she could bear it. Then the thing happened which Coralie had been dreading. She sneezed, and Amy Wells tittered.

"I hope you aren't taking cold," said Mrs. Fakes anxiously. "Would you like me to get you a shawl?"

Coralie's face blazed. Everybody was carefully looking the other way, but she knew they were laughing at her. She could have screamed of humiliation. Duke James had just come in. Irene met him at the door as she did the others, and it seemed to Coralie that he held Irene's hand for hours and hours.

"No," said Coralie ungraciously. "I do not need a shawl."

Everyone except Coralie enjoyed the evening. Even Allan, although everything was as new to him as to her, managed to fit in. He danced with Mrs. Fakes, he danced with every girl present, and he went across the hall to the Major's den and talked to him about rotation of crops.

But Coralie was as out of the running as a pretty, sport-model car without an engine. What made it worse, everybody tried to put her at her ease, the Fakes, especially. Irene saw to it that Coralie danced a lot; Mrs. Fakes came over frequently and made conversation; the Major found an occasion to pay Coralie a compliment.

"Don't know when I've seen a prettier girl," he told her kindly.

The muscles in Coralie's face ached from trying to smile naturally. They were actually patronising her, these people who bored her to tears. Her blue eyes had a hostile, bewildered look. She felt standoffish and awkward and tongue-tied.

It appeared to Coralie that every time she looked up Duke was dancing with Irene or smiling at her from across the room. He let Coralie severely alone. He might have been expected to dance with her once merely to be polite, only he did not. Coralie had prepared herself to snub him if he presumed on their slight acquaintance. Nevertheless, when he neglected to give her the opportunity to put him in his place, she felt outraged. She kept telling herself he was a common upstart, and she had hated him at sight. However, she was thoroughly miserable every time his grey eyes passed over her without lingering.

Mrs. Fakes and Irene served refreshments at eleven, chicken salad on a lettuce leaf, delicious hot rolls, olives and pickles on a thin, gold-rimmed plate, with a tall glass of fruit punch on the side. Irene confessed that she had made the rolls.

"Any time I get a shot at Irene's cooking, I grab," said Duke.

Irene colored. "Come over to dinner tomorrow night, if you're that starved from baching."

"WILL I?" cried Duke eagerly. "Lady, you don't know how I hoped you'd say something like that."

Major Fakes smiled. "I'll beat you at checkers afterwards."

Checkers, thought Coralie, disdainfully. "They probably play a wicked game of tit-tat-toe!"

She said it just loud enough for Duke to hear. He was passing the hot rolls. "Why don't you come off your high horse and be human?" he muttered. "Want to dance?"

Her heart astonished her by its swift flight into her throat. "Why not?" she stammered.

She was tall, but Duke was taller. However, he held her a little away from him, not at all as if he liked having her in his arms. They had the back parlor almost to themselves.

"You think all this is pretty comic, don't you?" demanded Duke in an embittered voice.

Coralie glanced up at him with a derisive curl of her red lips. "Not comic, just stupid," she said, and yawned.

"Good Lord," he burst out angrily, "I don't know why I bother with you."

"If you disapprove of me so thoroughly, why don't you let me alone?" asked Coralie, unsteadily.

He flushed. "Would that make you happy?"

"Yes!" cried Coralie, although her heart rebelled.

"All right," he muttered, and danced her back to the others.

Coralie went over to Allan. Her face was very white so that the patches of rouge stood out grotesquely on her cheekbones. "I want to go home," she said.

Coralie made her adieu as briefly as possible. She thanked the Fakes for their hospitality; she did not say it was the most tiresome evening she had ever spent, nevertheless, her expression left little doubt as to how she felt about it.

"You must come in often," murmured Irene in her most gracious manner. "I'd love to have you."

Duke James was standing at Irene's elbow. Coralie's smile was as brittle as ice. "So sorry," she drawled, "but I'm not the neighborly type."

Allan scowled and stalked after her. "What's the big idea?" he demanded as soon as they were outside. "Did you have to act like a bad-tempered little cat? Those people are swell. I liked them."

"Ignoramuses!" stormed Coralie.

"How do you get that way? Major Fakes is one of the best-informed men I ever saw."

"Country jakes!"

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"Mrs. Fakes was presented at Court when she was a girl, and Irene graduated with highest honors from Vassar."

"So she cooks and runs around with soda squirts and roughnecks."

"If you're referring to Duke James, he's a college man and a member of my fraternity."

"I hate him!"

Allan shrugged his shoulders. "If you ask me, he's out for Irene. I can't blame him. She's my idea of a grand girl. Pretty, capable, wholesome, not an ounce of foolishness in her. Any man would do a good day's work to park her on his home lot."

"Please," cried Coralie wildly, "if you must go on and on about Irene Fakes, tell it to someone else. I'm not interested."

Her voice broke, and Allan glanced at her quickly. Her lips were quivering, her lashes were wet with tears. "Gosh," he said, "I'm sorry, I didn't know. Buck up, kid. You've got off on the wrong foot."

Coralie buried her head on his shoulder. "I can't help it if I don't know how to bake chocolate cake! Maybe I am a rotten little snob! But I—I—they patronise me, Allan. They were sorry for me."

Coralie was frankly sobbing. Allan's arm tightened about her. "Never mind," he said. "There's always another day."

"How do you learn not——not to be an ill-bred little parasite, Allan?" faltered Coralie.

He glanced down at her and grinned. "I think you've had the first lesson," he said.

"CHAIN three, picot, turn," chanted Ma Ash.

Coralie nodded. She was sitting flat on the floor in the Ash kitchen and she had a small basket filled with bright-colored balls of scraps beside her. Her tongue was caught between her teeth as she labored earnestly with a large wooden crochet hook. Ma Ash peered at her through silver-rimmed spectacles, and smiled.

"You're coming along fine, dearie," she observed.

Coralie pushed a curl out of her eyes and looked a little distracted. "It seems awfully easy when you do it," she protested. "You don't even have to keep your eyes on your stitches. But mine—Do you suppose anyone can tell it's meant for a rug?"

"It is a little cater-cornered," admitted Ma Ash.

Coralie contemplated her handiwork with unhappiness. "It ruffles up at all the wrong places. Maybe I ought to take it out again and start over."

Ma Ash shook her head. "It'll lay down flat when it's on the floor."

Coralie laughed ruefully. "I only hope nobody catches a toe in a dropped stitch and breaks a leg or two."

"Chain three, picot," directed Ma Ash.

Coralie set her teeth and resumed operations. "At least," she told Ma Ash with a wry grin, "I've not quit on the darned thing."

"No," the old lady gave her a curious glance, "you're not the quitting kind, I notice."

Coralie glanced at the tin alarm clock on the kitchen table. "For cat's sake, I didn't know it was that late!"

"Do you have to go?" sighed the old lady as Coralie rose.

"Mother's counting on me to fix lunch. She has another hen coming off."

"But you'll be over in the morning? Remember, we're going to make brown bread. Here's a jar of peach pickle for your mother."

"You mustn't think you have to send us something every time I come over, Ma Ash."

"Law, child, what's a jar or two of jelly between neighbors? 'Tain't as though you and your mother had been here last summer to put up a lot of fruit. Next year you'll have your own preserves."

"If we're here next year," said Coralie quickly.

"I don't know how I'd get along now without you running in a while every day."

"I have got to be a sort of habit, haven't I? Where on earth is Suzette? Lately every time I take my eyes off her, she disappears," said Coralie. "Suzette!"

The French poodle wriggled out from under a rose bush in the front yard. "If you aren't in a state!" growled Coralie. "Look at the dirt on your face, and your bow! Suzette, what have you done with your bow?"

Suzette pretended not to hear. She did not even appear to recognise the soiled and tattered blue ribbon which Coralie fished out from under the hedge where Suzette had left it when she scratched through.

"All right," said Coralie severely, "if you want to go around looking like a ragamuffin, it suits me. I simply cannot afford to buy you new ribbons every day."

"I always wondered when I read about women dressing dogs up and carrying them around like babies," murmured Ma Ash. "Appears to me it must be awfully hard on the poor beasts. 'Tain't dog nature to be toted about on silk cushions."

"But Suzette adores being pampered!" exclaimed Coralie. "You see, she has a pedigree, and everything."

Under her arm Suzette wriggled convulsively. However, Coralie paid no attention. There was wild hawthorn, delicately pink, and on the fence behind the house the first honeysuckle flaunted pale yellow trumpets.

"Never was anything so fragrant," thought Coralie.

She had not known there were so many varieties of wild flowers until she fairly stubbed her toe on them, but there was such a lot she did not know, reflected Coralie. Her young face looked a little desperate.

"Funny for me of all persons to be developing an inferiority complex," she told herself and tried to grin, only her lips quivered.



"HELLO, darling!" called Coralie's mother. "Do come and see the new chicks. Every egg hatched! Aren't they adorable? So fluffy and yellow!"

"They are cute," admitted Coralie. "You love fooling with chickens and things, don't you?"

"We'll have all the eggs we can use, and some to sell, if I keep on being as lucky as I have been."

"Lucky?" muttered Coralie. "It hasn't been luck. You've put in hours and hours, coaxing hens to set and fixing nests for them, and stirring up cornmeal mush with red pepper to feed them, and bringing them in out of the rain, and turning them loose after the dew's off. Luck! You've all but sat up nights, holding their hands. I guess I'll go on up to the house and start dinner."

She moved dejectedly down the path. Over in the orchard, her father was clearing out a tangle of undergrowth. Coralie tried to be fair. She was willing to concede that hard physical labor did not appear to hurt her father. He was tanned and his hands had calloused spots on the palms, but he actually looked rested. It was a paradox for which she lacked the solution. Neither could she understand her mother. Ruth was becoming, it seemed to Coralie, a regular drudge, yet she went around as if she had drawn the winning ticket in a sweepstakes.

"And Allan's just as bad," thought Coralie wearily. "You'd suppose he'd come into a gob of money the way he raves about how many bushels of corn he's going to raise to the acre, and the like of that."

She raked over the coals in the kitchen range and laid on more wood. She filled the tea-kettle and peeled potatoes. Ruth had ground up yesterday's roast for a loaf. Coralie had only to slip the pan into the oven and keep an eye on it to prevent its baking dry. She sliced tomatoes and washed the lettuce. She opened a can of corn and put it to heat in a saucepan on the stove. She went into the dinging-room and set the table.

"Don't attempt biscuits, darling," her mother had said that morning. "There's a loaf of bread in the pantry."

Even Ruth, after a month and a half, was not expert when it came to biscuits. Coralie looked into the bread-box. The loaf was there, but it was not very fresh. "If there's no buttermilk, it lets me out," Coralie said firmly.

But the bucket was full of buttermilk. Coralie set her teeth. She located the cook-book on the shelf beside the stove. It was beginning to show signs of wear. Coralie read the directions carefully. They did not sound complicated. But she had biscuit dough under one ear and up to both elbows before she finished.

"And they'll probably taste like bullets," she told herself with considerable bitterness.

Allan had fixed up a shower in a closet off the porch downstairs. It was only a rubber hose, attached to a large zinc tub on top of a shelf. The tub had to be filled by hand. However, the arrangement worked surprisingly well. Coralie went upstairs and collected a fresh gingham dress. She took a shower and brushed her hair back from her face. Her cheeks were guiltless of rouge or powder, her nose had a sprinkling of freckles. She slipped into the crisp pink gingham dress, put the biscuits into the oven, seized the old-fashioned dinner-bell off the table on the back porch, and rang vigorously.

"Hey," shouted Allan, "you needn't wake the dead. We hear you. I guess everybody for miles around hears you."

He was coming up the path through the cornfield, and he had someone with him.

"I've brought Duke home to dinner with me," announced Allan.

"I told Allan I had no business dropping in unexpectedly like this," said Duke James.

"Bushwa!" exclaimed Allan. "Aren't we neighbors, and weren't you my first cash customer? I've tried for six weeks to drag you over here, you big oaf!"

He flung his arm affectionately about Duke's shoulders. Coralie stared hard at the frail moon vines, climbing up the netting outside the porch. Duke James had taken her at her word and let her absolutely alone since the night of Irene Fakes' party. Occasionally Coralie saw him, riding by on his wiry, spotted pony. Once in a while they had met on the street in town. He always took off his hat with a mocking grin that brought the blood to her cheeks, but he never detained her.

"Well, well," exclaimed Dallas heartily

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when he reached the porch, "I must say, it's about time you were coming to see us, young man." He clapped Duke on the shoulder. "Let me see now, haven't I been asking you for over a month to let down the bars and feed with us?"

Ruth smiled. "Every one in the family has had the pleasure of meeting you, Mr. James, except me. I'm Mrs. Reed, and we're awfully happy to have you."

"Thank you," said Duke, but his eyes were fastened on Coralie.

He was waiting for her to say that she, too, was happy to have him, but Coralie could not drag out the words. She stared at him rebelliously, and he stared back.

"Is something burning?" asked Allan. "Smells to me as though——"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Coralie. "The biscuits!"

She ran inside and jerked open the oven door. Smoke puffed out into her face. Of course, the biscuits were ruined, black as tar, and quite hopeless. Coralie's eyes smarted with tears.

"Do you know," asked her father later, as they arose from the table, "it's the dark of the moon? Grandad always took out his fishing-pole and rigged up a line of some kind and made for the creek on an afternoon like this. How about it, old lady?" he asked Ruth. "Want to go fishing?"

Ruth's dark eyes lit. "Could we?"

"I'll leave a note on the garage door to toot the horn if anybody wants me!" exclaimed Allan.

Duke grinned. "I ought to go straight home and corral that bunch of yearlings I'm shipping East in the morning, but I won't."

"Sorry," said Coralie listlessly, "but I can't get excited about fishing." She pretended to yawn, and looked at Duke James with little sparks in her blue eyes. "I'm sure I'd be bored, sitting on a log by a creek, dangling a defenceless worm up and down in a lot of dirty water."

She knew she was cutting off her nose to spite her face. Nevertheless, she could not stop. It was all mixed up with a pan of blackened biscuits and the fact that Irene Fakes could make delightful light rolls. After they went off, laughing and chattering like a crowd of children on a hay-ride, Coralie sat down on the bottom step of the porch and cried. She kept remembering Duke James' grey eyes and the way he had turned away as if she were too insignificant to trouble with.

"Why was I born?" wailed Coralie to herself.

Suzette stood up on her hind feet at the window and whined.

IT was a warm May afternoon and Coralie and her mother had returned home from a shopping trip. The farmhouse no longer looked dreary and deserted. The shrubs were in full leaf, as was the old oak tree. The roses Ruth had hoed were full of new growth and slender buds.

"Be it ever so humble," sang Ruth under her breath. She disappeared in the direction of the chicken yard. She had left Dallas to build a new run for her flock.

Coralie dumped her packages on the kitchen table. It was a couple of hours till dark and she knew from experience that none of her family would consent to come inside until the light failed. There were so many things Dallas Reed wanted to do, he could not find time from sunup to sundown for them all. Ruth was just as bad, with her chickens and her flowers and her garden. Coralie alone was at loose ends. She found Suzette pacing the floor restlessly.

"All right," snapped Coralie. "We'll go for a walk, but you had better not pull any monkey tricks."

Suzette elaborately feigned not to understand. Nevertheless she knew quite well of what she had been guilty. The French poodle had developed an inexplicable reluctance to saunter along sedately at her mistress' heels. A couple of times recently she had to Coralie's dismay dashed madly off on hilarious adventures of her own. Coralie had managed with some difficulty to overtake the fugitive, but not before Suzette had rolled in a mud hole on one occasion and all but been scalped by two of Ruth's infuriated mother hens on another.

Allan was busy tieing up tomato plants when Coralie appeared. He had placed a blackboard on a post down by the highway where he advertised fresh vegetables for sale, as well as gasoline and oil and "expert motor repairs." He said when he finished he was going to have one of the best truck farms in the vicinity, as well as an up-to-date garage. Coralie was beginning to think he might do all that if he continued to work at it as if he were possessed.

"How's business?" asked Coralie.

Allan grinned and stood upright. "Flourishing," he said. "I sold five gallons of gasoline this morning, two gallons of string beans, and a spark plug. What more could a feller ask?"



CORALIE sat down on the seat which Allan had built outside the cabin. He was heavier than he had been, his bare arms bulged with muscles, but there were grooves about his mouth that came from gritting his teeth.

"I made a few dollars above expenses last month," he said. "I'm doing a little better every day. By fall I'll have my equipment paid for, then it will be all velvet. Next year I'm going to hire me a helper and work another forty acres."

"You can't fool me," burst out Coralie. "I know why you have to keep going every minute, why you don't dare be still long enough to let your thoughts catch up with you."

Allan's sunburned hand shook as he smudged out his cigarette. "All right," he said, "I'm wearing myself away for Peggy. So what?"

"She isn't worth it!"

"How many times do you suppose I've heard that? Still, I go on lying awake nights, wondering where she is, remembering everything I'd give my good right arm to forget."

"I'm sorry, Allan."

His lips twisted with bitterness. "Too bad love isn't something you can turn off like a faucet."

"As I live and breathe," cried Coralie excitedly, "it's a customer!"

A decrepit machine which had paused at the foot of the incline creaked slowly up to the cabin. The old man at the wheel cleared his throat apologetically. "If you'd sell me a gallon of gas," he stammered, "I—I hate to buy so little, but you see I—that is, we're only going to the next town——"

Coralie stared at the ramshackle vehicle. A crude, home-made truck body had been placed on a flivver chassis. A folded up tent was tied on one side, the other had a couple of cots fastened to the framework. The man at the wheel was old and shrivelled, with a wan face and humble, faded eyes and wisps of silvery hair. At his side sat a slight young girl in a sleazy black dress. Her small, rough hands were tightly clasped together, but Coralie noticed how they trembled.

"There you are, sir," murmured Allan.

The old man took a worn leather wallet from his pocket and shakily counted out the necessary coins. Allan glanced curiously at the legend painted on the side of the truck, almost indecipherable from exposure to the weather. "You're with the carnival in town?"

"Yes, sir, I and my granddaughter Nancy here run the photograph stand. Our name's Lucas."

"We ought to get on, Grandad. Lowry will be angry if we aren't ready for the opening," said the girl, in a faltering voice.

The old man sighed. "I'm doing my best, honey."

He tried the starter, to no avail. The engine refused to catch. "Sounds to me as if your battery's down," said Allan.

The old man fitted the crank into the shaft. Stooping, he attempted to turn the engine over. It was painful to watch his difficult breathing and the awkward straining movement of his thin, stooped shoulders.

"Listen," cried Allen brusquely, "that's too much for you. You've got to let me——"

He did not finish. Quite suddenly the old man's hand darted to his side. With an agonised expression in his eyes, he crumpled mutely to his knees and then in a little huddle to the ground.

"Grandad!" wailed the girl, in a high, terrified voice. "It's his heart," she whispered. "He's been ill. Oh, Grandad, Grandad!"

Coralie brought a cup of water from the spring. "Maybe this will make you feel better," she faltered.

"Thank you, I'm feeling better every minute," declared the old man, when they had settled him again on the high leather seat. "I always get over these spells right away, and we've got to get on or Lowry will be after us hot and heavy."

"Surely you aren't going to try to put on a show to-night!" protested Allan.

The old man sighed. "Lowry owns the carnival, leastwise he runs it, and I owe him money on account of business is so bad and I been sick awhile back."

Both he and the girl glanced apprehensively over their shoulders. Allan looked at Coralie. She shrugged. It was apparent they could do nothing about the situation. Allan spun the crank a couple of times. The ancient engine spluttered, coughed, but finally caught. The truck began to quiver from top to bottom.

The old man smiled timidly at Coralie. "More than likely you folks will be coming in to the carnival to-night. Be sure to look us up. Me and Nancy would admire to take a photo of you—free, I mean, seeing as it's the only way we can pay you back for the trouble we've been."

Dan Lowry's Mammoth Collection of Carnival Features proved on closer inspection to be a dilapidated outfit. It travelled by automobiles and trucks and consisted mostly of hoopla booths, a few sideshow acts, a merry-go-round, and the like. However, by nine o'clock that night the vacant lot in which it pitched tent was jammed.

It seemed to Coralie that everybody in Blytheville and for miles around had turned

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out. Men, women, and children crowded about the dingy concessions. The air was acrid with trampled dog-fennel and the scent of roasting peanuts. Canned music from the mechanical orchestrion in the dance pavilion mingled with the shrill cries of spielers trying to attract the mob. Hawkers, peddling balloons and whistles and confetti, worked their way in and out.

All the younger town set and quite a few of their parents were in the dancing pavilion which was not really a pavilion at all. The portable hardwood floor was laid flat on the ground, there was a tent for roof, and a shaky railing all around the sides. Coralie saw Irene Fakes dancing with a ruddy-cheeked, grey-haired farmer in a blue shirt while her father and mother looked on and smiled.

Coralie stared morosely at Irene Fakes. Irene had no silly, false pride, she was as usual the most popular girl in sight, and, as usual, she made Coralie feel prickly and defiant. No one paid any attention to Coralie. She tried to act as if that did not matter, but it did. Her face ached from smiling when she was nearer to tears, nor did it help any when Duke James appeared.

He made straight for Irene. He brushed aside two other fellows as if they were not even there, and danced off with Irene. They were a splendid-looking couple, thought Coralie. They always had so much to say to each other. Duke threw back his head and laughed at some speech of Irene's. They danced beautifully together. As if they were made for each other, Coralie reflected bitterly. She steadily looked the other way when they came over to Mrs. Fakes, who was advising Ruth about the exact time to transplant asters.

"Aren't you dancing?" inquired Irene.

Coralie turned a little white. "It's such a thick crowd, don't you think?"

"But everybody is having a marvellous time!" protested Irene.

Coralie's lip curled. "I'm not," she said shortly.

"There's the music, Irene," interrupted Duke. "Let's go."

Irene smiled up at him. "I want to talk to Mrs. Reed about the new year books for the club. Go on and dance this one with Coralie."

He put out his arms. He did not want to dance with her, Coralie was convinced of that. "You might have made an excuse," she cried angrily when they were out on the floor.

"Yeah, and you could have claimed a sprained ankle," he retorted.

"I can't imagine why Irene Fakes thinks she has to provide me with partners. I realise that from your viewpoint she's perfect!"

"She may have a flaw, but I've never been able to locate it, and I used to carry her books home from school when we were both tadpoles."

"After you marry the banker's daughter, you won't have to worry about how you'll get new window panes for your house."

His arms tightened about her so fiercely, Coralie for a moment failed to breathe. "You irritate me to death," he said in a savage voice. "I never know whether to beat you or kiss you."

"Kiss me?" Coralie's eyes widened and widened. "You wouldn't dare!" she cried.

He set his teeth. "It's not exactly safe to dare a roughneck like me." Again his arms tightened about her.

"Don't!" she stammered and drew back from his angry embrace.

He colored furiously. "I'm sorry," he said and released her at once. They stood staring at each other like two prizefighters squared off for a fresh encounter. "Of course I was only teasing," he said. "You need have no uneasiness. I haven't the slightest idea of kissing you."

"Of course not," said Coralie unsteadily.

"We get along just like dynamite and matches."

"Two words, and an explosion!" agreed Coralie.

"I wish you'd stop haunting my thoughts and interfering with my sleep and tampering with my self-respect."

Coralie gasped. "How—how preposterous!"

"Isn't it?" he agreed. "I've laid my life out along certain neat lines of which I approve. I always flattered myself that I had a back bone and nothing short of Hades and high water could make me act the fool and disarrange the pattern of my life."

Coralie caught her breath. She fancied she knew what he meant. He was planning to marry Irene. She fitted beautifully into the life Duke had laid out for himself and some day she would inherit a bank and a mercantile store.

"I certainly have no ambition to disrupt your plans," said Coralie scornfully. "You are welcome to your neat little pattern. And to your banker's daughter."

His grey eyes were bitter. "You would think I'm trying to marry her for money," he said, and walked away.

Coralie had some difficulty locating the photograph stand. No one appeared to know anything about it, but finally she stumbled across the place at the far end of the row of booths. Old Andy Lucas was standing in front with a tin megaphone, trying to drum up trade.

"Right this way, folks, to have your picture took! A real likeness of yourself on a penny post-card for only ten cents!"

The girl sat at the door of the tent on a kitchen chair. She was wearing a cheap pink silk dress with bangles and a beaded turban of sleazy green satin. She looked like a shrinking child who was afraid of a whipping.

Allan was lounging against the stout tent pole at the side. "There hasn't been a customer in an hour," he told Coralie with a grimace. "They're in debt to this bird who runs the show, and he's making life miserable for them. He has a lien on everything they own that's worth anything." His face darkened. "I gather he's a brute. Anyway, they both act as if they were afraid to breathe without asking him."

Allan stepped up to the front of the booth. "My sister and I would like our pictures taken. We'll take a dozen postcards."

"We'd be proud to take you and your sister free," murmured the old man.

"Twouldn't be fair otherwise, seeing how kind you was to us."

"Maybe that's why you folks don't make money!" interrupted a harsh, angry voice. "Maybe the reason you're in the red every night is because you got too many friends on the free list."

No one had seen the man until he stepped around the corner of the booth. He was a big, bulky fellow with a coarse face and small, evil eyes set closely together above a hawkish nose and sensual lips.

Allan's hands clenched. "I take it you're Lowry."

The man gave him a contemptuous glance and turned again to the shrinking pair before him. "I got a judgment on the camera and the booth. Any time I'm a mind to, I can throw both of you out."

"Surely you wouldn't throw us out," quavered the old man. "I wouldn't have any way to make a living if you took the picture outfit away from me."

The carnival boss had a cruel light in his small, sinister eyes. "Maybe I won't as long as you don't make me mad." He dropped his heavy hand to the girl's shoulder. "But you don't want to be wasting your time making eyes at these small-town dudes, baby. Going to be my girl, though, ain't you? Give me that kiss."

"Please—please——" She attempted to writhe away, her blue eyes wild with terror. Allan smothered a curse and leaped. His uppercut caught the other man on the temple. Lowry staggered and dropped to his knees.

"Look out!" shrieked Coralie.

The carnival man had come up with a short iron bar in his hand. His face was distorted with rage. Two other men had appeared from nowhere, tough looking customers, roustabouts in Lowry's pay. Stealthy as shadows, they hemmed Allan in.

"They'll kill him! They'll beat him to death!" wailed the carnival girl. "And it's all *my* fault."

Lowry advanced on Allan, small eyes red with fury, the iron bar clenched in an uplifted hand. Coralie was paralysed with horror. One of the roustabouts put out his foot and tripped Allan. He stumbled, caught himself with difficulty. Lowry lowered his head like an infuriated bull for the charge.

"I wouldn't if I were you," interrupted a quiet voice. "Three against one isn't pretty."

Coralie gasped. Duke James had come up behind her. His sunburned face was set and hard. A number of things happened at once. Duke caught Dan Lowry's wrist and bent it backward until the carnival boss howled with pain and the iron bar clattered to the ground. Allan planted his fist between the eyes of the man who had tripped him and the fellow toppled backward and sat down with a grunt. Coralie kicked the third man violently on the shin.

Duke flicked back his coat. He had a metal badge pinned to his shirt. "I'm deputy marshal, one of the specials they swore in to see that you show people don't start any rough stuff, and I've a good mind to run you in."

Lowry cringed. "I ain't done nothing."

Duke glanced at Allan. "Want to swear out a warrant for his arrest?"

Allan flushed. "I think he's had enough."

Lowry shot him a baleful glance. "You're darned tooting I've had enough." He looked at the trembling old photographer. "You can get out, you and the gal."

Andy Lucas tried to straighten his sagging shoulders. "All right," he said. "I reckon there's worse things than starving. Come, Nancy."

"Where can we go, Grandad?" faltered the girl.

The old man shivered. "The truck's ours and the tent and pots and pans. I guess we can find a place somewhere to camp out."

Coralie took a swift impetuous step forward. "Dad'll let you camp on our farm," she said, and put her arm about Nancy.

Duke James looked curiously disconcerted. Allan cleared his throat. "I have a log cabin nobody's using. It's not much but you're welcome to it."

"But we've already caused you so much trouble," said Nancy in a soft, trembling voice.

Allan flushed. "It looks to me as though the shoe's on the other foot. I've just about pulled the props out from under you people."

"Oh, no, you've been wonderful!" cried Nancy breathlessly.

Allan flushed again. He avoided Coralie's

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eyes. "Tell dad I'm going to ride out to the place with the Lucases just to be sure they get fixed up for the night."

ONE afternoon several weeks later Coralie took a shower and put on a flowered pink voile. She had made it herself. It had taken her a week, although it was sleeveless and the pattern was supposed to be fool-proof. Coralie sighed. Allan had bet her fifty cents she could not cut out and make a dress she would be willing to wear. Allan thought it was so clever the things Nancy could achieve with a needle and thread. She had made curtains for the cabin windows and a cover for the old settee which Ruth had contributed from their attic. Ma Ash had sent over a couple of rocking-chairs and a broken table from her attic. Nancy had made cushions for the rockers and mended the table. Allan kept saying no one could be so smart as Nancy about taking odds and ends and turning them into something useful. Going through the cornfield where the stalks were beginning to wear broad silky leaves, Coralie scowled. She was growing uneasy about the situation at the cabin.

"Oh, hello, Coralie!" cried Nancy, with her shy, adoring smile. She had on a cheap little blue apron, but it was clean and fresh, and her pale gold hair gleamed in the sun. Her small face had filled out slightly in the three weeks she had been at the cabin, her cheeks were quite pink.

Allan was working on somebody's car, whistling gaily as he lay on his back under the engine and hammered away. Old Andy Lucas was puttering about at odd jobs as usual. Trying to earn his salt, he called it. He, too, looked less wan.

"Don't forget you owe me fifty cents, my lad," said Coralie when Allan crawled out from under the car

"All right, Shylock!"

Nancy ran and filled a pan with water which she had heated on the kitchen stove. She brought out a towel and a cake of mechanic's soap to remove the grease from Allan's hands.

"I don't know how in the world I managed before you came along, Little Bit!" he said in a caressing voice.

Nancy's small heartshaped face colored exquisitely, and Coralie turned away. Allan had no right to say things like that, she told herself passionately, when he was still in love with Peggy Neale.

"He acts as if she were about ten and he was her aged uncle or something," fumed Coralie to herself, as she and Allan walked home through the cornfield.

But Nancy was not a child, whether Allan realised it or not. She had trembled when he touched her. Coralie bit her lip, and stole a glance at Allan from under her lashes. Men can be terribly obtuse, she decided. Nancy was falling in love with Allan! Coralie was positive she could not be mistaken, and Allan thought he was being kind when he praised Nancy for this and that and called her affectionate little names.

Nick and Gina arrived for their first visit to the farm. Ruth had not realised how anxious she was to see them.

"But this is a perfectly precious place, Moms!" Gina cried enthusiastically.

Apparently Gina was quite serious. And why not? Coralie asked herself a little blankly. No one could deny that they had done wonders with the farmhouse. She and Ruth had taken up the matting in the parlor and in the bedrooms and painted the floors. Dallas and Allan had plastered the walls and tinted them pale yellow, and there were vases of flowers everywhere.

Nick was full of his own affairs. He told them all about the budget he and Gina had worked out—so much for rent, so much for food and clothes. "And thirty dollars into the savings account every month, if we have to live on grits the week before pay-day."

Allan could scarcely wait to show off what he had accomplished at the cabin. He dragged Nick away the minute they finished supper. Their father went along. Coralie insisted on doing the dishes. Her mother and Gina strolled down the road.

"I've something to tell you, Mother," said Gina in a tremulous voice. "Nick and I are going to have a baby. We never used to think we could afford one. You know, when we were supposed to be so rich. We were always in debt, remember?"

"Yes," said Ruth.

"But now——" Gina drew a long breath.



IT'S not until December. By then we'll have enough in the savings. Nick takes his lunch from home every day and he's smoking a pipe. It's lots cheaper. Nick says he can do without a new suit this autumn and I won't need any clothes, because I won't be going out, so—" she drew a long breath—"everything's lovely."

"Yes," said Ruth softly, "everything's lovely."

Allan stayed at the cabin. A customer had arrived with a set of dirty spark plugs. Nick and his father strolled home through the cornfield. Nick was smoking his pipe. "I've learned to cut a lot of corners," he explained.

Dallas flinched. "I always intended to see to it that you never had to do without the things I missed at your age, but I've muffed the job pretty thoroughly."

"Funny," said Nick, "but I feel like that, too, about—you see—well, you're going to be a grandpop, Dad, around Christmas."

Dallas Reed swallowed hard. "What do you know about that!" he said.

Nick's hand closed over his father's. "You haven't any right to say you muffed things for me. I'm pretty darned happy, happier than I was six months ago by a sight. Gina and I have got rid of a number of expensive habits and extravagant friends, but we've found each other. You needn't worry about me, Dad. I've stopped being a spoiled playboy. You have to when you've a next generation to live up to."

Dallas Reed and Allan had driven into town one afternoon to attend a meeting of the Cooperative Farmers' Association. Major Fakes was extremely anxious to persuade Dallas to take an active part in the marketing association. The banker contended that a man with Dallas Reed's experience and business talents could put the proposition over.

Ruth Reed came out of the house with a basket on her arm. "I'm going to walk over to Duke James' place. I promised him some sweet potato slips when mine came up. Want to go along?"

"Nope," said Coralie, and bent her head to hide her hot flush.

Everybody in her family knew she nourished a feud with Duke James, but that did not prevent them from being very friendly with him. Coralie considered their attitude the height of injustice.

Coralie strolled down the hill to meet her mother when she saw her coming home. It was a hot, drowsy afternoon. One minute there was no one on the road except Ruth. The next instant a wagon bounced wildly out of the woods to the right. A man was standing up on the floorboards of the waggon trying to control the runaway mules. When he saw Ruth, he shouted. The frantic team reared and plunged. Disaster was upon Ruth before she could take a step. Coralie began to run. The waggon careened around the curve, but something lay in the dust by the road, something hideously crumpled and still.

Coralie kept telling herself it could not be true, nothing so terrible could have happened to her mother. But when she reached the motionless huddle on the ground, Ruth's right arm was twisted under her in a horrible fashion, and there was a gash at the back of her head from which the blood welled.

"I mustn't faint!" whispered Coralie. Tears were blinding her. She looked up piteously into the face of the man who had run to her. "It isn't fair. She's so good. I never realised—oh, Duke, do something!"

He was very white. "Don't look like that, Coralie. Maybe it isn't so bad."

He picked her mother up. Coralie walked along beside him, trying to keep that twisted arm from trailing.

Duke laid Ruth on the couch in the dining-room. "I'll be back with a doctor as soon as possible."

Coralie had to fight to keep from wringing her hands and screaming. She was alone with responsibility. Her mother was terribly injured. She might be dying. Her face was whiter than anything Coralie had ever seen. She went to the pump for a basin of cold water. She tried to staunch that awful bleeding with wet towels.

She thought it had been years, though it was less than half an hour when Duke returned. Allan and Dallas were with him, and a grave old country doctor. They carried Ruth upstairs and laid her on her bed. Ma Ash appeared and went into the bedroom. She knew all about illnesses. The old doctor shut everyone else out except Dallas.

Coralie sat on the foot of the stairs and put her head on her arm. She could not stop shivering. Duke laid his hand on her quivering shoulder.

"You mustn't go to pieces now," he said gently. "You've been so brave."

Coralie hid her face against the wall. She had not been brave, all her life she had been selfish and blind to everything except herself, and now perhaps it was too late.

It was Dallas' sharp, broken sob at dawn which told Coralie the crisis had come. She was standing in the hall below. She took a step toward the stairs, stumbled, and would have fallen, but Duke caught her arm.

She could hear her father's sobs. What could they mean except the worst? She buried her head against Duke's shoulder, and then she heard Ruth's faint voice:

"Dal, dearest!"

Ma Ash came down, her withered face alight. "She's conscious," she said. "She's going to be fine."

. . . . . .

Ruth sat in a chair on the back porch in the shade of the moon vines. It was the first time she had been downstairs since her accident. She still looked white and weak, and her right arm was in a sling, but it

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was wonderful to have her there at all, thought Coralie. She inquired if her mother would like a glass of water or if she needed another pillow.

"Darling, you mustn't spoil me so," protested Ruth. "Sit down and rest a minute. You haven't taken time out for two weeks to catch up with yourself."

Coralie grinned ruefully. "It has been pretty strenuous, but at least your chickens have learned to know me," she said and flushed. "I haven't lost a single one."

Ruth laid her hand gently over her daughter's. "Don't think I fail to realise how hard it's been for you, nursing me, cooking three meals a day, canning vegetables, running up and downstairs every fifteen minutes to feel my pulse."

"It hasn't been hard," said Coralie in a choked voice. "Oh, Mother, I couldn't do enough, I never can to show how much I love you. I used to take you for granted. We all did. I didn't half appreciate you. But when I thought it might be too late ever to—to say I love you, I almost died."

Ruth's hands gently caressed Coralie's bowed dark head. "You mustn't cry like that, darling. I understand."

Ruth's dark eyes misted. She knew that Coralie had grown up that night when death hovered over them. Life had shown her its claws. Ruth sighed. Living is a brutal business, but Coralie was sweeter for her wounds.

Irene was at the farmhouse that afternoon with her mother and some other ladies. Coralie had made cup cakes in the morning and frosted them with lemon filling. She cracked ice and fixed a pitcher of home-made grape juice. She put an embroidered cloth on a tray and arranged tall glasses with slices of orange on the side. She carried the tray into the parlor and passed it around. Everybody smiled at her.

Irene went back to the kitchen with Coralie to wash up the dishes. Irene was like that, thought Coralie with humility. She no longer resented the other girl. Coralie thought maybe if she tried very hard, she might some day acquire a little of Irene's serene and gracious charm. And then, as she was drying the tall glasses, Coralie saw the diamond on Irene's left hand. So Irene was going to be married! She was wearing and engagement ring. Coralie should not have been startled, she told herself. She had been positive from the first that Duke meant to marry Irene. Coralie no longer suspected that Banker Fakes' money had anything to do with Duke's choice. Perhaps she never had actually thought so. Duke was not mercenary. He merely had ideals. She thought probably all the rest of her life she would remember that afternoon when she had stared into sullen black clouds and realised that she was in love with Duke, only Irene was going to be his wife.

NANCY wanted to walk down to the creek. It was swollen from the rain the night before and there was an immense orange moon. Allan left old Andy in charge of the filling-station. He wanted so desperately to be useful.

"I'm no dead beat," he was always explaining. "I had to pay my doctor's bill and the hospital and there didn't seem no way open except to give Dan Lowry a lien on the outfit."

Allan sighed. He wished the old man would not worry about the favors he owed Allan. It cost him almost nothing for the Lucases to live in the log cabin, and old Andy dabbled around, doing all sorts of odd jobs about the garage.

"He's better than a personal press agent," Allan told Nancy as they sat on the banks of the creek in the twilight. "To hear him go on, you'd think I was something extra."

"You are," said Nancy simply. "You're the nicest person in the world."

Allan laughed. "I'd like to believe I'm half as fine as you think me, Little Bit."

His voice was a bit shaky. Nancy bent down and trailed her hand through the water. The moon touched her with magic. At least Allan supposed the moon was responsible because he had never noticed before the little golden ringlets behind her ears or how white and round her throat was.

"Knowing you is like my sweetest dream come true," she said in her soft faltering voice.

Allan felt abashed. "I'm not any answer to a maiden's prayer, Nancy. I've all kinds of well-developed clay feet."

She looked up at him suddenly and her blue eyes were like altar fires. "I'll always believe in you, Allan, always."

He caught his breath. "You're the kind who would care for a man forever if you cared at all."

He stared down into her small, adoring face. She had no wiles or artifices. Her heart was there for him to read. The only wonder was that he had not read it long ago.

She swayed into his arms. She was so little, so sweet. Allan bent his head and kissed her. Her mouth was like a rosebud, fresh, untaught.

"Nancy, dear," said Allan unsteadily.

"Allan!" whispered Nancy. "I love you."

He could feel the quick, rapturous throb of her heart. He was trembling. She affected him like a subtle intoxication.

"We'd better be going back, Nancy."

His voice was unnatural. He could see her face distinctly in the moonlight. She was walking hand in hand with ecstasy because she believed he loved her. She did not suspect he might have kissed her as an anaesthetic against the memory of other kisses.

"Somebody was here just now to see you, Allan," said old Andy. "A girl in a big car. She said she'd be back."

Allan's mouth felt dry and parched. He had no reason to think it might be Peggy Neale except that he seemed for five months to have been expecting her, waiting for her to bob up in his life again. Poor fool, he called himself as he had done on hundreds of other nights. And then he heard the hum of a high-geared car coming down the road at an excessive rate of speed, and his nerves tightened in painful knots.

She did not drive up to the cabin. She stopped the machine with a scream of breaks down on the highway, and played an insolent little tune on the horn, three sharp, tantalising notes that were a devil's tattoo to Allan's ears. He was aware that Andy was staring curiously, that Nancy had taken a quick step forward, but Allan walked away from them down the incline.

"Hi, Allan!"

"Hello, Peggy!"

She moved over and Allan slid under the wheel. The powerful motor raced when he touched the accelerator. Peggy laughed. "Step on it, handsome. We've a lot of lost time to make up."

Allan released the clutch, and the big machine plunged forward.

"Kiss me, Allan, the way you used to," whispered Peggy.

Her breath was stale with the fumes of too many cigarettes on top of too many highballs. Her lips tasted of rouge, and they were wise from other men's kisses. Peggy reached across him and turned off the switch. She gave the steering wheel a sharp tug. The roadster came to rest on the grassy shoulder of a road under a great tree.

"Want to know how come I'm here?" she asked, leaning back against him.

He moved a little away. "If you care to tell," he said.

She fondled his hand against her bare throat. "I'm going to be married, Allan. Next week, to Gil Rayburn and something close to a million dollars."

He stared down into her flushed, malicious face. "You're getting married, so you looked me up," he said bitterly.

SHE laughed. "Gil's awfully blah, Allan. When he kisses me I have to kick myself to stay awake. But a girl can't have everything," she explained with a giggle. "That's why I thought I had it coming to me, one more go-round with you, Allan. You see, they'll be fewer and farther between, my nights out, after I put on the old ball and chain."

"You mean, after to-night, we'll never be together again like this?"

She smiled up at him and wriggled deeper into his arms. "I wouldn't go as far as to say that."

"How rotten you are!"

"But you love me!"

He felt as if a mighty wind had blown through his brain, cleansing it of delirium. "Love!" he repeated. "The thing you and I went in for never had anything to do with love."

She sat up, her face contorted with temper. "Who is she?"

Allan caught his breath. "Yes," he said slowly, "you're right. There is another girl, only I didn't know it." His heart was beating very fast. "She's very young and innocent. She thinks I'm wonderful, Peggy. Her idea of heaven is to be my wife. I doubt if she ever heard of Reno or alimony. Anyway, she'll never need to know about either. I—I owe you something, Peggy. If you hadn't dropped in to-night, I might never have found out that I'm completely sane where you're concerned, and in love with someone quite different, thank heaven."

Allan felt incredibly light and free when he went back to the cabin. All the things he had once believed in were his to believe in again. He was whistling as he ran up the incline, an old song about silver threads among the gold. He was slightly off key, but that did not matter to the small fair-haired girl waiting for him at the cabin.

"Allan!" she whispered, her voice lilting.

"Nancy, sweetheart!" cried Allan.

He took her into his arms. He pressed her small hands to his lips. He kissed her fresh young mouth. He could not have enough of the pure wine of her kisses.

"Will you marry me, Nancy?"

Her eyes widened. It was rapture to which he was inviting her. "Yes, Allan."

He could have knelt at her shabby little feet. He wasn't good enough, he told himself in an agony of regret. Then his shoulders squared. That was his job for the rest of his life, and he recognised it, to measure up to his stature in Nancy's heart.

. . . . . .

The July sun was hot, but on the back porch there was a breeze. Peace lay like a fond hand about Ruth's heart, until the telegram came.

A messenger brought it out from town on his bicycle. To Ruth it was a threat. Her hand trembled when she signed for it in Dallas' name. She gave the boy a glass

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of cold buttermilk. He went away, whistling as he pedalled up the hill. Ruth stared at the yellow envelope. After a long while she propped it up against the kitchen clock.

She was lying back in her chair, her eyes closed, when Dallas drove in. He honked gayly as he circled the house. He came up the back steps, two at a time.

He stooped and kissed his wife. His arm tightened about her. "They offered me a position this afternoon." He grinned ruefully.

"What sort of position, Dallas?"

"Roger Fakes thinks I could do the county a lot of good if I took over the Marketing Association. They want me to put it on its feet, they said."

"It wouldn't take much of your time."

"No, the plan is for me to go on farming this place, only, of course, next year I'd go at it on a little more ambitious scale."

"Next year," whispered Ruth softly.

He gave her a haggard glance. "I never meant to ask you to settle down to this life, Ruth. Every day I've thought something better would turn up."

Ruth drew a long breath. "Something has turned up, Dallas. I don't know if it's for the better or not, but there's a telegram for you in the kitchen."

He was on his feet like a shot. "I didn't want to excite a lot of false hopes if nothing came of it. But I've been corresponding with the McKettrick people all summer. I think I've turned the trick."

He went off singing. "Happy Days are Here Again." The song broke off abruptly. When he came back out onto the porch, the yellow envelope was crumpled in his strong sunburned hand, and he was very white.

"No," he said, "I was mistaken. They decided they needed a younger man. No use deluding myself, Ruth. I doubt if you've ever been deceived. I'm just a crock, and I never will be anything else again."

"Look at me, Dallas." He forced himself to meet her eyes. "Do you think I want to go back?" she demanded unsteadily. "Back to the time when you had nothing to give your family except checks? Back to the time when I had to telephone your secretary to find out if you were in town? If only you could be satisfied here, Dal."

"I?" he stared at her in astonishment. "If I had only myself to consider, I don't believe I would ever cross the county line again. Sometimes I think I'd rather die than hear another office buzzer or pack another travelling bag!"

Ruth laughed weakly. "I think that the only thing that saved me from nervous prostration was that your secretary was homely!"

"If I take this position with the Co-operative, we can put in lights and water next year."

"Oh, lovely next year!" cried Ruth.

"Did we go bankrupt in February, Ruth?" asked Dallas Reed unsteadily.

Her arms tightened about him. "We went bankrupt only in the things which complicate existence."

He kissed her, and the wind blew the yellow telegram away.

. . . . . .

"Yes," said Ma Ash, "even as a little boy Duke had principles and you couldn't swerve him."

Coralie sighed. "The first time he ever set eyes on me, he told me more unpleasant truths than I had heard in a lifetime."

Ma Ash smiled. "He put up a hard fight, didn't he? But then men do as a rule. Especially when they've made up their minds they can't afford to get married for years and years."

Coralie winced. "But Duke's going to get married. Right away, I think. At least Irene is wearing a diamond."

Ma Ash peered at her curiously over her spectacles. "Duke and Irene have always been powerful fond of each other. It was right surprising to everybody who knowed them that those two never got over being pals and fell in love."

"Ma Ash," cried Coralie in a trembling voice, "isn't Duke going to marry Irene?"

Ma Ash chuckled. "Irene ain't never been in love with anybody except Hank Hawser's son, the one as has been away for a year on account of his lungs. If Irene's wearing a diamond, you can be sure Pete Hawser sent it to her. Duke and Pete's almost like brothers. When Irene finally gets married, more than likely Duke will be best man at the wedding, but he won't be the bridegroom."



CORALIE was trembling. Relief ran through her like an electric shock, so that everything in front of her shimmered and she had to blink very hard.

"I think I'll run on home, Ma Ash. I—I——" she leaned over and kissed the old lady's cheek. "I'm a little dizzy. Must be the weather."

Coralie walked slowly down the dusty road past Duke's house. After all, she thought disconsolately, the fact that Duke was not going to marry another girl did not mean that he was any more interested in Coralie Reed than he had ever been.

She had reached the point where she was once more resigned to barren spinsterhood, when she came around the house to find Duke, lounging on her own back steps with a cigarette.

"Your mother and dad were just driving into town after the evening paper when I came," he explained in some confusion. "I asked them to go on and not let me interfere. I said I'd wait. You see," he said avoiding her glance, "you and I——" he stammered, flushed again. "It looks as if we'll have to compromise or something."

Coralie stared at him. "I don't understand."

"Would you mind walking up to my house a minute?" he asked. "I can show you better than I can tell you."

She fell into step beside him. The sun was just setting in a blaze of gold and crimson. The glory of it pierced her heart.

"You'll have to excuse my house," he said, "it's rather bare, I'm afraid."

Coralie looked about the big, square living-room. It was pathetically a man's room, clean and comfortable enough, but austere. Coralie had a passionate urge to hang ruffled curtains at the windows and rearrange the big substantial furniture. She was sure she could make slip covers of gaily colored cretonne for everything. She had decided to crochet small rag rugs for the floor and to enamel the woodwork white, and then her heart plunged away from her. After all, she had no right to do anything to Duke's house.

"Come out on the back porch," said Duke. She followed obediently. The porch was screened in. "I thought if I planted moon vines, it'd be like your place, but it isn't," muttered Duke.

"That wicker couch would be lovely if it were painted green," said Coralie dreamily, "and the breakfast table really ought to be orange and white. I could make cushions for the chairs out of orange oilcloth and——" she paused abruptly. "I mean, this would be a charming open air sun-room if you—if you like things like that."

"Certainly I like attractive things!" he said sharply, and then he walked over to the corner. A large wooden box stood against the inside wall, covered with a burlap sack. Duke lifted the sack. "What do you think of this?" he demanded.

Coralie peered over his shoulder. Two beady black eyes stared up at her. "Suzette!" cried Coralie in a scandalised voice.

Suzette yawned, stretched luxuriously, and began to polish the ears of the small, squirming bundles of fur, rooting against her side.

"Pups!" exclaimed Coralie. "Four of them."

They stared at each other. A mournful-eyed yellow hound appeared in the kitchen door.

"But I thought she hated that hound of yours on sight!" faltered Coralie.

Duke grinned. "I guess she was just kidding."

Coralie's cheeks blazed. "Aren't they adorable?" she whispered, leaning over to pat one of the small, sleek creatures. "But I'll take them home," faltered Coralie. "I couldn't let them be a nuisance to you."

"Possession is nine points of the law!" he repeated very softly, and then somehow his arms were about her. "Oh, Coralie!"

Her heart was running away with her.

"You've wrecked my sleep, ruined my disposition, and make me hate living alone in my own house," he said unsteadily. "It must be love, Coralie."

"But you disapprove of everything about me!"

"Do I?" He bent his head and kissed her until she was breathless. "You always said I was a roughneck. Coralie, darling, maybe we've been kidding each other, too. If—if loving you to distraction means anything, you've had me standing on my ear for months."

Her arms crept up about his neck. "You've had me distracted, too, Duke."

"You might move in like Susie."

"Shall I?"

"Will you?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" cried Coralie with a little sob.

He was so big and strong. His arms lifted her off the floor while he kissed her. She had not known that ecstasy is so keen as to be almost cruel, or that the kisses of the man she loved could be so like a ravishing flame.

"I love you! I love you!" she cried.

"We won't have things so easy at first," he said after awhile.

Her arms tightened about him. "I can scarcely remember when I wanted life handed to me on a platinum tray, Duke," she said softly. "I've almost forgotten that it used to be my idea of a thrill to dance till dawn in high-heeled slippers. All that seems so childish to me now, immature and trivial, like playing with matches to burn up time when you could be blazing an important trail with someone you love in an important way."

"Darling!"

"I want to work with you, Duke. I want to be necessary to you in every way," said Coralie in a soft, husky voice. "It thrills me to think of cooking your meals and darning your socks. Isn't that funny?"

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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# CHILDREN

*love this easy way to keep them free from*



## Coughs and COLDS

**It's easier to catch cold during winter months because bodily resistance is lower. Because of less sunlight, more time is spent indoors, and quick changes in temperature from warm rooms to cold out-of-doors which relax the membranes of nose and throat and make them more open to attack by the cold germs which are everywhere.**

**Children suffer also from jumping out of warm beds to play in the cold winter air.**

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All these things may be overcome, if means are taken to build up the general resistance, because a perfectly healthy, vigorous system will either throw germs off altogether or, if an infection does take hold, the attack is mild and soon over.

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BIDOMAK is rich in protective minerals: ferrum, calcium, sodium, potassium, phosphates and sucrose. These build rich, red blood, strengthen nerves and reinvigorate every body cell.

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When you give BIDOMAK to your children or take it yourself keep it up regularly every day. Then you will experience its greatest benefits. It's safe for even the youngest child, and so pleasant to take everyone will like taking it. A big bottle costs only 3/- at any chemist or store, so get one TO-DAY and make this a different winter free from long-drawn-out coughs and sniffles.

(New Zealand 3/6)

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